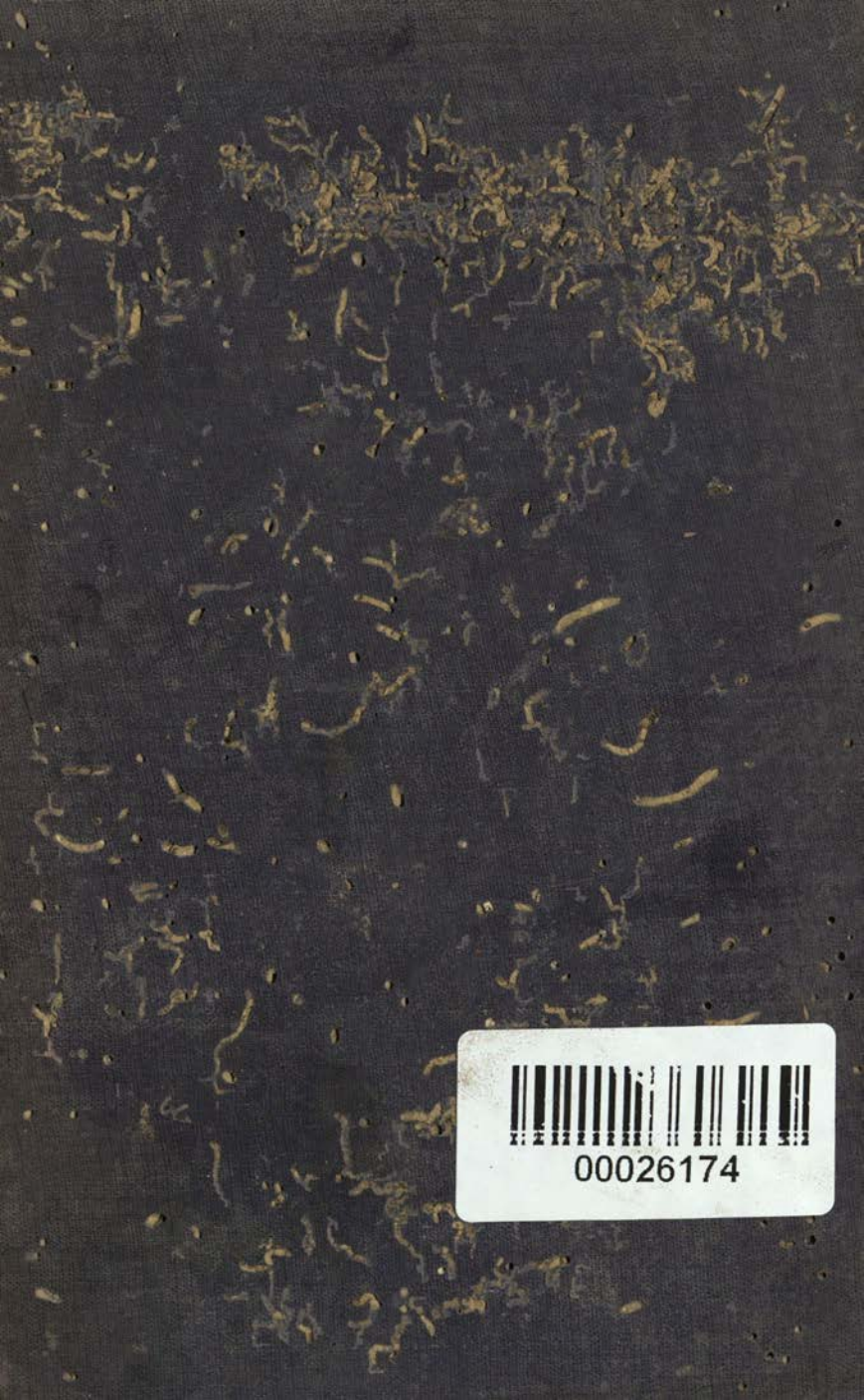
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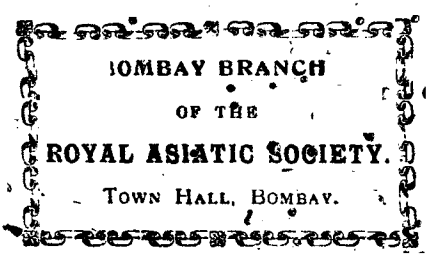


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# SELECTIONS

FROM THE

# LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

2617.4

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

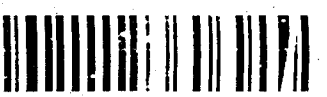
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,
*MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey*, April 28, 1843.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

XX/1

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1856.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# PREFACE.

"FEW things," writes SOUTHEY to his friend Wade Brown, whilst occupied in reading over the late Dr. Bell's papers, "are more impressive than to go through, in two or three readings, the hopes and the fears, the projects and disappointments, the good and evil fortune, the joys and the sorrows, of an individual, from the best years of manhood, till the series is closed, after thirty, or forty, or more, years, by a letter in a different hand, on black-edged paper, sealed with black wax. It made me forcibly feel how soon the longest life becomes like a tale that is told." *

The above extract from one of SOUTHEY's own letters seemed no unfit one with which to introduce the present series, and the following prefatory remarks will hardly be considered out of place; — and I use the term "present series" advisedly, because it will be followed up by the Letters of the late Mrs. SOUTHEY and SOUTHEY separately, from their earliest literary communication, in 1818, to the time of their marriage.

My wish was that my brother-in-law, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, the editor of the

* MS. Letter to Wade Brown, Esq., 31st July, 1838.

"Life and Correspondence," should have made the selection, and carried the work through the press, as the fittest person; but sickness in his family, and a pressure of business consequent on exchange of preferment, left no time on his hands. With the consent, therefore, of the family, on Messrs. LONGMAN and Co.'s request, I was induced, rather than that the work should be left undone (which was the reason I superintended the publication of the Common Place Books), to undertake the task of going over the mass of correspondence from 1790 to 1839; and if, from the perusal of such a collection, I have not risen up a sadder and a better man, the fault must be entirely my own. So much *life*, and so many *lessons*, have seldom or ever been read to any one!

As regards the selection, it was a matter of some difficulty; so great was the accumulation of letters placed at my disposal. The conclusion I came to, after no little consideration, was this, — to show, as far as possible, the growth of SOUTHEY's mind, and to lay open its leading characteristics. To do this, it was necessary to publish some letters of no other intrinsic value, and so to mingle the grave and the severe, the playful and the sportive, as that the living man, though dead, might yet speak. In the words of HORACE, —

> "*Quo fit, ut omnis*
> *Votivâ paleat velut descripta tabellâ*
> *Vita senis*" *

Seldom, indeed, was there a man more tried than ROBERT SOUTHEY, or, at times, from the discipline of

* Sat. i. 33.

affliction, a sadder man; but withal, when the heavy hand was lifted up, and the burden taken from his shoulders, he was cheerful as a bird, and his chastened lightheartedness was the best exemplification in the world of that wise proverb: "*All the days of the afflicted are evil; but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.*" *

What I have said of the early letters is sufficiently illustrated in those to his friend T. PHILIP LAMB. Very characteristic they are of the man, certainly, but of no other value. One might apply to them, without mistake, what JOHNSON wrote of Lord Lyttelton's "Persian Letters," framed after the "*Lettres Persannes*" of MONTESQUIEU: "The letters have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward." But what the same sturdy writer says in his "Life of POPE" is *not* applicable here; for, of all men living, when he wrote to his intimate friends, never did any so freely lay open the *secreta cordis* as ROBERT SOUTHEY: "Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves, we do not show to our friends. *There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse.* In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of busi-

* Prov. xv. 15.

ness, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude; and truly no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character." Shrewd remarks these, beyond a doubt; but the words here printed in italics apply to men of coarser mould than ROBERT SOUTHEY.

As to SOUTHEY'S opinions, my business in the selection of these letters was clearly not to water them down, or to hide them, or to cross out paragraphs in which they are stated broadly; but rather to leave them patent to the world in their undisguised reality, and undeniable uprightness of purpose, even when he was mistaken. Points there are upon which many, like myself, would *agree to differ*, but that is no reason for their omission. Thus, it would have been easy to omit many letters in which he expressed himself strongly on the press * (which might now be not unfitly called, in the poet's words, "*Vasti machina mundi*;"†) on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, or on the liberty of the subject, run into license. But, according to my idea, this is not a fair way of dealing with a writer's correspondence. Whatever his opinions were, those opinions should be given. During his own

* It is a remarkable fact that Southey's memory has nowhere been more justly appreciated than in the articles in the "TIMES" newspaper.

† Smollett's words are still true: — "As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds; for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed the community." — *Humphrey Clinker*, *June 2nd*. The learned reader will call to mind the remarks of Sir Thomas More.

lifetime, many of SOUTHEY'S were modified, many changed; and it is not impossible that had he lived longer, even greater modifications, and greater changes, would have taken place. At all events, he would have gone hand in hand with rational improvement; and it is to be noted from his "Life and Correspondence," that he, who was supposed to be no Reformer, was the first to suggest and to urge on the greatest reforms of the day for the amelioration of society. On one point only would he have remained immovable to the last, and that is, on the Concessions to the Romish Church as at present constituted, and on this head there are very many now aware of his long-sighted wisdom.

It remains to speak of the letters contributed, and, in one word, to thank all those who have freely placed them at my disposal. Their names I need not recount here, as the heading of each attests its owner. My brother-in-law, the Rev. C. C. SOUTHEY, in sending me all that were in his possession, wrote me word that all his unpublished ones merely related to private family matters, and had no interest for the public generally. The great letter of advice to him is already printed in "THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE," vol. i. p. 363. His ready assistance has been to me of great value.

If it be observed that no very great number of Dr. H. H. SOUTHEY'S letters appear in this collection, the same reason is to be assigned; but never were two brothers more attached *, and a month scarce elapsed for nearly half a century without an epistolary budget; sometimes two or three letters of *the merest fun* passed be-

* See Southey's own estimate of his brother in vol. ii. p. 379. of this series.

t veen them in a week. It may be noted likewise, that Dr. H. H. SOUTHEY was the usual means of intercourse with the unhappy EDWARD, whose necessities were weekly attended to. It has been thought advisable to add this notice, and so to obviate the remarks of some who never spent *pence* in the nearer charities of life whilst their brothers were constantly spending *pounds*.

The letters which appear in this series to SOUTHEY's early friend CHARLES DANVERS came into my possession with the MSS. of the late Mrs. SOUTHEY. They are of an early date, and numerous; but these again are much too intimate for the public. The three following extracts will show the love Southey had for his early friend: "I learnt this from DANVERS, who, God bless him! is the friend of all who want a friend, and has as excellent an heart as God ever made to show us what a human heart can be."—*Letter to* JOHN MAY, *Dec.* 10. 1803. "You cannot imagine how happy he was in this country, and how happy it made me to see him so. God bless him! There is not a better creature on the face of the earth."—*Letter to* Capt. T. SOUTHEY, Jan. 1. 1806. And on his death he thus writes to WYNN: "I have lately received a shock from which it will be long before I shall recover,—the death of DANVERS, with whom I had lived for twenty years in the closest habits of intimacy, and whom I entirely esteemed and loved. It has left me still in that state in which dreams are more distressing than waking thoughts; and when time has seared over the wound, there will always remain a gloom over what used to form the happiest recollections of my life."—*May* 15. 1814.

ELMSLEY's letters, I regret to say, I have not been

able to recover, and as every enquiry and search was made for me in Oxford by my friend the MASTER OF BALLIOL, and the late Dean of Christ Church, Dr. GAISFORD, it is to be feared they are lost. To him, as is well known, he dedicated the BOOK OF THE CHURCH, as a mark of "respect and friendship;" and in a letter to WYNN, dated *Dec.* 9. 1801, he says, "I shall miss ELMSLEY when he migrates to Edinburgh far more than any other person, for I see him more frequently, and that always with pleasure."

What is here said of the loss of ELMSLEY's letters may be said of those to his friend BILDERDIJK. Every search has been made for them, but in vain. His son, L. W. BILDERDIJK, now in the army, writes me word, under date 15th October, 1855: "Although I take a deep interest in the publication committed to your care, I feel sorry to say it is altogether impossible to furnish you with the original letters of ROBERT SOUTHEY, the whole of my father's correspondence being destroyed after his decease, and, of course, the letters of ROBERT SOUTHEY likewise." This is much to be regretted. The original letters of BILDERDIJK to SOUTHEY are now before me.

The letters in this series addressed to Miss BARKER were obligingly sent me from France, by her husband, Mr. SLADE. She was an early Portuguese friend, and is the Bhow Begum of the "DOCTOR," &c. The *Senhora* was the name she usually went by at Keswick. She died in France some years ago.

The letters to Mrs. BRAY, of Tavistock, will be read with much interest, both as connected with the name of MARY COLLINS and with the "Borders of the

Tamar and the Tavy," which she wrote at SOUTHEY'S suggestion, and addressed to him in the form of letters.

Of very many of SOUTHEY'S letters, as it appears to me, an improper use has been made, and the interests of the family forestalled; but it is not worth while to press such a subject. Those who are inclined to publish at all adventures, would publish notwithstanding any reasons to the contrary alleged; and although the *law* might touch them, *a sense of justice* never could. It fortunately happens that more than enough remains in the hands of scrupulously upright persons to fill many more such volumes as those now submitted to the public.

A vast and unconnected mass of SOUTHEY'S correspondence must be still, to use an expression of his own to his brother TOM, "kicking to windward," and some communications may be expected here which are not found; but one thing is clear, that all SOUTHEY'S *friends* readily made haste to contribute their stores. I may add that, up to this date, no reply has been received from Mr. LOCKHART'S executors. On making application to Mr. MURRAY, he at once offered *copies* of Southey's letters; but as I had decided upon using *originals* only, I begged to decline them. On a later occasion he courteously wrote thus: — "*May* 30. 1855. I trust that you have found the series of copies of Mr. SOUTHEY'S letters to my father complete, and that you will not hesitate to apply to me in the event of any being missing." *

* Mr. Murray has given me permission to publish one letter of his father's to Mrs. Southey, which does him great credit. It will appear in the series of Southey's and Mrs. Southey's letters.

I have received no reply to my answer, and, of course, make no use of materials on hand, though, from my miscellaneous extracts, I have been able to draw up a most remarkable history of the "QUARTERLY REVIEW," from SOUTHEY'S first communication with WALTER SCOTT on the subject. It would fall like a shell from a mortar of the newest construction.

On applying, March 23. 1855, to Mr. HENRY TAYLOR for any letters he might wish to forward, his answer was, that he had "no contributions to offer; those of the letters in my possession which were conceived suitable for publication having been already published." From a considerable collection of his letters to Mrs. SOUTHEY, and many copies, or rough drafts, of letters addressed to him by SOUTHEY, it occurred to me that possibly he might have found some on reinspection, which he might wish to send, and I therefore wrote again, *July* 31. 1855. His reply was, —"I am unable to return a different answer from that which was contained in my reply to your previous letter." I have no acquaintance whatever with Mr. HENRY TAYLOR, but the Public, judging him to be a friend of SOUTHEY'S, might expect letters from him, and therefore this statement seemed called for.

It does not occur to me, at the present moment, that there is anything else particularly that I ought to mention, unless it be to crave allowance for some apparent repetitions not easily avoidable: I might specify, in passing, several letters relative to "Madoc," but, on examination, I think they will be found to contain differences worth recording.

For the few foot notes I am responsible, and they

are as few as possible, not being myself a convert to the custom of overlaying an author with unnecessary disquisitions, or be-Germanised Excursuses, albeit long ago not unread in German literature of all sorts, especially theological; and from my long residence in Copenhagen, as Chaplain to the Embassy, not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, and in the exquisitely curious Icelandic Sagas.

In conclusion, I wish to remark that, as far as possible, I have avoided hurting the feelings of *any man living*, and have crossed out all names, the mention of which might give pain, with this exception only, where SOUTHEY'S own name, character, and statements, required the reverse. When this was the case, I had no alternative, and the name remains as written; unwillingly, perhaps, on my part, but as a matter of duty. I had originally marked all *hiatuses* with asterisks, but it seemed to disfigure the page so much that I crossed them out. It will readily be conceived that there must be many omissions in letters of private and friendly intercourse.

I have before quoted our sturdy moralist, SAMUEL JOHNSON, and perhaps I cannot do better than transcribe the following from his "Life of ADDISON":—

"The necessity of complying with the times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told, and when it might be told it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the

nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated; and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend."

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

West Tarring, Sussex,
February 15, 1856.

P.S. By some extraordinary oversight on my part, Benjamin Cubitt, *Esq.*, is left in a note, vol. i. p. 252., for the *Rev.* Benjamin Cubitt.

# LETTERS

OF

# ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## *To Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq.**

Bath, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

We arrived very safely in Town,
Without once overturning, or once breaking down.
Next morning I mounted full early the box,
And set off for Bath with Tom's friend, young Simcox;
Long before we arrived at the jolting stones' end,
The name of Tom Lamb made the coachee my friend.

* It is noted in the "Life and Correspondence," vol. i. p. 197., that many of Southey's letters were written in verse, "often on four sides of folio paper." These letters in doggerel were mostly to his brother Captain Southey, G. C. Bedford, and his early friend T. P. Lamb, of Mountsfield Lodge, near Rye. Of those to the latter he thus speaks: "I wrote a good many bad verses in Sussex, but they taught me to write better." Ib. p. 290.

The letters, now printed, to Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq., are some of the earliest placed in my hands, and they fill up the information wanted in vol. i. p. 290. of the "Life and Correspondence." They are not printed for their worth, but as specimens; and are properly enough admitted into a miscellaneous collection like the present. The copies came into my possession amongst the MSS. of the late Mrs. Southey.

Good horses—good roads (and the weather was fine)—
With only one jump brought me safe here by nine.
Down hill fell a leader—a terrible fall!
And I thought coach must tumble, and coachman and all.
Off fled I from the box, but the harness was weak,
And so we were safe when we saw the pad break.
New harness—a can of most charming strong beer—
Set us off: on we went without stopping to fear.
But such a long ride on the box shook my head,
So I eat a small supper and hurried to bed.

At the end comes the song—sir, I wish it were better,
But it seems very nicely to finish the letter.
God knows song and letter are both bad enough;
One thing—*there's no sentiment*—horrible stuff!

When Miss in a new novel writes to her friend,
You don't know the subject when you come to the end.
A rout, masquerade, private party and ball,
Fashion, sentiment, love, all make nothing at all.
The rich sentimentalist dreams of a grove,
Purling streams, sighing zephyrs, and countrified love.
Sure love such as his ne'er can stoop to be mean,
So Sentiment flies to the famed Gretna Green.
For the poor sentimentalist, wealth is but care;
Let me marry and live upon love and sea air.
Or often when Sentiment reigns, traitor power,
Reason flies, and credulity mourns her sad hour,
Till husbandless, houseless, without wealth or land,
Poor Sentiment closes by walking the Strand.

Does Sentiment ever turn out any better?
Yes, it makes eighteen lines, and so fills up my letter.

At No. 9. Duke St., Bath, my dear sir, when you've time,
Right glad shall I be to hear from you in rhyme.
Where'er they are due my best wishes express,
And believe me your much obliged servant,

R. S.

---

The fault of new wine, sure, you need not be told,
Since wine's good for nothing unless it be old,
So experience will tell us, deny it who can;
And if old wine is best, pray why not an old man?

Derry down.

Age mellows the spirit and softens the whole,
Ripens wisdom, and purifies spirit and soul.
Wisdom, wit, wealth, and wife, thus it always amends;
So allow that an old man is best, my dear friends!
Derry down.

If the wine should turn sour, why the fault lies not there —
The thunder got in, or too warm is the air.
'Tis a well known old truth, and deny it who can,
'Tis heat and 'tis rage make a crabbed old man.
Derry down.

Common lamb you may bake, boil, broil, stew, roast, or fry,
But fish, flesh, and fowl, here's a Lamb can supply;
In December as merry and jovial as June,
Can sing a new song to a famous old tune.
Derry down.

How rarely you see a fine sturdy old oak,
That unhurt from the duns is secure from the stroke.
But the axe cuts the trees down and murders the heir,
So old oaks and old men now are equally rare.
Derry down.

Thus like an old oak to maturity grown
I behold here around a young grove of my own:
May every young shoot stand like me age's shock,
And prove sturdy chips from the sturdy old block.
Derry down.

---

*To Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq.*

College Green, Bristol, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

Time has justified all your prophecies with regard to my French friends. The Jacobins, the Sans Culottes, and the fishwomen carry every thing before them. Every thing that is respectable, every barrier that is sacred, is swept away by the ungovernable torrent.

The people have changed tyrants, and, for the mild irresolute Louis, bow to the savage, the unrelenting Petion. After so open a declaration of abhorrence,

you may perhaps expect that all the sanguine dreams of romantic liberty are gone for ever. It is true, I have seen the difficulty of saying to the mob, "thus far, no farther." I have seen a structure raised by the hand of wisdom, and defended by the sword of liberty, undermined by innovation, hurled from its basis by faction, and insulted by the proud abuse of despotism. Is it less respectable for its misfortunes? These horrid barbarities, however, have rendered me totally indifferent to the fate of France, and I have only to hope that Fayette will be safe. Wynn applies to him, and I think with much propriety,

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
*Non civium ardor prava jubentium*
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ.

Before I quit the French, let me remark that that very National Assembly, which you have stigmatised as a rabble of pettifogging attorneys and illiterate barbarians, has furnished men who had the courage to preserve their duty at the expense of their lives.

And now, to descend from liberty and a republic to myself. I have been negligent, very negligent, not only in delaying to answer your kind letter, but in letting Tom's last remain so long unnoticed, that I know not where to direct to him. My last met him at Glasgow, and from thence I received a very long account from him, which at once amused and instructed me. I am too apt to commit faults in haste and repent at leisure; but how this lazy fit came on I know not. "Procrastination is the thief of time." * Never was a better proverb, and I must remember it. Every day I expect to hear from Dr. Rondolph when I am to set off for Oxford, which will certainly be in the course of a fortnight. There I have four years and a half to spend in poring

* Young's Night Thoughts.

over Euclid and the Fathers, and in laying our plans for the future, which probably will never be put in execution. Since Tom has given up all thoughts of the University, for a method of education in my opinion far better, Oxford has lost all its allurements. Still I have friends, and I shall visit it with more pleasure in accepting your kind invitation and quitting it for Mountsfield.

I have been attempting Euclid, but without a master I could make no progress: perhaps disgust at the dry study contributed; but I did not want perseverance. My brain was so confused with parallels, horizontal triangles, parallelograms, and all the jargon of mathematical precision, that after a fortnight's hard study I fairly laid it on the shelf, and took up my constant study, Spenser.

I have now to beg forgiveness for my neglect, and that you will inform me (as I really do intend to make amends by writing him a very long letter, if that be not rather aggravating my fault) where I may direct to Tom.

My best respects to Mrs. and Mr. Lamb, and all friends, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

If you will have the goodness to write before the 14th of October, my direction is, at Miss Tyler's, Bristol.

---

*To Thomas Phillip Lamb, Esq.*

College Green, Bristol, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am at length enabled to answer you with respect to my future situation at Oxford. Excuse me if I say Dr. Vincent has behaved to me with his

accustomed generosity and liberality, virtues which he praises so much and practises so little. I am rejected at Christ Church. When I say so without feeling *very* warm, allow me to possess more patience than either you or I imagined. Let me not, however, attribute the calm state of my mind to so good a motive. I cannot help hoping one day to tell him that he has behaved toward me in a manner equally ungenerous and unjust.* Before I wrote that letter (for which I much reproach myself, as expressing contrition I did not feel, and apologising for an action which I thought needed no apology), before I was persuaded to write, he had engaged his honour never to mention the circumstance. As Queen Bess once said 'God forgive him, but I never can.'

Enough of a subject upon which I may perhaps have expressed myself with too unbecoming a warmth. I have always acknowledged myself imprudent,—a harsher term I cannot submit to with truth.

I heard yesterday from Tom. He left Edinburgh last Monday, and mentions that the 18th of October he expects to be at Bristol, on his road to King's Weston. Now he says he fears he shall neither be able to see his Majesty † nor me; and as he gives not the least hint where a letter may reach him, I have no means but by you of informing him, that on that day, and after that day till Christmas, I shall be in the College Green at Bristol; since, as I can only enter at Balliol, Oxford, this term, it will only detain me three days, so that I shall posi-

* There can be no objection to printing this letter now. It will be seen from the expressions used in vol. iv. p. 341. of "The Life and Correspondence," that all animosity had long ago subsided. The letter alluded to below, as well as the letter of Dr. Vincent's *not* alluded to, are both amongst the MSS. of the late Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

† His Majesty, or the Ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, was the Westminster *sobriquet* for their mutual friend Coombe, often mentioned in these letters.

tively be here, and as positively look to see him. At all events, I will by this day's post write to York, and for fear of accidents only tell him I shall expect to see him. If it misses, it is but the postage lost to government and the paper to me. The latter loss, to one who daubs so much, is nothing. The former may be supplied by the superfluous taxes next encampment. I am sorry to add, he will not obtain an audience of the king of men, his Majesty being obliged to visit Oxford before that period. As that university was remarkable for its loyalty to his royal ancestors, 'tis to be hoped he will be equally dutiful to the university.

French affairs still very bad. Is the report of Brunswick's success true? The mobocracy may thank themselves for it, and richly do they deserve an event, which I dare say would not have happened had Fayette been there. But, leaving their present hostilities out of the question, I do think the Prussians have been plagues to human nature for this last century, and were sent to plague mankind, and their leaders to plague them. The French are tigers and apes; but what are those animals, disciplined till they forget obedience to every divine law, and every dictate of humanity, in a blind submission to their military despot!

I heard it lately observed, that the past character of the French differs much from their present. The philosopher of Ferney affords one proof to the contrary, and I think history many more. The national ferocity has more than once broke out. The horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, the death of Calas, the punishment of the maniac Damien *, and the enormities they committed in America, before they appeared as protectors of revolution (you see I use an ambiguous term), are so many views of their real disposition, permanent amidst all the tinsel of affectation. "They

* See Watt's Bibliotheca, sub v.

order these things better" in England. Peg Nicholson is only in Bedlam; Tom Paine is treated with lenity; but woe be to him who dares attack the divine will of schoolmasters to flog, or who presumes to think that boys should neither be treated absurdly or indecently. "*Vires acquirit eundo*," says some one of something, I forget who or what.

I have undergone enough to break a dozen hearts; but mine is made of tough stuff, and the last misfortune serves to blunt the edge of the next. One day it will, I hope, be impenetrable. 'Tis well I can speak with levity. But, however, seriously, my dear sir, I wish you to kill your mutton and eat it in peace (I won't add quietness, for you don't wish it). My best respects to Mr. and Mrs. L. and all friends.

Believe me, your much obliged humble servant,

R. SOUTHEY.

Your black seal much alarmed me. Tom's letter made me easy.

---

*To Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq.*

Bristol, 1792.

OVER hills, towns, and valleys, go, letter, and fly
To my good host and friend at the old town of Rye,
Where some noble fat sheep, to one acre nineteen,
In vain looking round for more pasture are seen;
Where with Squirrel, two fine Guinea horses are tied,
And corruption is rattling in Frisky's inside:
There stop, for your journey must there find an end,
And give my best thanks to my very best friend.

Pheasant, partridge, and hare are all now out of season,
And you know, my dear sir, I could never write reason.
But reason, like brandy, will soften in time,
And so, stead of reason, I send you some rhyme.
Three brace of fine odes on your worship attend,
For you cannot want game, and I cannot send—

Besides, the warm weather, and very long roads;
And game would not keep half so well as my odes.

I own I am vain; but permit me to say
I ride Pegasus better by half than the Gray.
No matter to me if I get up behind,
On we go, wild and lawless, and rough as the wind,
Till reason and friendship in vain would restrain,
When madness and vanity loosen the rein.
Over rods, wigs, and doctors like furies we ride,
For needs he must go whom the Devil will guide;
Till anathemas meeting, we fall at the end,
I pull in pretty sharply, and slowly descend.
The horrible mischief and uproar I find,
And repentance and reason come lagging behind.

May all Doctor Slops curse the rude critic goad
Who shall dare to find fault with my wonderful ode
Come tooth-ache and gout, come combine all your pains
In his head, stomach, feet, body, bowels, and brains.
May horrors rheumatic the criminal seize,
In his head, in his feet, in his hams, in his knees,—
Of breakfast, or supper, or dinner partaking,
Or walking or riding, or sleeping or waking!
May the scab seize his sheep, and the murrain his kine,
And all his old hock turn to bitter bark wine
Unfriended, unpitied, let him howl, rage, and moan,
Till like Obadiah repentance atone.

Sure dulness may fence them like armour of steel,
For Smedley the sharp shafts of Pope could not feel.
In vain all his shafts might the angry bard hurl,
While sense shielded Bentley, and impudence Curl.

To reason and mercy, let critics attend,
But never find fault if they cannot amend.
You complain of the bells at Portslade, dingdong spot,
But talk of amending! who'll listen to that?

Full plenty of compliments I send to you,
And I hope you will give them, sir, where they are due.
May I beg you will write on receipt, and pray tell
If the sheep and the corporal both are quite well,
If Mr. Matthews prevailed on his lady to call,
And if poor Obadiah got well of his fall.

Some account, too, pray send if hostilities stop,
Or if Widow Wadman has won Doctor Slop.
And I beg my best wishes and hopes you'll express
To commend the King Harold to care of Queen Bess.

I heard lately from Tom; he was then very well.
And so, my dear sir, I will bid you farewell.

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*To Thomas Philip Ivamb, Esq.*

Bristol, Dec. 1792.

My dear Sir,

I am less grieved at my disappointment than at the occasion of it. That vile old Gray was only foaled for mischief.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
Quicunque primum, et sacrilegâ manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem, &c.!

So said Horace to the tree that fell upon him. If you like to look at the original, it is the thirteenth ode of the second book.

If the Baron of Thunderdentronck's castle had not been destroyed (said Dr. Panglos to Candidus) — if Miss Cunegonda had not been ript up alive by the Bulgarian soldiers — if I had not been hung — if you had not killed an inquisitor, and been burnt by the inquisition, we should not now have been eating pistachio nuts. All's for the best. According to this mode of reconciling grievances, if the old Gray had not nearly broken your neck and your son's (not to mention how I seated myself), I should never have imitated this ode of Horace.

Unlucky was, I ween, that dolt,
Old Gray, who reared thee from a colt.
Oft from thy dam (unlucky jade!)
He in the mire and dirt was laid.

Nor he alone, for one and all
Who rode, have met with many a fall:
Unlucky too the grooms who deck
The horse to break the rider's neck.
For memory pictures in my mind
That hour when I got up behind.
Some evil demon's envious power
Presided o'er thy natal hour:
Some evil demon sure thee sped
To pitch thy master on his head,
And turned thy wandering eyes about
To fall, and pitch poor Tom Lamb out.

Your Bessy still will dread that day
That saw her midst old ocean's sway,
Resolved to tempt his rage no more.
She fears but for her friends ashore.

The German hireling dreads to fight,
Exposed to France and Freedom's might.
Proud Prussia's disciplined hussar
Trembles again to meet the war.
France only dreads the despot's chain
And chases death or Freedom's reign.
Death unprovoked and unforeseen,
Stalks sternly o'er the smiling scene;
He grasps his unsuspecting prey,
And sweeps whole nations in his sway.

Well nigh, my friend, in Pluto's reign,
Hadst thou beheld the dark domain —
Well nigh hadst seen in sable row
The well-wigged justices below;
And stalking through the realms of night,
Unlucky Gualbertus' sprite,
When fearless he complains to Jove
How stupid boys are flogged above.
There, Milton, might he hear thy lyre
Pour forth the flow of god-like fire,
And hear thy Cromwell's praise, and sing
How fallen — how mean a tyrant king! —
While listening crowds in silence hear,
And truths, unheard before, appear.
But chief to hear thy patriot song,
Hampden and Sidney, move along,

And Brutus bends, thy voice to know —
And Nature listens in Rousseau.
What wonder when the cherub choir
From their celestial song respire,
And bend their pinioned heads to hear,
And more exalted strains revere,
The very ghosts forget their woe,
So grand thy god-like numbers flow!
E'en I, o'er whose ill-fated head
Has Fate her dreary mantle spread,
Amid dark Fortune's sharped shower
Forget that fortune for an hour,
And, lost amid the blaze of day,
Forget my very woes away.*

You ask me where Tom can be safe on the Continent. I answer, in no one place. Insurrections are frequently announced at Brussels and at Berlin; and though the intelligence has been always contradicted, it is still more than probable that it will soon happen.

Never was there a period more eventful, or more astonishing. Dumouriez promises to winter at Brussels. He talks like Brunswick did, and may perhaps act in the same manner. Is the report of the secret treaty between France and Prussia very probable? If it be so, I shall despise his Prussian majesty more than I formerly detested him.

He leads on his desperadoes when there is nothing to fear, and abandons his allies when there is little to hope. The French have rid themselves for awhile of foreign enemies. They will now quarrel among themselves. I long to see their new constitution. I beg my best respects to Mr. L. and to Mrs. Lamb.

Your humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. An ugly cold and cough has delayed my journey.

* About this time Southey made many translations. Some of the satires of Juvenal are mentioned in his letters to G. C. Bedford.

to Oxford, which was fixed for to-day. I wish it were over: though those big-wigs have really nothing in them, they look very formidable.

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*To Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq.*

Bath, August 5. 1792.

INSPECT human life, look at each varied stage,
Youth's frolicsome season, or manhood, or age;
Look at all its wild mazes and intricate rounds,
And you'll find it quite needful to keep within bounds.
Derry down.

The schoolboy long kept to his studies so still,
Leaps his bound'aries and runs wheresoever he will;
But when he returns to the pedagogue's grounds
Imposition attends him who goes out of bounds.
Derry down.

So the author: sedition distils from his pen, —
"Your monarchs pull down and set up rights of men:"
No wreath of bright bay here his temples surrounds,
But the pillory encircles who goes beyond bounds.
Derry down.

See where the Bastile lifted high its dull head,
And buried poor devils before they were dead —
Low lies the weird castle encumb'ring the ground,
For when binding so hardly, it bound beyond bound.
Derry down.

Mark the mob — how poor wretches by day and by night,
Like candles or lanterns, they hang for a sight.
But while Freedom! Freedom! so loudly resounds,
The devil takes all that have got in his bounds.
Derry down.

Kept close and half-starved, if perchance the poor ass
Strays beyond his own pasture to seek better grass,
The first one who meets him immediately pounds,
And leaves him to grieve that he went out of bounds.
Derry down.

But happier he than the wretch whom the laws
Have caught in their hungry insatiable jaws;
The law with its myrmidons close him surrounds,
And the Lord only knows when he'll get out of bounds.
Derry down.

You all of you know, and have all learnt at school,
That without an exception was never a rule.
Good company now with good liquor abounds,
And when we are happy, let's think of no bounds.
Derry down.

DEAR SIR,

I have taken the liberty to send the foregoing in case you survey the bounds of Portslade as you intended.

We have had an odd circumstance happen at a funeral last week, which, though much talked of, the corporation endeavours to suppress. Mr. F., one of their number, some years back, imprisoned a poor man, and treated him in a manner particularly unfeeling. The man at last obtained his release, and vowed, should he survive Mr. F., he would be revenged upon him. Foreman last week died, and early on Friday morning did the funeral set out with only one mourner to follow it.

The procession, however, was soon increased; for the survivor (not forgetful of his vow) joined it, driving six asses in pair, with each a bit of black crape fastened round his neck, and trained to the slow mute step. These mourners followed to the churchyard, and while the ceremony was performing, were arranged on each side the entrance like so many mutes. The corporation wisely take the insult to themselves, and wish to stop the report; but many people saw it, and all talk of it.

Will you give my best compliments to Mrs. L., and tell her I am happy she has had the measles at last. Believe me your much obliged humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I am glad you have discarded the old Gray.

*To Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq.*

Ledbury, April 3, 1793.

HEAVENS, what a throne! from every eye retired,
Alone by solitude and thought inspired;
Wild fancy wanders o'er the primrosed side,
And scarcely dreams of bliss or worlds beside.
The brook rolls on, rough o'er the moss-clad stone,
With ceaseless roar, and foamy billows strown.
The mountain-ash, as eve's soft breezes blow,
Depends its branches to the stream below;
The gay moss mantling o'er the secret bank,
The glistening pebbles and the verdure dank.

From thence, my dear sir, had I bid fancy fly,
Expand her soft pinions and hasten to Rye.
Go, my goddess (I cried), skim aloft in the air,
Tell my friends how I am, and with whom, why, and where;
Go, give my best wishes — tell how we walked down
Miles sixty and eight from Stupidity Town, —
Where we baited, where slept, whom we met, and what saw,
Nor forget to remind me to Mr. Megaw:
Go, tell Mrs. Lamb, since her counsel was best,
Here I am still a boy, with my coxcomb undrest;
Tell Tom that Majestas is mending each day:
All this and much more I intended to say,
When Edward stept down to the side of the brook. —
Up went pen and ink, and I shut up my book.
Since then we walked on here to Ledbury Town,
And here we remain, my dear sir, weather bound.
Ah! would fancy obediently hear what I say,
And the weather my every commandment obey,
I would send it just now to the cold northern sphere,
And entreat them to hail, snow, or rain all the year;
And behold, to my comfort, down floating, the snow —
Yes, the weather 's propitious and I cannot go:
Blest weather! blest snow! But, my dear Mr. Lamb,
I had almost forgotten to say where I am.
Twelve miles beyond Worcester stands Hatthouse, — a place
Which nature has decked with each natural grace:

Half-way up a small hill, at whose base winding on
The rock-broken rivulet runs winding along;
Hills, valleys, and roads all round us are seen,
And Malvern's tall hills fix a bound to the scene;
Eighteen beyond that stands the town of Ledbury,
Where I am quite happy and pleased I assure ye.
O my legs! greatest blessing that nature bestowed,
Not cut out for the ball-room, but made for the road,
Not with delicate shape, formed genteelly, and taper,
A minuet to walk, or excel in a caper, —
I thank ye, some miles ye have brought me, — nor yet
Can I this great service despise or forget —
Enabled by you these thin bones to support on,
You led me to dinner at old Chipping Norton,
And carried me on to a night's rest at Moreton.
At Broadway you taught me a breakfast was best there
To support me to dinner as far as Worcester.

Sober prose, my dear sir, will best account for my not visiting Rye, and acquaint you with what I have seen. Our vacation barely consists of three weeks, out of which, in going and returning, five days must have been spent, and time flies so rapidly at Rye, that it is needless to shorten his career. One evening Seward asked me to walk into Worcester with him. You know I love walking, as it is the only exercise I excel in; you likewise know how little time my wise brain gives to consideration. I accepted the offer, and off we set. We breakfasted at Woodstock, seven miles from Oxford, and passed the environs of Blenheim without entering. Of this stoicism I fear I should not have been guilty, but for the remembrance that Coombe intended to go with me early in the summer. The day, too, looked uncertain, and we had eleven miles to Chipping Norton, where we proposed dining. At Enstone, however, Henrietta's waterworks attracted us, made about some 150 years back by some fantastic esquire who had water on his brain like a friend of yours. They are very pretty, but it is *so* unnatural to imagine moss-

clad rocks and springs in a room, that fancy could not so far blind the eyes of reason as to dress it with probability. The old woman who conducted us (for the man had lately broken his leg) was contented with showing it without wetting us,—the wit of the place. Ladies are desired to look at this and that; and the ground spouts up water—it rains—and, in short, you get completely sluiced for curiosity and amusement.

The time we spent there we did not think by any means thrown away. I shall know the practical jokes at Chatsworth, and have discovered that the hydromania is almost as bad as the hydrophobia. Lord Shrewsbury has a pleasant seat, Heythorp, near the village; but the situation is vile: and indeed the road from Oxford to Chipping Norton is very uninteresting. Some good cold beef, cold tongue, sallad, and a bottle of cider were productive of much entertainment: we deserved an appetite, and we had one. But Moreton lay eight miles on, and we soon proceeded.

The village of Salford is very pleasant, and the country mends much as you approach the four-shire stone—the boundary-mark of Gloucester, Worcester, Oxford, and Warwick shires. It is a neat stone, handsomer than even the Romans made Terminus, and yet not sufficiently so to tempt me to fall down and worship it. Moreton-in-the-Marsh we reached to tea,—a vile, unhealthy, horrible town. Early the next morning we rose, after a curious division of the bed,—for we slept together. He took all the bed and I took all the clothes; but we did not need rocking. Over Camden Downs to Broadway. The hill above the town presented me with a most delightful view.

Equally rich, and far more extensive, than that from Madamescourt Hill, yet not so beautifully diversified, you see the fertile vale of Evesham, the town of the

same name, Broadway just below, and at a distance the smoke of Pershore and Worcester, Malvern Hills melting into distance. A man of Exeter breakfasted with us at Broadway, who, in walking twenty miles in boots once, had lost his two toe-nails. He was mounted, but, though we left Oxford together, we kept up with him, even into Worcester. The Abbey of Evesham is wonderfully grand; in a very different stile from Battle, but equally beautiful. A tower, a perfect sample of the simple Gothic, fronts the skeleton of the church, whose roof, in many places fallen in, affords light enough to show distinctly the inside, and casts a shade in many places. The grass grows in the high arched windows. Desolation makes it more striking; but, unless some lover of antiquity gives assistance very shortly, it will, I fear, fall entirely. We reached Worcester to dinner, having never rested for twenty-one miles. Here, as you may easily imagine, we were not sorry to rest. To proceed twelve miles through a very clayey, wet country, was, though not impossible, very unpleasant. We remained that night, and the next morning being wet breakfasted with a clergyman. The day cleared up. I bought a trusty stick, drew on my Old Bear* (the luggage having arrived), and on we proceeded. The country had been pleasant before; it now became romantically beautiful, and I rejoiced in having journeyed to it; but the wet grounds and roads, such as in Sussex would be deemed impassible, made the travelling not good. It was a trifle, not worth consideration; but we grew hungry, for speed was impossible.† . . . . The bread and cheese, cold pig's face, tongue, and tarts, and cider, were most agreeable. It may seem strange, but I never found such pleasure in travelling as in this expedition. The highest pride

* His great coat, to which there is an ode in a MS. letter to G. C. Bedford, December 14. 1793.

† MS. illegible, and part torn out.

is couched under humility, and in truth I was proud of travelling so humbly.

I have since visited Abberley, Bewdley, Kidderminster, and Malvern, each well worth seeing; but it is difficult to describe so many assemblies of houses in a different manner. Since our arrival here the snow has fallen; and I am inclined to hope, from the aspect, that we shall be weather-bound till the last moment. Arthur Young's remark is very true, "It is the fate of travellers just to visit persons whom we could wish to be acquainted with, and then part." Thanks be to the weather, I am shut up. T. Lamb promised me Mr. Lettice's Travels *; His Majesty claims the same; and as I have some idea of walking with Collins over Scotland next year, it will be of much use.

Poor Anax! he was quite scaly before his departure, but is now recovering apace. Tom must come to Oxford at the installation; I promise him house-room and good living: or, if Mrs. L. will come, it will give me much pleasure to procure lodgings for her. Such sights do not chance any day. Tom should have a sample of collegiate life, in order to prize his mode of education the more. In truth, there is little good learnt at Oxford, and much evil: society eternally of men unfits one for any thing else. At Westminster, friends were near; but at Oxford a man can never learn refinement. A company of all men is at all times bad; here it is abominable. His plan of study is hard, but it deserves more praise than I can give. I hope Mrs. L. will come; but, in any case, Tom must. The state of French affairs pleases *you* I hope. Peace! Peace! is all I wish for. But why should I give my sentiments? — yours are more deeply founded upon experience. Nor does it become a young mad-headed enthusiast to judge

* Letters on a Tour through various parts of Scotland, in 1792 London.

of these matters. Time may alter my opinions: I do not much think it will. Let those opinions be what they will, you will not despise me for them. I had some more lines to have sent, but as they might not exactly have accorded with what is politically good, they are suppressed. My best respects and wishes to all friends at Rye. Will you once more favour me with a letter to Oxford? I have no friend to advise me with respect to my conduct, and your advice will be good.

Yours most sincerely,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Lisbon, Jan. 26. 1796.

I AM safe and in health; and, after a tempest at sea, a journey of 800 miles in Spain, and an earthquake at Lisbon, this is more than I had reason to expect. Our passage was very bad: the dead-lights were up sixty hours; the danger was magnified by my apprehensions and the unskilfulness of Spanish sailors; and I can now form a tolerable idea of what a man feels at the point of death. We remained five days at Corunna, the only place where I met with the society I wished. Jardine is consul there: you have probably waded through his travels, a book that conveys much thought in a most uninteresting manner. Such at least was the opinion I formed of it three years ago. He behaved to me with that degree of attention that soon produces intimacy. My time at Corunna was chiefly spent at his house, and he gave me much information respecting the country. I met a singular character there, the filthiest of Spaniards, with the finest of physiognomies; he was a monk, but had walked to Rome to procure a dispensa-

tion from his vows, and now employs his time in writing poetry. He lives with his brother, a man of some fortune, and enjoys all the luxury of dirt and indolence, — the two characteristics of a Spaniard. He conversed in Latin with some difficulty on account of our different pronunciations. He told me that they were very far behind the rest of Europe in literature, but, said he, crossing his hands, "Our hands are tied *istâ terribili Inquisitione!*" I learnt afterwards that his opinions were atheistical; and indeed I believe there is no medium in the country between the most gross ignorance and atheism. Our journey to Madrid (400 miles) took up eighteen days and a half. We were up before daybreak, and travelled till after sunset. Of the *posadas* you never can have seen an exaggerated account, miserable hovels of filth and wretchedness, — yet we met with the greatest civility. In both countries the peasantry are very hospitable, and eager to accommodate. It is true they are apt to impose upon travellers, but this is the case every where, and it is easy to excuse extortion when it arises from want. The higher classes are despicable, and the whole body of people depraved beyond all my ideas of licentiousness. The Queen of Spain travels publicly with her *cortejos;* and certain families go with the King, because (say the people here) he cannot do without a wife. You may know a Portuguese nobleman by the feeble and blighted body he inherits from the vice of his ancestors: vice is now more general, and its consequent disease almost universal. Over the departed spirit of Spanish gallantry, Mr. Burke might pronounce with propriety a funeral oration. The American *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid lived with a friend's wife at the hôtel for a week while the husband was in the country; but adultery is universal. A Swiss officer in the English service gave the Marquis Santiago the lie in his own house, and beat him, while we were at

Madrid. He remained three days in expectation of a challenge, and then took himself out of the reach of assassination. You have heard by the papers how the two Kings of Brentford are to meet. We followed the Spanish court. Their train amounted to 7000 people; and they have marked their way by dirting all the linen, eating up all the provisions, cutting up the roads, burning and mutilating the trees, and leaving dead mules, horses, and asses. At every place we heard complaints, for not a *real* had been paid. Once they inquired if we were come to pay the King's debts. They apprehend at Madrid that the King will fix his court elsewhere. They dislike that place, and the Queen (a woman very ugly, very abandoned, and very unpopular,) has seldom entered it since some seditious washerwomen insulted her two years ago. "You amuse yourself with your *cortejos*, and dress yourself in your jewels, while we are in want of bread," cried the old girls; and they are now in perpetual confinement. His Majesty is a mighty hunter, and in the neighbourhood of Merida killed birds innumerable, five wolves, and a pole-cat. We saw a cart-load of stags' horns which he sent to the palace at Madrid.

The name of an Englishman is a passport through Spain; and the only place where we met with incivility was where they thought us French. I am informed that the contrary is the case in those provinces where the French penetrated. We broke down three times upon the road, and once slept in the room with a barber-surgeon and his wife. This doctor asked my uncle, on finding he was an Englishman, if he believed in God, —and in Jesus Christ too? "Ask him," said his son-in-law, in a whisper loud enough to be heard,— "ask him if he believes in the Virgin Mary."

As for vermin, Apollo was a fool for flaying Marsyas; he should have put him to bed in Spain, and he would

have skinned himself by the morning. Rich tracks of land are uncultivated for want of hands; and we have often travelled five or six hours without seeing any trace of man, except the agreeable memento of a few monumental crosses. There are always a great number of children in the neighbourhood of a convent; and this, scandalous as it may seem, forces itself upon a traveller. No situation can be worse than that of Madrid, exposed to the extremes of heat and cold; and, at such a distance from the sea, the necessaries of life are very dear, and the comforts are not to be purchased. We were fifteen days on the road to Lisbon, where I arrived after crossing the Tagus at night in a high wind, — to the disappointment of finding no packet had arrived from England since we left it, and to be awakened at five the next morning by an earthquake, the severest that has been felt since the great one. The people are very much alarmed: it is the seventh shock since the beginning of November. Some walls and a cross from one of the churches were thrown down by it; and they say most houses must be weakened so much that another shock, if equally strong, would destroy them. So much are they alarmed that two persons in the circle of my uncle's acquaintance have already removed to a lower situation.

Your letter reached me before I left Falmouth. There was the sinking of the heart when night and distance hid the shore from view beyond any feeling I could have conceived, — to look around upon such a waste of waters! I was very sick till fear conquered sickness. The fatigue of travelling did not affect me.* . . . . .

And of what advantage has this journey been to me? Why, I have learnt to thank God that I am an Englishman; for though things are not quite so well there as in El Dorado, they are better than any where else. I know

* MS. illegible, and part torn out.

no news later than the fifth of December; and indeed I now think so much of private life, that public affairs affect me little. I have every reason to expect happiness, and yet dare not expect it. My prospects in life have varied so often that I almost doubt the stability of any one.

So it is my fixed intention to quit this country in May. I can live in compliance with my mother's earnest wishes. I have reaped instruction, for I do not expect pleasure: the acquisition of two languages is valuable. I go this evening to an Abbé for the first time to converse in French: this my uncle is earnest with me to acquire. I had begun to speak a little Spanish when we entered Portugal, and find little difficulty in corrupting it into Portuguese. The society of this place is very irksome; the men have no ideas but of business, and though the women are accomplished, yet their company only renders the absence of one woman more painful. I cannot play with a lady's fan and talk nonsense to her; and this is all the men here are capable of doing. I have the *maladie du pays*, and a very wearying disorder it is. Gladly would I exchange the golden Tagus with the olive and orange groves of Portugal, for the mud-encumbered tide of Avon and a glimpse of Bristol smoke. Were there leisure in this place, I should write a tragedy, for I struck out a strange subject on the road, one that if it be not too bold and eccentric is capable of great effect. I have sometimes thought of Inez de Castro and of the revenge of Pedro. As the spring advances I shall make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Ines; 'tis about two days' journey from Lisbon. Direct to me with Rev. Herbert Hill, Lisbon. It is almost two years since we have seen each other, and the Bay of Biscay is between us. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

*To C. W. William Wynn, Esq.*

Lisbon, April 23. 1796.

It depends upon Captain Benjamin Norwood, of the Swift, of New York, bound from this port to Hull, whether or no I shall breakfast with you within ten days after the receipt of this. If he lands me at the Isle of Wight, I shall, of course, take the shortest road to Bristol; if at Dover, or Ramsgate, my way lies through London. I shall, in that case, sleep there one night, breakfast with you, see Bedford, and get into the mail on the next evening. We sail on Wednesday or Thursday next, so that, if the weather be tolerably favourable, I shall not be long after my letter. Of "Joan of Arc" the accounts are more favourable than I expected; the aristocrats are as much pleased as the democrats, and some of them of the most intolerant order have even thanked me by proxy for the pleasure they derived from it. As it is most probable a second edition will soon be wanted, do you turn public accuser, and bring all obnoxious passages before the revolutionary tribunal of my writing desk. I will engage to condemn a great many, though you must not be surprised if a few favourites should be spared.

The Marquis Pombal displaced the Franciscans from Mafra because they impoverished the country, and gave that superb convent to the regular canons of St. Austin, who could support themselves by their own revenues. The confessor of the present Prince of Brazil is a Franciscan, and he assured this sapient sprig of royalty that he would never have a child till the Franciscans were reestablished in Mafra. The prince had faith, and in nine months after his marriage an heir was born, no doubt by miraculous assistance. Antonio Francisco Caetaño Christofero, these, the four first names of the

young Prince of Beira, were chosen by his father for their mystical signification. Antony he is called in honour of the tutelary saint of Lisbon; Francisco, in grateful acknowledgment of that saint's assistance; and Caetaño, because the confessor who gave him that advice respecting Mafra, and so enabled him to be a father, bore that name; but of Christopher nobody could discover the secret wisdom: somebody, however, asked the prince, admiring the wisdom that had directed his choice of the others, and begging an explanation of this. "Ah," said his Serene Highness, "you can't find out the meaning of Christopher! Why, it was upon St. Christopher's Day that I first thought of having a child!" This anecdote is literally true. Is it not strange that the reigning sovereigns of Europe should be so very despicable, and that the rising generation of princes should be worse than their parents? Such pillars will but ill prop the tottering temple of royalty. What you say of repeated attacks on the King's life surprises me. I have always laughed at the stories; for, in the first place, I believe there are no men in England wicked enough to entertain so black a design — if they were atrocious enough to intend assassination — fools enough to attempt it so clumsily. I have been inclined to think, with many others, that William Pitt might have had the marble and the stone flung at the King's coach, in order so to alarm the people that they might gladly submit to any of his measures. I am inclined to adopt this opinion because it is less improbable than that a regular system should be formed of killing the King.

The poetry of Spain and Portugal wants taste, and generally feeling. I should have thought Camoens deficient in feeling if I had only read his Lusiad; but the sonnets of Camoens are very beautiful: those given by Hayley in his notes to the Essay on Epic Poetry,

though among the best, are but a wretched specimen to the English reader: the translations are detestable, and the originals so printed as to be unintelligible. I bought some ballads in Spain in remembrance of Rio Verde, but they prove bad enough. Six months after my return, I will tell you more. Of Spanish society I saw nothing good, though I had letters to C——, one of their luminaries, as stupid a fellow as ever eat college commons. I should perhaps have had a better opinion of it if G——'s letter had arrived in time, that is, if I had delivered it; and I should have had some scruples of conscience upon that head, as, on the one hand, I should have thought it right to deliver a letter entrusted to me, and, on the other hand, but little ambition of appearing as the luminary of Great Britain, and the greatest poet, politician, and philosopher of the present day! and all this upon secondhand knowledge too, for G—— and I never met, though we lived in the same circle. Dr. Aikin wrote the critique on "Joan" in the "Analytical Review," so my letters tell me. Who was my friend in the "Critical" I have not heard. You talk of nine hours' daily study; I could like less, yet would undertake more. The day will never be less than fifteen, so that six will still be my own; but must those nine hours be spent all from home? or do you allow a certain portion of them to the comfortable study, in a great chair, by the fireside? Of all this when we meet. Poor B——, of all professions what could make him choose the army? After all, your humdrum ploddiñg fellows stand the best chance in this world. Imagination is a kind of mettled horse, that will most probably break the rider's neck, where a donkey would have carried slow and sure to the end of the journey. If I should ever be a father, I shall find little time for anything but the education of my children. What might B—— have been at this day if his heart had not been so early corrupted!

Radji is the son of an Arabian woman and an Italian physician settled at Bagdat. He was sent when about fifteen to his uncle at Bombay; but his uncle kept two or three black mistresses, and lived so dissolutely as to disgust Radji, for he had had a religious education. The boy ran away and entered on board a ship. He was as little pleased with the morality of a sailor's life; and when the vessel entered Lisbon, he took his clothes, left his pay behind him, and went for shelter to the English college. The singularity of the boy's story and the uncommon simplicity and goodness of his character made him friends, and the Portuguese noblemen who promised to protect him neglected it with their usual sincerity. An English student took care of him, and procured him, among other friends, the patronage of the Grand Inquisitor. "How are those chaps?" said he one day, speaking of his English Protestants here. "They are fine-looking chaps, but they are like all you English, they think about eating and drinking, but I believe they don't think much about saving their souls. Why don't you talk to them about their souls, and convert them? If I lived with them as much as you do I should talk of nothing else." "Do you pray for them, Radji?" said Bramstone. "Yes," replied the boy, "I have never neglected that, and I never will." Is not this a singular story? He will be made a priest, and live useless and happy.

*Wednesday, April 27th.*—I cannot yet learn whether we go to-morrow, Friday, or Saturday; where we land is equally uncertain; but if the sea runs high when the boats come out I shall certainly go on to Hull. I have two children under my care. I have no time to proceed, as we dine out, and I have the pleasant job of dropping cards T. T. L.

Did Bedford show you the fable of *Dapple* playing the flute?

Why shall I be like a pigeon when I land?

There is a little fellow here whose equestrain exploits would make a good third volume for B——'s Lucubrations. Sometimes his horse chooses to leap; then he either leaves his rider behind, or throws him over first. One day he rode out with a lady quite a stranger to the country. Off went his horse, and the poor woman was left at a cross-road unable to inquire her way or where he went, and obliged to wait there till the horse chose to come back again. Once the horse chose to look over a high wall, and clapped his fore-legs on the top of it, the rider bellowing most manfully all the while. Once he threw the little man over his head, and he alighted on his legs in direct opposition to the laws of gravitation. Farewell.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Bristol, May 24. 1796.

CAN you not spare a few days, and accompany Bedford to Bristol? I will get you a bed as near us as possible. It is nearly two years since we separated at Oxford—two years! certainly the most important of my life.

I am now at lodgings with my Edith. The reliance that I can place on my own application renders me little anxious for the future, and for the present I can live like a silkworm by spinning my own brains. Have I published too hastily? Remember that Virgil, in the spirit of poetical prophecy, gives to Fames the epithet of *malesuada*.

I was very much shocked by hearing of Lovell's death. Edith sat up with him three nights, though the physicians repeatedly warned her of her danger. It was a putrid fever killed him: this was while I was

detained for a wind at Lisbon. Short-sighted that we are — I regretted the delay at the time.

Come, Wynn, and see how we are settled. Can you enjoy porter as we have done at Westminster? Mr. Pitt has amerced the middle class of their wine; and luckily I have acquired a taste for malt liquors by being so long without them.

I begin to-morrow to breakfast in my college tea-cups: do you remember them? I have a regard for such "mute chroniclers" of distant days. Have you forgot our early walk among the rocks here, and the ships going out? Oh, Wynn, what very different animals were you and I then! the heaviest evil I ever knew then was returning to school after the holidays; and all I had to dread, that beast F.

Farewell. I am at my old employments, and shall live six months upon Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal, by R. S. They will contain much anecdote, and some new information of politics — the less the better. The aristocracy have behaved with liberality to "Joan of Arc;" and if they will favour me by forgetting that I have ever meddled too much with public concerns, I will take care not to awaken their memories. God bless you

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Christchurch, Hampshire, June 2. 1797.

I do not know whether you were ever at this place. Between this and Dover there certainly is not a quieter spot: there are not half-a-dozen lodgings here — and I am as completely secluded as I can wish. The price of every thing is nearly doubled since the commencement of the war; but as this advance has been

general, provisions, &c. bear the same proportion as usual to their price in town.

We were one week at Southampton. Edith was very unwell, and when she recovered we were confined by bad weather, so that I saw little of the place — enough, however, not to like it. The road from Winchester thither is remarkably beautiful; so much so, as to make the New Forest about Lyndhurst and Lymington appear comparatively uninteresting. Here we are in a very different country. I have no map, but I conceive that these flats communicate with the low parts of Somersetshire, and extend quite across the island to the Channel. You must not, however, suppose the scenery here unpleasant; it is of a kind that I have not been accustomed to, and will furnish several hints to a very valuable department in my pocket-book, where I set down such of the appearances of nature as may be introduced with good effect in poetry. The country has no undulation of hill and dale; but the hills rise immediately from the plain, dark and bold. Here is one of the finest churches in the kingdom; a pile of ruins stands close to the churchyard, and a clear and rapid little stream washes one of the walls: a very rude, odd, massy ruin, on an artificial eminence; it stands above the other; and the whole forms a fine group. We are two miles from the beach, a longer walk than I could wish.

We know no human being here: I never see a newspaper, and never think of one. We arrived here on last Wednesday night, and I now feel myself settled.

On the Tuesday evening before I left town I met Montague, who has chambers in the square at Lincoln's Inn. He asked me "If I meant to go to a special pleader;" and on my answer, said, "If he could save me a hundred pounds, he should feel more than a hundred guineas' worth of pleasure in doing so."

You know I am a very awkward fellow at thanking any one; but I knew most of his friends, and knew his character well, and so made a better hand than usual. I, however, am bridled and curbed, and you have the reins.

With regard to what branch of the law I must follow, I would say something. You spoke of the common law as a high road to eminence, I think; of chancery as equally advantageous. But is it not probable that, in practising common law, I may be called upon in criminal cases to plead against the life of a man? If so, I should decidedly prefer chancery. I do not expect — I do not desire — to be eminent; my only wish is to obtain enough to retire into the country, and that by means which I might look back upon without regret. But were I to be instrumental in bringing a murderer to the gallows, I should ever after feel that I had become a murderer myself.

I have not that quickness of mind necessary for cross-examinations, &c. No man is more easily disconcerted than myself: the right answer to an argument never occurs to me immediately; I always find it at last, but it comes too late: a blockhead who speaks boldly can baffle me. Is not this of less consequence in chancery?

Farewell. Let me hear from you. Are you M.P. in truth? I hope not for Old Sarum. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Christchurch, Hampshire, June 4th, 1797.

WE were a week at Southampton, and that week was an unpleasant one. Edith was unwell for the first

part, and the weather wet and windy for the last. At Lymington we only changed chaises. I wanted retirement and a bold coast, neither of which were to be found at Lymington; and the scenery of that part of the forest appeared comparatively uninteresting after we had seen the road from Winchester to Southampton. Here we are in flat and watery country, sufficiently retired, for the place is little better — or worse — than a village; but we are two miles from the beach, and the only object in sight from the windows which can associate an idea of being in the country is a *thatched* house opposite.

Flat, however, as the country is, it is not altogether uninteresting. Two mills near the town rise immediately from the plain, barren and dark. I know not how many little streams wind in all directions; and the windings of a stream through a naked plain present no temptation to follow them: their distant gleamings relieve the uniformity of the prospect. Here is one of the finest churches I ever saw. The ruins of a small priory, washed by a clear rivulet, stand almost in the churchyard. I shall remain here six or seven weeks, and then migrate westward.

The books with me are more than I wish when moving, and fewer than I want when settled. Whilst I was packing them up, a friend brought me Robinson's "Ecclesiastical Researches." He has as much wit as Jortin, and yet never ceases to be serious; and with erudition at least equal to Mosheim, possesses a candour and discrimination which Mosheim wanted. Have you read George Dyer's "Life of Robert Robinson?" It is the history of a very extraordinary man, told with infinite simplicity by one as extraordinary as himself.

We have no acquaintance within fifty miles, and yet I never found time pass more lightly. I sent Blackstone by the waggon to Southampton, and began a

tragedy on the Martyrdom of Joan of Arc, while he was on the road. My regular time for study has no room left for a new undertaking, and my poor tragedy must wait for a vacancy unless I steal the morning hours from sleep. This I hope to do. I have now to correct the poem; and these are my purposed alterations,—to omit Coleridge's lines, and the ninth book. The Maid's knowledge of her future fate may be told to Conrade in the fourth, and the ninth may be supplied by a midnight expedition to the tent of Burgundy to detach him from the English interest. She is said to have cut off the head of Franquet d'Arras, a Burgundian; and I can inweave this fact. The manner in which the arms are discovered in the fourth book resembles clockwork too much; it is miracle enough to find them, and mysterious events suit the poet better than the miraculous ones. The English ordered the herald who brought her first summons to them to be burnt. This is a fact too important to be passed over, and yet I cannot spare my herald. It is very unfortunate that I cannot meet with Chapelain's book. I must not be sparing of notes. The costume is strictly observed in all the battles, sieges, &c.; but this should be pointed out, otherwise no perspicuity in the text can make the meaning obvious. The ninth book extends now to fifty pages; some of my lines in the beginning of the second may be inserted there,—and the whole extended so as to publish separately. The tragedy will be printed in the same size, and both together form a volume.

Such are my purposed alterations: if any objection occur to you to these, or to the other parts of the poem, I shall be thankful for the criticism. When shall you be in this part of the world?

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Mr. Southey, Phœbe Frigate.*

Burton, near Ringwood, Hampshire.
Sunday, July 9. 1797.

MY DEAR TOM,

My mother was a good deal puzzled by receiving a letter in French, dated June 28th, directed to Mr. Southey, which neither she nor any of her acquaintance could understand. Cottle was coming here to be my guest, and she sent it by him. It is from the Captain of the Zoe, now a prisoner at Plymouth. I immediately answered it in very bad French, explained to him why it had remained so long unnoticed, and told him that we would employ all the little interest we possessed to get him exchanged, or out upon parole, as soon as possible. I have put all my friends in requisition to do something for this man. His name I could not make out, it is either Soutet or Boutet. Nothing would give me more pleasure than the procuring him his exchange, or even receiving him here if he can get out upon parole.

Your adventures have furnished me with an excellent story for every company into which I fall. Philips, the proprietor of the "Monthly Magazine," requested me, if I could, to get him a full account of the prison treatment, and of the kindness you experienced, to insert in his Magazine, a very good and respectable publication, in which I occasionally write. If you approve of this, and will send me the necessary documents, I shall receive enough from him to purchase for you the two volumes which are already published of the "World," and will continue it for you, and send the volumes as they are completed, by such opportunities as may offer. You may affix your name or not as you may think proper: for my own part, I think the behaviour you received there cannot be too generally known. If you think this right (and you only can tell whether there be any possible objection to

publishing such a statement), write me the French names very legibly, as they puzzle me in your handwriting. Describe me the theatre and what you saw there. Be as full as possible: I can easily compress, but I cannot enlarge.

Whenever you visit Kingsbridge again inquire for a clergyman there, usher to a school; his name is Lightfoot: he was a fellow-collegian of mine, and a very dear friend, whom I have not now seen for three years, but with whom I occasionally correspond. I shall tell him what I have said to you, and am very sure that it will highly gratify him to see a brother of mine. I am sorry this reaches you too late—he might and would have been a friend in need had you known this a few weeks earlier; but I knew nothing of the situation of Kingsbridge, or that it was likely you might ever pass through it.

I wish you could come to us. We are only two miles from Christchurch, and therefore within reach of you even from Plymouth. I was not much alarmed for your safety, because Captain Barlow wrote word that there was no danger, as the vessel was new and sound,—an account which by the blessing of God I will remember, and, if we should ever meet, thank him for.

My mother and Mrs. Wilson intend to pass some time with me. My mother has been very unwell, and I cannot yet get her here. I have a spare bedroom, and, when that is occupied, another at a neighbouring gentleman's, where any friend of mine meets with a very kind reception; so come any time between this and November, and here you will find a comfortable home, or then return to London.

You tell me you have a chance of visiting Brest; this would not greatly vex me, as you have friends there now; and Dr. Johnson said that a ship was only a prison with one advantage—a chance of being drowned. If

you should go to your old quarters, and can make inquiry for a book for me, it will be of great service to me.

Laverdy has promised to publish a full account of everything relative to Joan of Arc, whom you must call Jeanne d'Arc, or La Pucelle d'Orleans. If this book be published I should be very glad of it. I should be easier if you were safe landed there, as you may fall in with more leaky vessels; and our precious laws do not call that way of drowning a man murder.

I have no expectation of peace, nor do I desire one of Mr. Pitt's making: if he makes peace and keeps his place the freedom of England is sunk below all hope—and my bones shall never rot in a soil that nourishes slaves. I do not understand why your imprisonment should make you less wise than formerly: look at the situation you are in, look at the wickedness of the ranks above you, and the vice and wretchedness of those below you, and then ask if that system can be good which creates such misery! For me, I have little respect for men as they are, nor would I lose one drop of blood for them; but I would drain my heart to make them what they ought to be. God bless and preserve you. Edith's love: she is eager to see you here.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Mr. Southey, Phœbe Frigate.*

Burton, July 16. 1797.

MY DEAR TOM,

I have a very pleasant piece of intelligence to begin. Boutet goes by the first cartel. I had moved many engines to get him out, and luckily the first succeeded. The same post brought your letter this morning,

and his, in which he thanks me, sends a thousand friendships to you, and says his future address is Nantes. God bless him, wherever he goes. A friend of Cottle's, by name Birt, or Burt, or Bird, has been the means of serving him, and the commissary communicated it to Boutet himself. He was likewise offered money. So you see every thing has been done, and you will rejoice with me that it has been effectual.

I mean strongly to urge my mother to let her house for whatever she can, even half-price — for it is better to sink 50*l.* than 100*l.* a year — and come and live with us. This would make her very happy and us too, and I have enough to live comfortably upon. My uncle wrote to me a few days back, and said he would from time to time do what he could to serve me: thank God I want not his assistance. My literary labours find me what books and luxuries I allow myself (and books make the only one perhaps). I have the necessary comforts of life besides. Would to God you could come to us; do not let an opportunity pass you: thank God I have always a home for you.

Your communications I very much thank you for, they suit the purpose better than I expected, and you shall see them in print. I earned from the "Monthly Magazine" last year seven pounds and two pair of breeches in eight months, which, as I give them only a few leisure mornings in a month, and what would not be printed in any collection of my own, is not amiss. It is an excellent magazine. I will mark your copy with the authors' names wherever I know them, and this will render it more interesting to you.

Cottle and his brother have been visiting me; they remained only a few days, but they were very happy days, and we shall neither of us soon forget them. To escape from a shop counter is very delightful indeed. Change of scene is always agreeable, if we do not find

ourselves, when in a new place, wholly among new faces. I am now domesticated here, and have even more acquaintances than suits with my economy of time.

Perhaps you may wish to know what I have on the stocks. "Madoc" slowly goes on, but altogether to my own satisfaction, which is saying much. A second edition of the little volume of poems is in the press. I am getting ready a tragedy to be called "The Martyrdom of Joan of Arc," to go to press when they are finished; and a new edition of the poems in two pocket volumes, much altered, succeeds that,—so that my printer Biggs is monopolised: all these you will of course receive as soon as they are finished.

Your imprisonment has alarmed all the circle of my acquaintance, and the subsequent history highly interested them. My acquaintances are wonderfully increased; so much is a man esteemed according to the world's opinion of him.

What is somewhat strange; I never had any friends at Bristol till I was left to myself there.

This is a pleasant place: I have half a cottage here, and a maid for the time we stay. We have a spare bed, which I do not love to have empty, and my neighbour, Mr. Biddlecombe, a very agreeable man, can always find me another. Here is fine fishing, fine swimming, pleasant walks, and excellent prospects. We have but one nuisance.

My uncle's addition, as Chaplain to the Staff, is ten shillings a day, besides perquisites. He has sent me drawings of the views we saw on our journey. I wish you were here to see them; it is my intention to have some engraved for the next edition of my Letters, which have, I believe, sold very well. Unluckily, now my name is established, I must have done with it; for to publish whilst studying law would materially injure me. So I assume the name of Walter Tyler, in honour

of my good old uncle, an ancestor of whom I am very proud, and with reason.

Edith's love; she wishes much to see you. The post will pass us in a minute. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Burton, July 19. 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I sincerely thank you for your letter; its contents are strange; and I am inclined to think when my uncle blamed me for not doing my utmost to relieve my family, he must have alluded to my repeated refusal of entering into orders; a step which undoubtedly would have almost instantly relieved them, and which occasioned me great anguish and many conflicts of mind. To this I have been urged by him and by my mother; but you know what my religious opinions are, and I need not ask you whether I did rightly and honestly in refusing.

Till Christmas last I supported myself wholly by the profits of my writings. When I left Lisbon I had thirty pounds from my uncle, of which a large part was expended in paying my passage and the journey home. When my determination was made not to enter into the church, I instantly quitted the university, that my uncle might no longer be inconvenienced by me. I applied for a clerk's place in a public office, and my republican principles occasioned my ill success. At this time my acquaintance with Coleridge commenced; I had all the enthusiasm which a young man of strong feelings and an acute sense of right and wrong can possess, and resolved to go to America and attempt to establish a better system. We hoped to raise a sum sufficient

amongst us, and I had then expectations that the reversion of a family estate might be sold, which has since proved worth nothing. Wild as the plan was, it wanted not plausibility, and my mother would have gone with us had it taken place. At the end of 1794 I found myself disappointed in this: my aunt, with whom I had previously lived, had turned me out of her doors; and I would not be burdensome to my mother, though my quitting her was against her wishes. I went to Bristol to Coleridge, and supported myself, and almost him, I may say, for what my labours earned were as four to one. I gave lectures, I wrote indefatigably; nor is there a single action of this whole period that I would wish undone.

One friend I had — only one — willing and able to serve me; but he had not the power till he was of age. In the summer of 1795, my uncle, as you know, came to England; he urged me very strongly to take orders. My heart was heavily afflicted; my literary resources were exhausted; and it was yet a year and a half before my friend could assist me; and you will believe me when I say that my spirit could but ill brook dependence. I add to this, that my opinion of —— was not what it had been; for by long living with him, I knew much of his character now. I gave him my uncle's letter when it arrived, and told him I knew not what I ought to do. I wrote to my friend: he strongly advised me against the church, and recommended the law when he could enable me to pursue it. After some days I followed this advice. As our finances no longer suffered us to remain at Bristol as we had done, we removed as we had before agreed,— I to my mother; and our arrears were paid with twenty guineas which Cottle advanced as the copyright price of the poems which were published, not till after my return from Lisbon. During all this —— was to all appearance as he had ever been towards me; but I

discovered that he had been employing every possible calumny against me, and representing me as a villain.

My mother's was now my home, but I was more frequently with Cottle; and with a mind agitated by so many feelings did I compose the greater part of "Joan of Arc." When this was nearly completed, my uncle asked me to go abroad with him. I consented, and married the morning of my departure. This too requires some explanation. I had never avowed a long-formed attachment till the prospect of settling in America made me believe it justifiable. I placed Edith during my absence with Cottle's sister, who keeps a school, as one of their family, and it was not proper that she should be supported by me except as my wife. The remainder of what "Joan of Arc" was to produce would defray this expense. On my return I had resolved still to leave her there, and live separately till the Christmas of 1796, when I had no evil to endure but dependence. I returned, however, with the remainder of the 30*l.* — about 18*l.* I believe. I had likewise the matter for my letters, which were only published from necessity. Cottle supplied me in advance with such small sums as I wanted from time to time, which the sale of the first edition of that book would repay, and my own reserved copies of "Joan of Arc" produced me enough with these assistances. By Christmas I had published my poems and letters, and in the course of the following month received the first quarterly payment of an annuity of 160*l.* Had this been without the heavy incumbrance of such obligation, I would have taken a cottage and lived there with my wife and mother, without one wish unsatisfied. As it was, it was my duty to labour till I could do this independently by the law. We had clothes to purchase, some little to discharge, — and a journey to London. With these drawbacks you will easily conceive that at the end of the first half-year nothing could remain.

It is only two days since I have learnt that my mother had any obligations to ——, and what that obligation was I knew not till your letter informed me. My uncle wrote to me by Thomas, said he had desired Burn to send me ten pounds, that he would supply me with money from time to time, and requested therefore to know the state of my finances. This surprised me, because I had told him what I expected. On the receipt of this letter, I wrote to my mother, and told her to expect this ten pounds, which I fortunately wanted not. For this purpose I wrote to Burn for it by means of Thomas, explaining to Thomas why I accepted it, that he might not think I was wantonly draining my uncle: this I shall explain in my letter to Lisbon, which fortunately is not yet written.

Thus you may see that the only means I have ever possessed of assisting my mother was by entering the church. God knows I would exchange every intellectual gift which he has blessed me with for implicit faith to have been able to do this. I have urged her to come and live with me. She has a large lodging-house which does not pay its own rent, and my wish is that she would let the remainder of her house upon a reduced rent, and sink a certain little to prevent greater loss. I can then support her.

I care not for the opinion of the world, but would willingly be thought justly of by a few individuals. I labour at a study which I very much dislike to render myself independent; and I work for the booksellers whenever I can get employment, that I may have to spare for others. I sent ten pounds when last in London to Edith's mother, whose wants were more pressing than those of my own. I now do all I can; perhaps I may one day be enabled to do all I wish; however, there is One who will accept the will for the deed. God bless you.

Robert Southey.

*To John May, Esq.*

Burton, Sept. 10. 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will be somewhat surprised to hear that we are about to remove from Burton and take up our abode with my mother for the residue of my reprieve from London. For this I had a strong motive independent of my mother's wish and the inclination I feel to be near a few Bristol friends. I want access to books which I can neither buy nor borrow, and which are almost necessary to elucidate my second edition. Lloyd accompanies us. He will be a boarder of my mother's. But I shall leave Burton with regret. I begin to take root here: novelty is to me less a source of delight than the kind of friendship which I contract with scenery that has interested me repeatedly, and awakened those emotions which defy expression, and which are almost too subtle for remembrance to retain.

I almost wish that I believed in the local divinities of the pagans. But without becoming a pagan or a fool, we may allow imagination to people the air with intelligent spirits and animate every herb with sensation; for wherever there is the possibility of happiness, infinite power and infinite benevolence will produce it. The belief of a creating intelligence is to me a feeling like that of my own existence, an intuitive truth: it were as easy to open my eyes and not see, as to meditate upon this subject and not believe. I know not whether you can follow associations that appear so unconnected upon paper, but the recollection of scenery that I love recals to me those theistic feelings which the beauties of nature are best fitted to awaken. The hill and the grove would be to me holier places than the temple of Solomon: man cannot pile up the quarried

rock to equal its original grandeur, and the cedar of Lebanon loses all its beauties when hewn into a beam.

My mother is much better since her arrival here. It is somewhat hard that they who wish only for quietness cannot attain to it. Anxieties warp the mind as well as destroy the health, and too frequently misery in this world seems to render the soul less fit for another.

I ought to congratulate you upon the addition to your family. I should do it with more pleasure were it on your own account; for though the wise man, in a period like this, would perhaps keep himself wholly without a tie, I do not wish either myself or my friend that cold wisdom. I have no idea of single blessedness: if a man goes through life without meeting one with whom he could be happy, I should think strangely ill of him, and if he has not the pumpkin-head, must have the pippin-heart. Young men are sad cattle now, and when I reflect how they are educated it appears wonderful that they are not worse. Young women are somewhat better — that is, they are more to be despised than detested. Domestic happiness is a rare jewel, and thank God I have found it.

Lloyd and my brother set off for the Isle of Wight the morning after you left us. We think of removing about Thursday next. Edith accompanies Tom and my mother; I and Lloyd shall walk; and we mean to make a pilgrimage to Stonehenge on the way. Direct your next to 8. Westgate Buildings, Bath. I have laboured hard at revising "Joan of Arc" since you were here, and with success I think. Froissart will give me the information I want for the costume of dress, banquets, &c., and my notes will assume a learned appearance. God bless you.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Mr. Thomas Southey, H.M.S. Mars, Plymouth.*

Bath, Nov. 11. 1797.

MY DEAR TOM,

I have been some fortnight at Bristol, with Danvers, where the time passed with most pleasant speed. Last night we returned. I heard complaints that you had not written to Lloyd, and saw your letter: 'twere needless to say with what satisfaction I read the account of your new situation.

Amos Cottle's translation of the Edda is published, and I have brought over a copy for you. You know it was my intention to write him some lines that might be prefixed, and perhaps sell some half-dozen copies among my friends: you will find them there. The book itself will not interest you; it is only calculated for those who study mythology in general, the antiquities of the north, or who read to collect images for poetry: it happens to suit me in all these points.

We go for London on Monday week. If you do not write sooner, my mother will inform you my town direction as soon as I have one. Do you know that Lloyd has written a novel, and that it is going immediately to the press?

I would I had aught to inform you of: that my mother has found some person to take her house, she must have informed you. For myself — the most important personage in my drama of life (in which drama by the blessing of God I would have very few characters — this is a parenthesis) — for myself, nothing has occurred to me worth pen, ink, and paper to record it, save only that, after having inured myself to all weathers without a great-coat for five years, I have mustered one at last; and now the old gentleman goes out in a bear-skin wrapper to take care of himself. My new edition is in the press; you will stare at the laborious alterations.

Perhaps, Tom, the business and the uncertainty of life may prevent me from ever finishing "Madoc," on which I would wish to build my reputation, and so I would make the others as perfect as I can. My Letters are all sold—more work! and as the Arabian said, "The work is long, the day is short;" but we shall have prints to the new edition, in the best style of *aqua-tinta*—this is settled. You are on the seas. If at any time the morning or evening appearance of the water strikes you as singularly beautiful or strange, and you should not dislike to register the appearance, do keep some little log-book of this kind for me: tell me its tints at sunrise and at sunset, &c. &c. But long habit has nauseated you of every thing belonging to the sea, and it has now perhaps no beauties for your eyes.

I have learnt to bind books, a great virtue, and moreover it may be useful in those days when a man will be glad of an honest trade. Edith's love, and Lloyd's, and my mother would send hers were she in the room.

Now God bless you, and grant us no very distant meeting.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My mother is very much better than when you left us.

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*To Mr. Thomas Southey, H. M. S. Mars, Plymouth.*

12. Lamb's Conduit Street, Jan. 15. 1798.

MY DEAR TOM,

I suppose you would be somewhat angry with me were I to congratulate you on having left the Phœbe before her engagement, and as I cannot in honesty condole with you, I must say nothing. Your

letter did not reach me till some time after the date, owing to the absence of Wynn, who is now in Wales.

You inquire after my new edition. If God had not mixed up a very large portion of patience with the other ingredients of which he composed me, I should let out a great oath at mentioning the printer. To his shame, and my vexation, and Cottle's loss, he has only done three and a half sheets! though, if I rightly remember, the first proof arrived while you were at Bath, according to which expeditious rate the two volumes would be completed in June 1800. But as life is uncertain, Cottle did not like looking to so distant a period, and we have therefore resolved to make another printer print the second volume, which will go to the press as soon as a sheet of the first book is struck off, to serve him for his pattern. I expect the fourth half-sheet from this time to be the pattern, for we are at present not through the analysis of Chapelain; you see therefore that I cannot even guess when the work will be done. I am anxious to wash my hands of it, that I may set to the ninth book, which will be a tough piece of business. The good things of this world are but clumsily distributed. I could make as good use of leisure as any man living, and I have as little.

I have a great desire to publish another volume of poems, and let the profits accumulate with those of the ninth book when separately printed, and of the next edition of my letters (already wanted, and indeed long since), till they amounted to some eighty or a hundred pounds, enough to furnish a house, for I greatly dislike lodgings. This desire has already led me to write sometimes in poetry what perhaps would otherwise have been in prose. I should correct and reprint the "Retrospect." I have a subject, and a very fine one, for a ballad; in short, I have more than a fourth part of the necessary quantity ready, and the subjects for the rest

floating in my head. I should allot one division to Metrical Letters, a better title, as being less formal than Epistles, for that word reminds me of Paul's Epistle to Timothy. In my early rhyming days, I was very fond of writing letters in verse, and they taught me to rhyme. I have lately recovered the inclination, and I believe from reading some very beautiful poems of this kind in my old Spanish friend, for such he deserves to be called, Bartolomè Leonardo. I should not, however, either make them in rhyme, as formerly, or of a ludicrous nature, like the notorious history of Bow-Begum: ere long. I will send you a specimen. But this train of thought, like every other that I pursue, makes me feel the want of leisure.

Biddlecombe sent me a turkey and chine last week. I would you had been here to have partaken it. Bedford and Carlisle dined with us, and we had a very pleasant day. Biddlecombe is about to be married. I wrote two epitaphs for the father of his wife to be, that he might take his choice.

> The quiet virtues of domestic life
> Were his who sleeps below; therefore his paths
> Were paths of pleasantness, and, in that hour
> When all the perishable joys of earth
> Desert the desolate heart, he had the hope,
> The sure and certain hope, of joy in Heaven.

> The tenant of this grave was one who lived
> Remembering God, and in the hour of death
> Faith was his comforter. O! you who read,
> Remember your Creator and your Judge,
> And live in fear, that you may die in hope.

And now, as I have given you these epitaphs, I may as well add a translation of a beautiful Greek one*, which popped into my head while washing my hands.

* The underneath epigram of Callimachus is alluded to:

> Τῇδε Σάων ὁ Δίκφυος, Ἀκάνθιος, ἱερὸν ὕπνον
> κοιμᾶται· θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς.

Beneath, in holy sleep, Meander lies:
O traveller! say not that the good man dies.

I have seen Charles Lloyd but twice since he left us, one of which times was when I called on him this morning. He is in a boarding-house, has got a vast number of new acquaintances, a false tail, a barber to powder him every morning, and is I believe as happy as he wishes to be. God bless you. Edith's love.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Mr. Thomas Southey, H.M.S. Mars, Plymouth.*

Feb. 18. 1798.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I write this from Westgate Buildings — but thus stands the case: Edith has been unwell, and, in consequence of this, we are arrived here on our way to Bristol for the spring and summer.

My mother's trip to London did her good: she slept there only three nights and returned the fourth. I embargoed the likeness for you, but have left it in London, as these are troublesome things to carry, and there is danger of breaking the glass. I have brought down Bedford's book for you. The Edda is ready to send; and in about five weeks—it cannot be more than six possibly—my new edition and Lloyd's book will be ready to send. I will get the magazines to go by the same parcel.

Yesterday I was at Bristol, and, looking over a man's shoulder at the newspaper, I was astonished to see my uncle's arrival in England. If this visit be not on account of his health, it will give me very great pleasure to see him again.

On Monday last I went to Covent Garden to see

"Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans." Perhaps an account of this may interest you more than any thing else I could say. It opens with a view of the town of Orleans, and a skirmish between young Talbot and Alençon and their respective soldiers. Of course the English take the French flag, and Alençon, wounded, is left on the ground, and carried into an ale-house close by, kept by Joan and her sister Blanche. Some English soldiers storm the ale-house, and are proceeding to behave somewhat uncivilly to Joan and her sister when young Talbot enters, and protects them immediately. Both sisters fall in love with him (don't swear, Tom!). They make love to him, and he prefers Blanche. Envious and enraged, Joan conspires with Alençon, and they try to poison young Talbot. She is discovered, goes to a rocky desert place, and there calls up the devil (don't swear, Tom!). Up comes old Lucifer—red-hot, hissing from hell; he gives her a compact to sign —she hesitates. The rock opens, and discovers Talbot and Blanche in a bower, with Cupids hovering over them. She resolves, and signs her name in letters which appear traced in fire as she writes them. Lucifer gives her a banner—she proclaims her mission — takes the armour from the tomb, which falls to pieces — defeats the English—captures Talbot and her sister, and throws them into a dungeon—they escape — another battle ensues — her sword and shield break — she is taken prisoner, but pardoned at the intercession of her sister — out she rushes to the place of her incantation, and up comes Lucifer — the rock opens and discovers the mouth of hell, like a large cod-fish—the mouth opens—a legion of Beelzebubs come out, and bear in Joan amid fire and flames. Tom! I did not swear at all this, but I believe, had you been there, you would have rapped out some most seamanly oaths.

Lloyd has at last resolved to publish his poems with

Lamb's; the volume will be very small, and I should suppose cannot be long in printing; it is therefore probable that this volume may be ready to send with the parcel. He is now gone to Birmingham on account of his brother's illness, who grows worse, and will never I fear recover.

We had this morning a letter from Harry. It is likely he may visit Yarmouth this spring—thus it falls out. I have two terms to keep at Gray's Inn, both which may be kept in three weeks. Now in the time between these two dinners, I may amuse myself by walking to see George Burnett.

Edith bore the journey very well. She desires me to inform you that she has got a Robert, commonly called a Bob — alias wig. We go to Bristol in the middle of next week. You will direct to Cottle's. God bless you. Our loves.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Good Friday, April 6. 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was, on Monday last, summoned to Bath, in consequence of an alarming increase of my mother's illness. She had taken fresh cold, and, though I found her somewhat amended by bleedings, still her state of health appears, both to myself and the physician who attends her, to require a speedy removal to a better climate. I wrote immediately to my uncle, trusting that he is safely arrived; but almost I fear that this may be too late. The hopes I yet entertain of her recovery are only founded upon the sudden amendment which change of scene and of surrounding circumstances has heretofore effected in her. Edith also is very unwell.

She has now good advice and air, as good as this country can furnish. These are unpleasant subjects, and I have said enough. Wynn tells me he has seen you, and that you agree with him in thinking a house fit for the purpose may be found ready built.* I doubt whether you can find one with land enough annexed and well situated for our purpose; it is however worth trying.* Mr. Martin has opened a wide field for inquiry, by proposing to appropriate the useless funds of charity to new institutions.

The authority of Parliament would be necessary for this; but the society of which he is a member have influence enough to effect it; and were a general inquiry set on foot into the application of the funds left for charitable purposes, much iniquity would be brought to light, and a fund would be discovered of very great value to relieve the lower classes.

Of late, I have been making some inquiries into one charity at Bath, where an estate left to support thirteen poor persons has increased to the value of 100,000*l.* The paupers receive little more than they ever did, and the remainder of the 5,000*l.* per annum goes to nobody knows who. The minister who has their chapel is said to share 2,000*l.* annually, and a rascally lawyer picks 500*l.* a year out of the spoils. In inquiring into this iniquity, other peculations as enormous have been pointed out to me.

The state of the poor requires some effectual relief, and the nation would find funds that would go far towards relieving them by merely correcting such abuses as these.

There is no reason why the House of Commons should

* This letter is printed to show how early were the endeavours of Southey to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity. They continued to the last, as may be seen from his "Colloquies on the Prospects and Progress of Society."

not do this; but I have the example of the slave trade before my eyes, and have ceased to expect anything good from that quarter. It may, however, be suggested to Wynn; and I will write upon the subject to him.

Rousseau's Confessions are like his Heloïse: as the mind that receives it is healthy or diseased, it becomes medicinal or poisonous. The most exceptionable passages in the book are almost useless, or develope such parts of his character as need not be known. They show us the cravings of a heart that wanted and deserved an equal companion, and which, when plunging in sensuality, felt its own degradation, and the emptiness of sensual enjoyment. There seemed a perpetual struggle between his soul and body. I do not look upon Rousseau with blind admiration; he was a miserable man, and I think of him with feelings of regret and compassion, that make him the more interesting. Read the "Levite of Ephraim;" with the exception of two similes, it is, in my judgment, a perfect poem. And read his letter to Voltaire — the most beautiful defence of optimism that has ever yet appeared. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Bath, May 11. 1798.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I should not wish Lewis to print either "Lord William" or "Jasper," because they have not appeared with my name; and this previous publication would perhaps lessen the sale of the volume, in which I should hereafter print them. If you think this an insufficient reason, act as though it were so, and let him have them. At any rate, he may have "Rudiger" and "Donica," if he likes them; but alter a word he must not. They are,

I know, hastily written and uncorrected; but you must be well aware that it is not advisable to have any helping hand in a literary work, however trifling.

I had thought of writing to George Strachey, and sending him a book as soon as I heard of his resolution to depart: you have revived the thought, and I will this day write to Bristol to send off a copy.

The passage from the "Lutrin" would have been well inserted, but I had no knowledge of it. When I read the "Lutrin," I had not that acquaintance with French antiquities which would have led me to remark the passage. As for *un très mauvais* poem, I quoted the phrase of Millin, because it was his condemnation; for I had never read the canon's poem. This is a reason for it; but it was so written in the half-translating half-extract way, which you know a man in haste often falls into.

Will you assist me in raising a small sum for the family of the midshipman who fell in the Mars? He was an extraordinary man, and one to whom my brother was much attached. Out of his pay he sent his wife and children thirteen guineas a year; and all his hope was to be made master's mate, that he might make it twenty, and then, he said, they should all be happy. There are three children, all young. He thought his family would be a protection for him, but he was pressed into the service. He had served in America, and was one of those men who volunteered once to carry despatches in a boat through the French fleet. His understanding was strong, though wholly uncultivated; he read with difficulty, and comprehended what he read slowly; but when once he had comprehended it, it was fixed for ever in his memory. I had almost forgotten the more striking features of his life. He had seduced the woman whom he afterwards married; and, as he told Tom, he could not bear his own reflections till he had married her. They were very happy, and he never spoke of

her but with the warmest affection. What remains had better, perhaps, not be mentioned. He was a delegate in the first mutiny; and it is said in the ship, that when a paper was brought there, which was the death-warrant of the officers, he tore it to pieces. In the second he had nothing to do; and it is evident that his conduct must have been unexceptionable, or he would not afterwards have been a midshipman. His name was Bligh, and from what I have said of the sum he wished to afford his wife, you will see that ten or fifteen pounds will be a considerable relief to her. I shall see you on Saturday the 19th. God bless you.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Thomas Philip Lamb, Esq.*

Bath, June 13. 1798.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thought I recognised your seal, and it gave me very great pleasure to find myself not forgotten by persons whom I often recalled with pleasure and gratitude. Six years have elapsed since I left school; and since last I saw you, all my views in life, and many of my opinions, have been changed more than once during that period. The result is, that at twenty-four I am married, without a want, almost without a wish unsatisfied. Time and experience have done me much good, and somewhat tamed me. Imagine me taller and still thinner than in 1792, and with even spirits, which nothing either elevates or depresses, and you will have most of the alterations that the interval has produced.

I have been married two years according to the gipsy prophecy at Norwood *, which Tom may recollect.—

* Southey noted down this prophecy. Mrs. Southey had it, but I cannot find the MS.

but, alas, of the promised five children and good fortune I have as yet no appearance. The first, however, time may give me; and the law, my present study, may possibly one day accomplish the rest of the prediction. Be that as it may, I am happy. Hitherto we have been obliged to live in lodgings. I have now the prospect of soon enjoying the comforts of a house. At present I am employed in settling my mother; and with her we shall pass the autumn; for I am sorry to add that my wife's health has obliged us to quit London for the present, and thus interrupted my professional pursuits. I have been alarmed by her indisposition, but she is now better; and indeed my prospects are in every direction brightening.

I have had some difficulties, but they are over: necessity joined with inclination to make me an author, and now only the pleasant motive remains.

I acquired some money, and more reputation. The one soon went, but it supported me when I had no other support. The other I trust will not be lost.

I have many plans, and great ones, to execute, should it please God to allow me life and leisure.

The second edition of my best work is lately published. I have one large copy remaining, and am glad of this opportunity of disposing of it.

You will find the poem much altered, and bearing little resemblance to the rhymes you may remember of the school-boy.

I beg my remembrance to all your family. I have often thought of them, and remembered Rye with pleasure. The newspapers have at times given me information of my old acquaintance in that part of the world. I shall hope sometimes to hear of you through some channel. God bless you.

Yours as ever,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Martin Hall, Westbury, July 20. 1798.

*Articles of Impeachment against Grosvenor Charles Bedford, one of his Majesty's Light Horse.*

1. That he the said Grosvenor Charles Bedford has persisted in a long and obstinate silence, a crime humanely punished in his Majesty's dominions by flogging and half-hanging.

2. That he has detained the despatches from Antony Carlisle, requesting the attention of R. S. to some children then at Bristol, till the children had left the place.

3. That he is vehemently suspected from the external appearance of the letter, of having used it in the way by which the Huns were accustomed to make mule steaks.

Grosvenor! most mulish Grosvenor! beast! for beasts are dumb, and you are silent, and to be silent is to be dumb, and to be dumb is to be a beast, and therefore are you most logically brutalised! O for a dictionary of vituperation — a Gradus ad Parnassum of abuse — a Thesaurus of execrations, that might make Ernulphus damn himself for a barren-brained blockhead! Beast— for you are obstinate, and to be obstinate is to be a mule, therefore beast again! Beast — for to be a soldier is to be a brute, therefore yet again I say beast, monstrous beast!—for to be a horse-soldier is to be a centaur, therefore, prodigious beast! hast thou ears to hear? Let the voice of malediction rumble down thy auricular labyrinths like the mail-coach over Brentford stones! Hast thou eyes to see? Let them look upon the letter that disturbs this indolent repose, pleasantly as the rock-ribbed toad leers at the stone-mason who saws him open.

It has done me good. I am better, much better; forty grains of ipecacuanha could not have been more beneficial to my gall, — a voyage across the Bay of

Biscay could not have rendered me more pigeon-livered. I am softened, turtleised, yea, a very lamb! I am prepared to read thy expiatory lines with the favourable eye of reconciliation. My expectation gasps for the letter like a frog in a hot dusty day on the turnpike road; it will swallow thy excuses as a whale bolts herrings.

Write, and thou shalt hear from me, as how I am dwelling in house — which, to the great titillation of thy risible nerves, is christened "Martin Hall."* I have asked Wynn to come to it.

Grosvenor, God bless thee.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Bristol, Aug. 3. 1798.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your account of poor B. woke in me the recollections, and almost the feelings, of old friendship. Good God, what a blessing might he have been to his friends and to his country! It is mortifying to look back to our school days, and reflect that Matthew Lewis should be the wonder of the day, and B. dead and for-

* "The martins have colonised all around it, and doubly lucky must the house be on which they so build and bemire."—*Life and Corr.* vol. i. p. 340. Shakspeare's lines were running in his mind:

"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed, and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate."

*Macbeth*, act i. sc. vi.

gotten. A man so gifted, and the victim of one failing. He should have been removed from Westminster ere habit was rooted in him. I think I could cure the vice at sixteen which would destroy at six and twenty. I am no friend to public schools. Where they are beneficial to one they are ruinous to twenty. Nor do I think that the argument you once used in defence of universities a just one — that young men run their race of vice, grow tired, and come away with character unblemished. This to me seems the real evil. People will be ashamed of debauchery if they are not kept in countenance.

Have you collected any thing for poor Bligh's widow? If you have send it me to remit to her, and you may enclose a frank, after-dated some few days for her, "Darlington, Durham." We have raised here three and thirty pounds already, and sent it; and I shall endeavour to get the boy when old enough into Christ's Hospital. Did I tell you of a place in which John May has engaged with Martin, the secretary to the society for bettering the condition of the poor? They have hired a room, where they hear the story of all the beggars who choose to apply, and get them relieved, either by making the parish officers do their duty, or assisting them themselves. You would be surprised at the numbers they have relieved. There is room for much to be done in this way. If ever you are disposed to make motions in the House, I should be delighted to see you the Reformer of the Poor Laws.

I have found an Irish story for you. A gentleman saw a boy driving a cow through his hedge backwards and forwards, and asked him what he was doing. "Och!" says he, "I am teaching the cow to get her own living." God bless you.

Yours as ever,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To John May, Esq.*

Monday, Dec. 3. 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

Since my return, I have been very much troubled with a return of my indisposition. I can account for it by two days' inactivity during the wet weather: but it is a sad thing to be afflicted by not taking exercise for two days, and those not successive ones. So now, be the weather what it will, I walk. This destroys much time and much comfort. My head indeed is not idle. I pursue my plans, and view my purposed subjects in every different light, and mature them in these walks; but all this does not make it the more agreeable to get wet through.

The story of the Pythoness stolen away by a young Thessalian, strikes me as the best adapted for scenic representation, by the pageantry it allows, and by its capability of dramatic effect. I have not access to Diodorus Siculus, the author who relates the fact, and in whom, possibly, names and dates might be found. As yet the vague outline only of a few characters and scenes is present to my mind; and for the story I have no place. Perhaps I must connect some historical event with it; for instance, the irruption of the Gauls under Brennus: at present the idea is fermenting in my head. I see something fine in the scenery, — Parnassus — the Temple — the Adytum, and something dramatic in the Pythoness, *then* a young woman, exposed to a maddening vapour by the villainy of the priests, and probably believing herself chosen by Apollo to the distinguished sufferings. Then the Thessalian's superstitious horror. Like a traveller on the hill-top in a fog, I know there must be a fine prospect, but cannot see it yet. However, let the subject please me ever so much, I will adhere to my intention of making six

skeletons before I dress up one and breathe life into it. The drama would not be my choice. It is not my own ground, but I think I can stand upon it.

I have begun the ninth book of "Madoc," and look on to the completion of the poem. This will be a great thing done; and however pleasant a journey may be, I am always glad to arrive at the end of it. Edith desires to be remembered. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.**

Bristol, Jan. 15. 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

The days of Queen Mary appear to suit me well. My characters are these:—Sir Walter, a young man of strong affections and high and quick feelings, a convert to the reformed religion. A man somewhat older, inflexibly honest, like Cranmer, one that would burn an Anabaptist, and suffer at the stake himself. A cousin of Sir Walter's, his next heir, a bigoted Catholic, so bigoted as not to confess to himself that one motive for accusing his cousin is to get at his estate. Mary (I use any name), one who has from childhood been betrothed to Walter, a Catholic, perfectly good. And the Confessor of Walter and Mary, a good and pious man, loving them both as his children. My sketch thus divides itself into the five acts.

1. The discovery of Walter's principles to Mary and the Confessor.

2. The arrest of Gilbert his friend, and Walter's danger when he has betrayed his opinions to his cousin.

* I have printed this letter as one more in detail than that in the "Life and Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 10.

3. The burning of Gilbert.

4. Walter's consent to temporise and marry Mary.

5. His arrest, trial, condemnation, and the Queen's death.

The progress of Walter's mind gives a fair opportunity for dramatic effect: he is at first uneasy, made more enthusiastic by Gilbert's danger and heroism, yet half-wishing he could be contented with ignorance; worked up by Gilbert's death to almost the desire of martyrdom, yielding to affection, and in the hour of danger discovering the patient courage of a Christian. I feel as though I could develope this character well. For stage effect I see one fine place. Gilbert is burnt opposite Mary's house. She sees the procession from her window, and Walter attending his friend. The Te Deum is heard, the light of the stake seen through the window, and Mary and the Confessor pray together for the soul of the heretic. Some effect may be produced by Mary's singing the evening hymn.

I expect a good dungeon scene between Gilbert and the Confessor; the Confessor entreating him not to drive Walter to the stake; and Gilbert inflexible in braving death, and thinking it the duty of all who believe in the Reformation to profess it and suffer rather than temporise.

There is a something marked in every character. The Confessor was of Glastonbury, and had seen the Abbot executed: he had felt persecution, and he abhors it. Strip popery of its tricks, and it is a fine religion; it seems made for human feelings, to supply all their cravings. In Mary it should be very interesting.

Now, is the story such as a modern audience would sympathise with? This is my doubt, the catastrophe is faulty. Q. Mary's death is an accident, and it is clumsy to let chance decide it. Would a Lord Chamberlain construe the story into a libel upon state se-

verity? I have no inclination to fling away my time, and these doubts occur to me. On the other hand, the story suits me, I feel equal to it, and hardly expect to make another so new to the stage and capable of such powerful parts.

I wish I had Froissart. It is laborious to read the French; the type is so difficult that one cannot pass the eye down a page to see at once what it contains, and it is endless to go through old folios in any other manner.

Captain Bell's vision is in Aubrey's "Miscellanies" also.* It looks like a lie. I am not a disbeliever in these things, but that story is not among the credible ones. It is a curious subject, the truth of supernatural warnings and appearances. I mean some day to state the *pro* and *con* in the M. Magazine, and invite controversy, for it has never been fairly and reasonably examined. I lean to belief myself. The ballads are printed as far as the beginning of the "Old Lady." In small poems, I am not fond of correcting; upon a great work like "Joan of Arc," and "Madoc," I have even Dutch industry. I have an odd thought for a ballad—a grotesque being, a little man who can extend his limbs to any length, put up his hand to count the eagles' eggs, crane up his neck to the top-tower window, open his mouth and swallow anybody, which is to be the conclusion. Pray buy me the ghost book. I shall hardly be satisfied till I have got a ballad as good as "Lenora." I have two or three stories of secondary merit to work upon.

Let me hear from you, and if you should meet with a ghost, a witch, or a devil, pray send them to me. For

* Mr. Wynn had probably stated that the narrative was given in the preface to the translation of Luther's "Table Talk." See Aubrey's "Miscellanies," p. 128., "Apparitions."

these few last days I have been well enough to leave on my ether.

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Bristol, Jan. 27. 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have sent you the Letters: a second edition is perhaps hardly worth sending, but it is rid of some of the faults of the first. Strachey's "Joan of Arc" is in the parcel, and a copy which I shall be obliged to you to send to John May, No. 4. Bedford Square. I shall be in London on Thursday week next, that is, if I am well enough; for, in addition to the complaint that sticks to me, I have a troublesome cough: this, timely taken, will probably be removed; but should it not, I shall be afraid of any way increasing it. I am driven again to my nightly dose of ether, sorely against my will, for it is very unpleasant to accustom myself to such a stimulus. It is a nervous affection that I have, the consequence of sedentary habits, and more obstinate than I expected. I have good advice, but not good tidings respecting it, for I am told that without great and daily exercise, there is danger of its troubling me through life.

The "Days of Queen Mary" still pleases me better than any other plan that has yet occurred. My only doubt is whether or not an audience would sympathise with the feelings predominant in the story. The plot of Massinger's "Picture" was well for his days; but we have outgrown it, and laugh at the magic portrait. Is it not almost so with the spirit of martyrdom? Where the distress of any play hinges upon what I have thought a prejudice or folly, it has half-interested me, and I fear

that the majority of any audience would feel the same at distress produced by the avowal of any sentiment.

I am surprised you did not understand a *pick-a-back*. It is any thing carried on the shoulders, a nursery and school-boy word, in this part of the world. Your other alterations are almost all adopted. I expect to have a decent eclogue upon witchcraft, and another upon murder, in the room of two of those that you saw, for the sake of diversifying their character.

I do not understand the *pro* and *con* of the Union enough to have an opinion. Do you think it can be effected? One can never believe the newspaper Irish accounts. Is it possible that the coalition can have taken place between the Orangemen and United Irishmen? God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. William Wynn, Esq.*

Bristol, April 5. 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

My last letter, which was written before I received your accusation of laziness, will I think acquit me of it. "Queen Mary" I have begun, and but begun, for my way is not clear through the first act. The story has great advantages, and it would be difficult to select any so unlike that of other dramas. The elder Brutus has been dramatised by Lee. Lee lived at that time when the French Romances were in vogue, and made more use of them than a man of such genius ought to have done. He has made his play out of "Cecilia," and bad enough it is, with some brilliant exceptions, as in everything he wrote. The subject would be very difficult. His sons are scarcely dignified enough for

tragedy, and his character seems almost above it. It is for the painter, not the poet. I have seen an account of a picture by David on this subject, which appeared to me more finely conceived than any thing I ever saw or heard of else. Rousseau thought of dramatising the story of Lucretia; in that case Brutus would be a strikingly dramatic character. But these subjects will not do, unless indeed one was to write a loyal play, and make Tarquin the hero, and introduce "God save the King."

The difficulty I find in every subject that has occurred to me is to make enough of it. I cannot wiredraw a story. This will seem odd to you who think me prolix and dilated. However, in "Queen Mary" there is enough. I have no other doubt respecting it, but that of its suiting the feelings of an audience. There will be no claptraps—no loyalty—nothing about "Britannia rule the Waves;" and, however orthodox my sufferers may be, they were dissenters then, and that will be sorely against them.

The theatrical taste of the public is certainly very bad; but the managers are more to blame than the public,—they never give them an opportunity of supporting any thing good. They bring forward Boaden's Tragedies and Reynolds's Comedies: the play which they rejected of Coleridge's was very faulty in delineation of character, but it abounded with stage effect, with passages equal to any in our language, and with poetry even to an excess. I do not think an audience could have condemned it.

Your story of the old man dying at Elizabeth's succession is new to me; it is very fine; one could have died with joy at such an event.

You know I am fond of mono-dramas. The dramatic turn which my thoughts have for some time taken has suggested to me the thought of narrating in dialogues,

or poems not much longer, such historical or other facts as would make noble scenes only.

The German plays have always something ridiculous, yet Kotzebue seems to me possessed of unsurpassed and unsurpassable genius. I wonder his plays are acted here; they are so thoroughly Jacobinical in tendency. They create Jacobinical feelings, almost irresistibly. In every one that I have yet seen (Benyowsky excepted), some old prejudice or old principle is attacked. There is a very good comedy of his lately translated, the "Reconciliation," full of those quick strokes of feeling that, like Sterne, surprise you into a tear before you have finished a smile.

The song of which I had the credit proves to be Sotheby's, a man with whom I am sometimes confounded. He gave me his address some months since, and I shall visit him when I come to London. Sotheby has considerable talents as a poet, but he is not likely to improve, as I judge him to be forty. His "Oberon" is translated as well as the admirers of Wieland ever expect it to be, but it falls sadly short, they tell me, and all the puffs in the world will never make it popular. "Oberon" must not stand next to the "Orlando Furioso." I shall beg leave to put my own "Dom-Danael" between them. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Bristol, April 9. 1799.

My dear Wynn,

I suspect that my two letters, directed to you on the Chester Circuit, as you desired, had not reached you when you last wrote, or there would have been no charge

of idleness in yours. And now, having acquitted myself of that charge, I proceed to the indictment of my ears. If the charge had come from Dapple it would not have surprised me. One may fancy him possessed of more than ordinary susceptibility of ear; but for the irritability of yours, I cannot so satisfactorily account. I could heap authority upon authority for using two very short syllables in blank verse instead of one: they take up only the time of one. *Spirit*, in particular, is repeatedly placed as a monosyllable in Milton; and some of his ass-editors have attempted to print it as one, not feeling that the rapid pronunciation of the two syllables does not lengthen the verse more than the dilated sound of one. The other line you quote is still less objectionable, because the old ballad style requires ruggedness, were this line rugged; and secondly, because the line itself rattles over the tongue as smoothly as a curricle upon down turf.

"Ī hăve măde cāndlĕs ŏf ĭnfănt's făt."

This kind of cadence is repeatedly used in the "Old Woman" and in the "Parody."

The "Grandmother's Tale" I will not defend against you. It is a mere matter of taste. I have seen it produce much pleasure, and it has been noticed to me among the most pleasing poems in the volume. Certainly it is of that class of poems *sermoni propiora*—which you may without impropriety construe *very proper for a sermon*. Yet I think, if you look at the only part that admitted of strong writing, the lines from "But God, whose eye beholdeth all things," &c.; to the end of the speech, you will find them strong and impressive.

However, the difference in taste in men of equal talents and education you must be aware of almost as much as myself. The "Maid of the Inn" you selected for censure, and in my own mind it values little; yet how

popular has it become! and where one person reads the "Hymn to the Penates," unquestionably the best piece in the volume, fifty can repeat that foolish ballad. It is far more popular than "Rudiger" though utterly inferior to it.

Of my late volume, the worst pieces, in my own judgment, are the "Complaints of the Poor" and "The Rose," both of which have been pointed out to me with praise, and neither of which are good for any thing; but a man who publishes poems, like one who gives a dinner, must attend a little to the taste of those whom he entertains, and not entirely to his own. The "Sailor" is a good ballad, but it begins and ends feebly. I know it prevented a West Indian planter from buying my first volume; so it made the fellow feel. From your censure of the Eclogues I conclude you except the first and last —the best pieces I think in the volume: the last, indeed, is, of all my trifles, that I most prize.

I am very curious to see Barker's sketch. He discovered early marks of uncommon genius; how far his studies in Italy have improved him I am yet to learn.

On May-day, if no accident intervene, I expect to be in town. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R SOUTHEY.

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*To Mr. Thomas Southey, Plymouth.*

London, May 12. 1799.

MY DEAR TOM,

Blessed be God, that whether the day be pleasant or unpleasant, it passeth on: in London and at Brixton the day consisteth of twenty-four hours, and the hours of sixty minutes, and the minutes of sixty seconds, exactly as at Martin Hall; but, upon my soul,

there is a strange difference sensible in the duration of the seconds, minutes, hours, and days. It is not yet a fortnight since you and I embarked from home, and yet the thirteen days have seemed longer than the thirteen weeks that preceded them.

Your letters have reached me. Bad as a seaport is, you say it is better than London. I believe you, and congratulate you on your release. On the 28th, perhaps on the night of the 27th, I hope to reach home. In this accursed town (for even at Brixton I consider myself within its atmosphere) I will not remain an hour longer than is necessary. Since you left town I have been there thrice, and hunted the book-stalls with some success as to French poetry. Of my Dutch grammar I know much, but I *beklaage* myself for not having a dictionary to read Jacob Cats.* It is not worth while to purchase the dictionary unless I could take Cats home with me. William Taylor has sent me the "Noah," and half tempted me to think of making a poem on that subject, which might rank with Milton and Klopstock. I must not forget to give you a Dutch sentence in the grammar, "*Ik beminde meinne goeden rikken broeder*," —that is, I love my good and *rich* brother; and in a following sentence there is the same love of a sister. Tom, you and I have no Dutch affection, for God knows we are not quite so "*rikken*" as we would wish.

Carlisle has prescribed for me bark and steel, which I have not yet begun to take. It is only at home that I can be regular in anything; elsewhere there are a thousand little restraints which dog me and fritter away the hours. I have only written something in "Madoc" to finish the canoe-fight, the Love Elegy upon

* "I will buy a Dutch grammar, and study Jacob Cats."—*MS. Letter to G. C. Bedford*, 27th April, 1799. Southey afterwards got an excellent copy of Jacob Cats, now in my possession.

the Wig, and this morning I have written a poem upon a Pig, at least enough of it for Stuart, which will, I think, when some thirty lines are added to it, be the best of all my quaint pieces. This has been my week's work, and, considering I have dined out once, drank tea twice, and walked three times to London, it is as much as might well be expected.

I am attacked about Lloyd's Anti-jacobin Letters. Now though I abuse that Letter and his Lines upon the Fast to you, and to himself, yet I do not like to hear others abuse him, it gives me pain; and while I blame the books I justify his motives.

To-morrow I may perhaps hear from him, as I purpose calling on Charles Lamb. Plague on it! it is Whit-Monday I recollect, and I know not where to find him.

Your Exeter bookseller blunders a little. Certainly he is right in saying the "Joan" made my reputation; but about the smaller pieces he is wrong. You know my own opinion of "Mary," and you also know that I am not apt to think worse of my own poems than they deserve. If I should write about Noah, and it is not improbable, my fingers itch to be counting hexameters. George Dyer, whose dirty dressing gown disgusted you, but who knows everybody, and who is esteemed by everybody, is catering for my Almanac. There is a double advantage in this. Contributions not only save me, but interest the vanity of the contributors in the sale of the book. About politics, I can only give you a pun that escaped me last night. Grosvenor said "we had the essence of liberty in England," and I replied, "Then it was the *volatile* essence, for it had all fled away."

God bless you. When shall we meet again? I shall have to go house-hunting, on my return.

Your affectionate *broeder*,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Bristol, Midsummer Day, 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I seize a leisure minute, and a disfurnished room, or what the Dutch would call an *ungemeubeleerde Kamer*, to write to you. We are in all the bustle of quitting house. I go, the latter end of the week, to Burton, to see the place which has been taken for us there, and superintend the necessary alterations. It will not, I suppose, be quite a palace, for the rent is to be eight guineas; but I expect to make it thoroughly comfortable.

I had neglected to write so long, that the very recollection has half kept me silent. Since my return, my health has continued better. My poems (the first volume) are again going to press: you were to point out alterations in the "Hymn to the Penates." I think of removing the two odes on New Year's Day and December, because they will make a part of the Kalendar hereafter, and in their place inserting the "Retrospect," cut down to half its present length. I wish "Donica" could be mended; it is a very fine story, and I have made a very indifferent ballad of it. "Mary," too, does not half please me: there is an Irish word in the last stanza which has annoyed me whenever I have remembered it—"*engages* the eye." Of the other poems, the best need no correction, and the worst deserve none. Think of the "Penates," will you? and propose your corrections. In the mean time, receive this, and an apology, and a promise of a longer and leisure letter. God bless you.

Yours truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

*To Mrs. Southey.*

Burton, June 30. 1799.

MY DEAR EDITH,

I am fearful that the post-boy will pass before I can fill the sheet, therefore it will be advisable to begin at the wrong end, and tell you what you will be most anxious to know. The inside of the house I have not yet seen, but on the ground floor there are three rooms, one of which is the kitchen; into this the street door opens. They are boarded. There is also a back-kitchen. The sitting-rooms are in front, (plague on the builders!) the back kitchen behind. When I go over the houses, I shall see how improvable they are. We are not likely to get possession before Michaelmas; so my mother may send Edward off, and you and I will take a journey. The garden is a good size, quite large enough to supply us with vegetables, and is said to be prime ground. There is a stable, and a pigeon-house, which we will stock, as the pigeons feed themselves. The house is as far from the road as Mr. Biddlecombe's, though open to it; but there is a railing about the premises which is to be placed there. At the bottom of the garden is a fish-pond. All this, you see, is sumptuous. Biddlecombe would have bought it, but they could not make out a clear title. He has taken it for five years; we hold of him, and I shall arrange matters so that the goods may be sent and housed soon. So much for this; now for my travels here. I was too late for the Salisbury coach. I mounted the Oxford mail, and rode to the Globe at Newton. Thence I walked about six miles, crossing over to the Warminster and Frome road. The coach, for which I was too late in the morning, here *overtook* me. I mounted it, eat some bread and cheese at an alehouse where they stopped, and proceeded to Warminster. Here it was to dine; and, as I found it would not be at

Salisbury before six, I thought it would be too late then to reach Fordingbridge that night. So I altered my plan for the campaign, left the coach at Warminster, and trudged away for Shaftesbury. Read my poem about walking in the heat, and learn how I felt. My way led me within sight of Beckford's magnificent building. At an alehouse I got some cold meat and strong beer: nothing but strong beer would suit me. By seven o'clock I found myself at Shaftesbury, fifteen miles from Warminster, after riding twenty miles and walking twenty-one. I looked about the town, but did nothing there. It stands commandingly on an eminence: I could even distinguish Glastonbury, though more than thirty miles from it.

At six I rose, and set out on foot for Blandford, twelve miles, to breakfast, chiefly over the downs. I met crows in abundance, two weasels, and one humble bee on the way, who seemed to have as little chance of finding a breakfast as myself, for the deuce a flower grew on the short scant turf. The hill-sides were in some places quite naked, washed bare by the rains—the skeletons of earth. I had a fine walk, and the clouds canopied me with most cool comfort. After breakfast I pushed on ten miles for Winborne, again over downs. This was a tough pull; but still the clouds shaded me. There I got pickled salmon and more strong beer. Then I proceeded, though somewhat faint and wearily, twelve miles more, to Christchurch. I entered under St. Catherine's Hill, and found my way over the marsh, and through the fields behind our old habitation. Here I met a hospitable welcome. Biddlecombe is well, and in as good spirits as ever: his mother is as well as ever—his cream as good, and her tea as weak. Mr. Corbyn is here to dinner; and do not forget to tell my mother that Mr. Coleman inquires for her.

I purpose setting off to-morrow, if Biddlecombe will let me; in that case, I hope to get home on Tuesday

night, for my limbs are so supple, and I feel so little fatigue, as to depend upon my legs in case I miss the coach. Indeed I am better able to walk to-day than when I left home: the morning has been taken up in walking. The dinner now hurries me, and I momently expect to hear the horn.

From all I see, I think the house will be very convenient and comfortable. We must stay at Bristol till our money comes, and then go somewhere, either to Wales or Devonshire. Remember me to Miss Danvers. God bless you.

Yours truly,
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

July 29. 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I write to you from Minehead. We arrived here on Thursday night— I wish I could add after a pleasant journey, but Edith's state of health imbittered it and every hour since. Maurice, under whose medical care she is, thought the journey might benefit her, but it has proved otherwise; and unless a speedy improvement take place, we must measure back our way to Bristol, that she may have daily and hourly advice if needful. Extreme debility, pains in the back and bowels, and a wasting away, with sleeplessness, and total want of appetite,—these are her complaints. I am little able to attend to my usual employments—restless and uneasy, I turn from one thing to another, and find myself unfitted for all. Danger in her complaint there is not; there is no organic affection, no part diseased; but this debility, this atrophy is alarming. I fall into gloomy day-dreams, and dread the future while I wish the present were past. Her sister is with us; this is fortunate. I get out a little, but the weather is cold and stormy, and I carry with me no cheerful thoughts.

It is long since I have heard from you. I saw the marriage of, I suppose, one of your sisters announced in the papers. At the time I wished it had been your own; but if the single man be never quite happy, neither can he be ever quite otherwise, — in sickness, in poverty, in death, the evil extends not beyond himself; he is prepared for all the contingencies of life, and its close is not imbittered by the grief of the survivors whose happiness or welfare depends upon him. It has always been my wish to die far from my friends, to crawl like a dog into some corner and expire unseen. I would neither give nor receive unavailing pain.

Of the few books with me I am most engaged by the Koran: it is dull and full of repetitions, but there is an interesting simplicity in the tenets it inculcates. What was Mohammed? self-deceived, or knowingly a deceiver? If an enthusiast, the question again recurs, wherein does real inspiration differ from mistaken? This is a question that puzzles me, because to the individual they are the same, and both effects equally proceed from the first Impeller of all motions, who must have ordained whatever he permits. In this train of reasoning I suspect a fallacy, but cannot discover it. But of Mohammed, there is one fact which in my judgment stamps the impostor — he made too free with the wife of Zeid, and very speedily had a verse of the Koran revealed to allow him to marry her. The vice may be attributed to his country and constitution; but the dispensation was the work of a scoundrel imposing upon fools. The huge and monstrous fables of Mohammedanism, his extravagant miracles, and the rabbinical tenets of his followers, appear nowhere in the written book. Admit the inspiration of the writer, and there is nothing to shock belief. There is but one God — this is the foundation; Mohammed is his prophet — this is the superstructure. His followers must have been miserably credulous. They gained a victory over the Koreish

with very inferior numbers, and fought lustily for it. Yet Mohammed says, and appeals to them for the truth of what he says, that not they beat the Koreish, but three thousand angels won the victory for them. The system has been miserably perverted and fatally successful.

Bagdad and Cordova had their period of munificence and literature; all else in the history of the religion is brutal ignorance and ferocity. It is now a system of degradation and depopulation, whose overthrow is to be desired as one great step to general amelioration.

If you could get me Anquetil Du Perron's Zendavesta, I should be very glad. It is not easily met with, but perhaps your bookseller might meet with a copy. If Edith gets better, we shall proceed to Ilfracombe in about ten days; if not, we must return. Should you receive this soon, my direction is at Mr. Alloway's, Minehead, Somersetshire. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.**

Bristol, August 20. 1799.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I write to you from Stowey, and at the same table with Coleridge: this will surprise you. . . . However, here I am, and have been some days wholly immersed in conversation. In one point of view Coleridge and I are bad companions for each other. Without being talkative I am conversational, and the hours slip away, and the ink dries upon the pen in my hand.

Edith is very much better. I have seen Ilfracombe,

* The contents of this letter are so graphic, that I venture to print it as a companion to the one to John May, Esq., in the "Life and Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 22.

and find its beauty consists wholly in the shore scenery. The country is wild, open, and naked; so we shall go to the south of Devon at once, and set out on Monday or Tuesday next, to Sidmouth. The Coleridges are going to Ottery, which is only five miles from Sidmouth, so we travel together.

I have seen the Valley of Stones. Imagine a vale, almost narrow enough to be called a coombe, running between two ranges of hills. On the left the hills are covered with turf. The vale is sprinkled with stones among fern, only in one place piled grotesquely, or to any height, yet presenting a singular appearance. The magnificence lies on the northern side; the hills here are without turf or soil, stripped of their vegetable earth, completely naked — the very bones of the earth: here the bare stones assume a thousand strange shapes of ruins. I ascended the highest point. At the summit two huge stones, inclining against each other, formed a portal. In this I lay down—a little platform of level turf, the only piece I saw spread before me, about two yards long,—and then the eye fell immediately upon the sea, a giddy depth. You cannot conceive a spot more strange, more impressive: I never before felt the whole sublimity of solitude!

What could have been the origin of this valley? The valley itself is very high above the sea; but if it be the effect of water—and I can conceive no other possible agent—the same inundation which bared the summit of these heights must necessarily have flooded all the lower lands in the kingdom. But even the opposite hills, to which I could have shot an arrow, are clothed with soil and vegetation. Possibly a water-spout might have produced this effect. As a poet I could form hypotheses in plenty; but, to my shame, I am no naturalist. I could learn no tradition. The people do not even suspect the devil of having had any hand in it.

At the alehouse in the adjoining village, I met with the

father of Lean, your reading-society man. He claimed acquaintance with me on the score of his son's knowing me! I found him a plain, unaffected, intelligent old man. He gave me a good deal of local information, showed me several of the best points of view, and invited me to his home at Wivelcombe: he is a seller of all things, and travels twice or thrice a year round Exmoor with a cart full of goods. These villages, which are shut out from all the world and inaccessible by carriages, have no shops to supply themselves from, and when Lean enters one of them his arrival is proclaimed in form at the church-door.*

Lymouth, a village about a mile from the Valley of Stones, is a place of unequalled beauty. Excepting the Arrabida and Cintra, I have seen nothing superior to it. Two rivers—you know the down-hill rivers of Devonshire, that make one long waterfall all the way—two rivers from two coombes join at Lymouth, and where they join enter the sea, and the sea makes but one roar with the rivers. The one coombe is richly wooded, the other naked and stony. From the eminence which juts out between them is one of the noblest views I ever saw:—the two coombes and their rivers—their junction—the little village of Lymouth—and the sea, here boundless and with the variety of sea colours. The road down to Lymouth is dreadful—a narrow path, more than a mile in descent on the brink of a precipice with the sea below. A mound of earth about two feet high secures the foot-traveller; but it is gloriously terrific. . . . . God bless you. Remember us affectionately to your mother.

Yours truly,
R. SOUTHEY.

* See fourth series of "Common-Place Book," p. 521. The reader may thank me for referring him to a sweet description of "cunning Isaac," in Mr. Southey's "Solitary Hours," Childhood, p. 35., second edit.

*To John May, Esq.*

Exeter, Sept. 3. 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wrote to you from Ottery, where I have been uncomfortably detained five days by the impossibility of finding lodgings any where in its neighbourhood. I wish to be as near as possible on Coleridge's account, and additionally so, as there is the probability of seeing you here. To-morrow, however, we go to Exeter, where there can be no doubt of house-room, and eleven miles is a very walkable distance.

I have now seen George Coleridge; his brother and you had taught me to respect him. In many things he reminds me of you; there is the resemblance that two persons who have lived much together, and with attached affections, bear to each other. Something too he reminds me of my uncle — of his equalness and kindness of character; but he is not so cheerful as my uncle, nor has his situation been so favourable. He told me that from the age of eighteen he had never had leisure to read a book through.

There are three classes of people in whose society I find pleasure — those in whom I meet with similarity of opinion, those who from a similarity of feeling tolerate difference of opinion, and those to whom long acquaintance has attached me, who neither think nor feel with me, but who have the same recollections and can talk of other times and other scenes. Accustomed to seclusion, or to the company of those who know me, and to whom I can out with every thought as it rises without the danger of being judged by a solitary expression, I am uncomfortable amongst strangers. A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will, my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot

gratify, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most and leave them in the best humour with me.

I have just learnt that you do not visit Devonshire. I, however, have the expectation of seeing you in Hampshire during the winter. George Coleridge has been very friendly towards me, and I feel that his opinion of me had been influenced by you. He has his brother's forehead, but no other resemblance. It is wonderful how the strong feelings induced in composition change the countenance. Strong thought is labour, an exercise essential to the mind's health; and the face of a thinking man, like the legs of a porter and the arms of a blacksmith, indicate how he has been employed.

I thank you for procuring the Zendavesta—for so I suppose it to be—which has arrived at Bristol for me: when we meet I will pay you for it. I expect in going through it to derive wisdom from perusing much folly. Something I shall one day build upon the base of Zoroaster, but what I know not. To Mango Capac* I feel myself pledged; and if I can see the propriety of blending aught supernatural with philosophical narration he shall be brought from Persia. My head is full of plans: it seems as though all that I have yet done is the mere apprenticeship of poetry, the rude work which has taught me only how to manage my tools.

*Tuesday, Sept.* 3.—We are lodged at Mr. Tucker's, Fore-Street-Hill, Exeter. Here we shall remain till Michaelmas, and here then you will direct. Since beginning this letter I bore part in an interesting conversation

* "It was my design to identify Madoc with Mango Capac, the legislator of Peru: in this I have totally failed, therefore Mango Capac is to be the hero of another poem."—*Life and Corr.* vol. ii. p. 21.

with George Coleridge upon the tendency of Christianity. His brother Edward, who seldom talks much to the purpose, talked only to confuse and misunderstand; but afterwards, when we walked out, he understood us better. We were talking upon the equalitarian doctrines of the gospel, a doctrine which you know. I see there that which is intimately blended with all my opinions and systems,— their foundation, indeed, their life and their soul. I could soon grow unreserved with him, and talk from immediate impulse. We were all a good deal amused by the old lady. She could not hear what was going on, but, seeing Samuel arguing with his brothers, took it for granted that he must have been wrong, and cried out, "Ah, if your poor father had been alive, he'd soon have convinced you!" In Exeter I find a humble imitation of Lisbon filth, but I also find two good sale libraries of old books. You will smile at the catalogue title of a Portuguese book which I bought here; it is an account *das cousas que fizeram os Padres da companhia de Jesus*, in the East Indies and in Africa; and this the catalogue-maker called FIZERAMO's account, &c.

Edith is better than she has been for many months. I find a sort of health-thermometer in the hair. My own curls crisp and strong in proportion to the state of the whole system, or becomes weak and straightened. Perhaps by and by the connection will be discovered between the colour of the hair, its quality and its crispness, and the constitution. Physiology is yet in its infancy. Have you received the "Annual Anthology?" God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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## *To C. W. William Wynn, Esq.*

Exeter, Sept. 24. 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Since last I wrote I have seen something of South Devon, a country which has been so over-praised as completely to disappoint me. Some particular spots were striking, but the character of the whole is bald high hills, with hedges and no trees, and broad views that contained no object on which the eye could fix. I remember with most pleasure a little vale amid high hills, of which one was well wooded; many streams intersected it; and all over the green vale were fine old ash trees, as if a grove had been rooted up and these left standing. The ash is our most *beautiful* tree, not our *finest*, but in a quiet secluded scene our most appropriate, the leaves are so transparently green, and hang with so feathery a lightness, and the bark is more strongly coloured, than that of any other tree. There was a mill in this vale, quite a comfortable dwelling, and a saw-pit by, — just enough of man to enliven the scene, not to spoil it. It pleased me mightily. Near Totness I fell in with a countryman, who talked of the Duke of Somerset (he has a seat near, and had just been at it). He was a strange, foolish sort of young man, he said, who loved to walk about by himself.

Dartmouth is finely situated; but on the whole Devonshire falls very flat upon the eye after the north of Somersetshire, which is truly a magnificent country. I have been much indisposed: unless I take so much exercise as almost to preclude doing anything else, my pulse intermits, and I have the old symptoms. You are mistaken in supposing I play pranks with myself; the gaseous oxyde had been repeatedly tried before I took it, and I took it from curiosity first, afterwards as

a luxury, not medicinally. The foxglove you may be assured is a powerful and valuable medicine. You astonish me about the Tractors. Did I tell you that trials had been made at Bristol with pieces of wood, which had actually cured paralytic cases? The inference is that faith works the cure. There is always a difficulty in distinguishing between the effect of a medicine and of credulity. Davy put a thermometer into the mouth of a patient to ascertain his animal heat. A few days afterwards the man came to him: "Do'ye, Sir, please to put that thing in my mouth again; nothing ever did me so much good. I felt myself better directly."

Bedford's "Witches" was omitted in deference to what I should call morbid delicacy. It is an excellent ballad. About the make-weights, you should remember that what displeases one person is the very green fat of the volume to another: some things there are dull enough, God knows, but then the author likes them wondrously, and his relations and friends wonder at them, and so they buy the book, and so the book sells. Like a fisherman's net, the book has its leaden tags, but then there is cork enough to float it.

I expect to reach Hampshire in about ten days, and take possession of my mother's cottage. Excuse the damned city-country-fication of that word, but in truth I want an unpolluted word to express the same thing; for you know *little-house* is not exactly the same thing. We shall winter there, and I mean to use my legs six hours out of the twenty-four, if possible, to get the machine in due order. I dread London and its confinement for myself and for Edith. She has recovered, and now again is growing indisposed.

I want sadly to see your country, and, if it were a study that promised any success, to understand your language that I might get at the hidden treasures.

Your Welshmen do so little for us! Is not there nationality enough among you to give us poor Englishmen Taliessin and the long list of his followers down to Owen Glendower's time? or are they left untranslated, lest by stripping them of their Welsh dress you should expose their nakedness? God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Christchurch, Hampshire, Oct. 10. 1799.

MY DEAR WYNN,

We reached this place Tuesday night last. There is one advantage in the neighbourhood of the sea, that if we are about to have the world purified by a second deluge, there may be boats at hand. Moreover, Spithead is at no great distance, and a first-rate has as good accommodations as Noah's ark could have had. I received an ugly piece of intelligence on my arrival here. Casting an eye over the paper, Edith saw that the Sylph brig (my brother's ship) was safely lodged in Ferrol harbour. Whether there had been any previous action or not we do not know, and it will probably be long before any intelligence can reach us.

Almost I envy you your domestic feelings at Wynnstay. With the most domestic propensities and root-striking readiness, since my childhood, I have never felt myself at home, still looking on to some settled dwelling-place. I have still been disappointed. Here I am settling my mother, and we are now all hurry and discomfort. The moment I can at all endure confinement I will remove to London; at present I continue in the same state — well, when in the use of great exercise, disordered by a day's indolence.

I am anxious to see what reception one of the

series of plays will meet with if brought on the stage. Dramatic writing is very difficult. To make common tragedies or comedies is easy child's play. I should find it easier to satisfy an audience than to satisfy myself. Our stage seems to have reached the very depth of degradation. It is impossible to sink below "Pizarro." Kotzebue's play might have passed as the worst possible, if Sheridan had not proved the possibility of making it worse. The London audience is a very good-natured one; they will be pleased with anything whatever the manager chooses to provide — the dulness of sentimental comedy, the vulgarity of broad farce, and the Lincolnshire-fen flatness of Mr. Whaley's tragedy, or the puppet-show of "Pizarro," all in their turn! This, however, is in my favour. In looking back upon the list of English plays, it is astonishing among those that have obtained any celebrity to see how few deserve it. Shakspeare stands above all other names. I never feel so proud of my country as when I remember that Milton and Shakspeare were Englishmen, the two unequalable men, as Bacon and Newton in philosophy! After these names we can equal the rest of the world. How comes it that Wales has produced no great man? We take Taliessin upon trust, probably much to his advantage; but since they learnt to speak English your countrymen have never said any thing to be remembered.

Did I tell you three months ago that I had finished the outline of "Madoc"? I much wish you to see it, and would send it if I could trust my only copy to the chance of carriage. Here it lies unlooked at, till all the freshness of self-satisfaction be worn off, or transferred to some younger birth, and then unsparingly to work. At present I like it so well that it has half put me out of humour with all my older writings. In my alteration I meant to have carried him to Florida, but

the perusal of Soto's expedition there has convinced me that the Welsh could not have succeeded in settling where the Spaniards attempted it in vain; so I now think of the banks of the Orinoco or Maranon, Brazil, Paraguay, or El Dorado. With Mango Capac it is impossible even for a poet to identify him, at least without the sacrifice of all his companions, and I have not the heart to drown them. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn Esq.*

Bristol, Jan. 24. 1800.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have, for some time past, been thinking seriously and anxiously upon the future. If you knew the nature of my own talents, as well as I know them myself,—if you had oftener seen them tried in conversational argument, you would, I think, be convinced that they are less calculated for common law than for any other possible employment. Is not the Chancery line equally profitable? As for ambition, it must be set out of the question: it is impossible I should ever feel it. My object is profit, and not distinction. But in common law, I am not equal to the coarse, browbeating methods of practice; and for the criminal part, I could not take any share in a case of life and death without sacrificing my feelings and my peace of mind. Why not Chancery? I will labour with all possible diligence, and with conscientious assiduity; and will not this procure me practice?

I am uneasy at time unavoidably lost,—now better, now worse. There is danger that hypochondriacal feelings may take root in me, and the sooner I adopt

some efficacious remedy the better. It is better to go abroad for twelve months than still to expect strength in England. The journey will be as useful as the climate, from the perpetual excitement of novelty. I should certainly prefer going to France, but in this there would be difficulty and delay. Trieste is accessible, and the journey through Germany safe. At Trieste I can judge of the security of Italy, and perhaps remove to Padua or Vicenza, the places recommended by Duppa.

Of late I have done nothing, except some little to "Thalaba." It is three months since I have reviewed a book, and the newspaper writing I have given up for some time. I thought of going up to keep this term; but the expense would be inconvenient, and it will be as well to make up my plans here, and not visit London till it lies in my way to Hamburgh. Immediately on my return, I will take a house in London and settle to my profession.

Go where I will, I shall take Edith with me. Her health alone would be motive sufficient. My eyes and ears are sufficiently open and quick, and I shall certainly pick up a hundred pounds' worth of matter upon my way. Did I tell you that the copyright of my "Joan of Arc," and the first volume of Poems (excluding what had been given for the editions on sale), was sold a few months ago for 370*l.*: the previous profits had not been less than 250*l.* I gained by both 138*l.* 12*s.*: such is the proportion between authors' and booksellers' profits. This knowledge will, however, be useful to me in disposing of "Thalaba," when it is finished and correct enough to satisfy me.

If I go to Trieste it will be necessary to have the summer for travelling, and to land at Hamburgh as near the beginning of June as possible. Italy may very likely be re-revolutionised; but the Adriatic will always be open and a retreat to Sicily or Sardinia or Portugal. Besides, a French army is not so formidable in its

conquests as a Russian one; and those bears, you know, do not eat English folk.

When will the Homer be finished? * God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Bristol, Jan. 28. 1800.

"I CAN call spirits from the vasty deep," said Owen Glendower—and Owen Glendower believed that spirits would come when he called them. I can invite Grosvenor Bedford, but to believe that Grosvenor Bedford will come when I invite him is a stretch of belief which requires a more gum-elastical faith than Heaven has allotted me. Now, if you were a dancing bear, and I had a string tied to the ring in your bearship's nose, then perhaps there might be a slight attraction to Bristol. Or if you were a piece of iron, and I a great loadstone; or if I were a turtle and you an alderman:—but he will come, said I —

So after a longer gap of expectation than you find in this letter, I eat up the Laver.

But Poole will send me some more — so make haste, Grosvenor. What have I more to say? Simply nothing. To register the risings and fallings of my health-Fahrenheit were but to tease you with my own uncomfortable feelings and disappointed expectations,—and I am leading a life of idleness. Come you and vary it. I have heard nothing of Carlisle's Icarization. How ended it? Was the bird never hatched, or did he fall with feeble

* The allusion is to the so-called Grenville Homer. On opening it afresh, I cannot but admire the boldness of the Greek character.

wings? I have a great desire to have these experiments succeed; it would be a fine thing for people with corns, Grosvenor, — and a man in the gout might take the air; then, in wet weather the saving of umbrellas by getting above the cloud — and to catch larks instead of bat-fowling — every man his own hawk!

Of our Westminster Library, I have heard good news — as how it has played the whale with the Jonah of the city. Do you know the man who told me this? a Mr. Beloe—not one of the "British Critic" gang of thick and thin believers, but an odd man who talks in a dialect of his own, which puzzled me confoundedly.

One of your last letters, Grosvenor, hinted at possibilities that gave me hopes or expectations too serious to be trifled with, as if you had a view of settling. With all my heart I wish this. I want you anchored — not for ever floating before every wind with no port in view. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Kingsdown, Feb. 3. 1800.

I DO not think you rightly understood my opinions upon the Orientalists. To climate I attribute very little, even referring the sensuality usually attributed to it, to the effect of polygamy. However, the more the subject engages my thoughts — and as yet I have only thought about it, — the more it convinces me that every fact may be warped to suit a system, and that every system must be erroneous. The evidence of facts (and Lord Grenville risks another campaign for the sake of obtaining it) proves that, under the same climate, the same religion, and the same government, the state

of society has been very different. Climate will influence the mode of life — nothing else. The noon-nap, and the garment of fur or of muslin, these are its effects, — sherbet or brandy.

The hell of women is rather about Hudson's Bay, than in South America. Hearne's "Journey to the Northern Ocean" contains some singular stories to this purport. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting books I have ever seen. In Mexico the women were respected. Does it not appear that the nations remarkable for their courage have usually better treated their females than more effeminate ones? as if a sort of chivalry resulted from courage.

Would it not be well to connect with the Beguinage a plan for the education of girls? In the early part, some of the sisters might find employment, and the girls might be drafted off to learn each her profession in the establishment. The possible employments are numerous: they are, indeed, all, except those that do not require muscular strength, — farriers, blacksmiths, and coalheavers; — these will remain to the men, I think, exclusively. Our difficulty, I fear, will lie in acquiring for the establishment that respectability which religion gave it in the Catholic countries; this will be the first obstacle to filling the establishment, but it can only exist at first.

Beddoe's wife is recovered; and this month is talked of for his lectures. Our stay here will be about six weeks longer; it will not exceed that. You will find lodgings sufficiently pleasant near the river. You are, I suppose, aware that our tides here rise remarkably high, — the boatmen told me forty feet. At Bridgewater, it comes in in a head; this I have never seen, and know not how to account for it.

From "Madoc" I shall only have to erase the very few lines that are only applicable to Peruvian customs.

Whence the Aztecans originally emigrated is mere conjecture, and they may as well be placed in Brazil or Paraguay as in Peru. The French Letters, which you mention, I have seen, but not the English tale. All that can have been taken from Las Casas must be the account of Spanish cruelty and Indian sufferings. There is much to weave into the poem, — to bring forward the characters for whom the first books have excited an interest, particularly the sister of Madoc; and to describe a well intentioned and gentle tribe of savages delivered from priestcraft and its consequent enormities. The quantity of knowledge possessed by the priests of old would be a curious subject of inquiry. Faith explains many miracles, and probably chemical science would render credible many more. That the Delphic priests knew something analogous to gunpowder, or fulminating powders, is manifest from their twice defending the mountain by earthquakes and thunder and the explosion of rocks.

This is a place of experiments. We have consumptive patients, in cow-houses some, and some in a uniform high temperature — and the only result seems to be, that a cure may sometimes be effected, but very rarely. I have taken the nitrous oxyde — the wonder-working gas — I think with benefit. At first I was apprehensive that it might injure me, and refrained from it with continence that would not have disgraced a hermit, but, on trying its effects, they appear beneficial, and certainly have not been injurious. Davy is making important experiments upon the respiration of the different airs, which will probably occasion an alteration in the nomenclature. I saw a mouse die for want of azote — to such Hibernicisms the present name would lead.

I wish you had among your schemes a way of manufacturing paper, so as to render it cheap; if this could be done from some of our useless vegetables, or the

parts of the esculent ones that are thrown away, it would be of great service by rendering publications cheaper, and thereby possibly extending their circulation and influence: is not this practicable? Your wooden clogs I shall be glad to profit by; leather ones are expensive, and wet feet very disagreeable. This morning I picked up a book upon alchemy, poetry and prose, text and comment: all the other books in this rare science that I had seen were pure dulness, but this soars into the sublime of nonsense,—kings and queens, and deaths and resurrections, and gate after gate,—a perfect book of revelations. Eugenius Philalethes*, the author, alias, if I mistake not, Thomas Vaughan, one of the last-century quacks, who were a little more decent than the present generation, and contented themselves with driving people mad, instead of poisoning them.

Edith and my mother desire to be remembered. I sent Biddlecombe, some fortnight ago, a book upon ulcerated legs, for his mother. I should like to know that he had received it, as otherwise inquiry should be made here.

Yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, Feb. 9. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is so long since I have heard from you, that I feel a degree of uneasiness at your silence; but one great benefit of marriage is, that it never allows those intervals of vacancy which must occur in the best

* "The works of Vaughan were published, under the name of Eugenius Philalethes. A notice of him and his writings, will be found in Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses.'"—*Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual*, in loc.

directed solitude, and which probably create the epistolary mania in very young persons. This was my own case once: I wrote not from a fulness of matter to communicate, but from sheer emptiness—day after day—foolscap sheets, and close writing, for three pages, and the top and bottom of the fourth. More knowledge, and the daily increasing consciousness of how much yet remains to be learnt, more employments, and marriage have long since cured me. My pleasure now consists in receiving letters, not in writing them.

The state of my health is in some respects amended, in others stationary. I had accustomed myself to low living, seldom eating, except at breakfast and dinner, and then with an appetite no ways like my Portugal one, and, when at home, drinking only water. Since my removal here, I have increased the number of my meals, taking porter with my meat, and wine after it. Certainly I feel stronger; but the startings and miserable feelings which have so long distressed me at night still continued, and were only lessened by ether—not removed. About a fortnight ago I breathed the oxyde of azote, the air whose strange effects you must have seen some account of in the Reviews. I had been fearful of it since my return to Bristol, but on making the experiment was surprised by its beneficial influence. I slept without the disease, which, for months before, had invariably preceded sleep. After several nights, it recurred again: I repeated the dose, and have taken it about once in three days since, and the complaint has been till now removed. To say the gas has been the cause would be hasty, but I cannot help thinking so. The pain in my side still continues; its intermittence seems to prove that there is no organic affection; and this is the opinion of all my medical friends. The spring is advancing, and I hope something from warmer and more inconstant weather.

Certainly I will avoid the next winter; the experience of two has satisfied me of the ill effect of that season on my health. I have written to Lisbon, and stated to my uncle my reason for thinking of removing somewhere abroad, and the sum I can raise for the consequent expense; my reasons also for not determining immediately upon Lisbon; at the same time stating, that, if he thought that more advisable, all circumstances considered, I would adopt that plan, and employ my time there by seriously beginning the history of the country *,—a work which I could complete in England, but for which the materials and the necessary topographical knowledge must be sought in Portugal. His answer will determine me. On the whole, I am inclined to wish that his advice may favour this plan. Occasional excursions of a fortnight or three weeks would afford novelty enough, and make me well acquainted with the whole of the country. I know the language well enough to travel without embarrassment, and the subject of my studies would supply a constant interest of employment. Less than two quarto volumes could not comprise the work, — I should suppose not less than three; for the great Indian Episode would require one to itself. The pecuniary profit of such a work might be estimated at not much less than a thousand pounds. Gibbon's six quartos acquired him eight thousand. Here is a great plan; and the embryo skeletons of chapters on the religion, and manners, and literature of the country are now floating before me — and one half-filled sheet of paper by the next packet may crush them all!

I wait here for this letter, to regulate by it my movements, either to lose no time in getting into Germany, that I may reach Trieste by autumn, or to return to

The MS. of this history, as far as completed, is in my possession; perhaps a quarto volume, exclusive of collections for it.

Barton, and wait there a fit time for my departure to Falmouth. In either case I shall see you, either when I visit London, or when you visit Hampshire. In the course of a very few weeks, I shall have the second "Anthology" to send you; numerous contributions have arrived; and I shall not have written a single line myself with an immediate view to the volume. Of "Thalaba" eight books are finished.

Will you exert yourself to assist the Chatterton subscription? I am setting all my friends to work in this way, and a little trouble will render the sister and her daughter comfortable for life. The volumes will be fairly priced at sixteen shillings. We have 177 names on our list, chiefly Bristol and Cumberland subscriptions. From Hampshire I expect 20 or 30 more, a greater number from Norfolk, and in London I suppose the great subscription will be. The sale of 750 copies would produce between four and five hundred pounds; and, the circumstances considered, this will be a smaller subscription than ought to have been expected. Edith desires to be remembered. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, Feb. 20. 1800.

How am I, my dear Wynn? "*Sic sum, sum sic.*" It looks well to begin with a bad pun, but I am not at all well. I am not amending, nor shall I, till a new climate, and new scenery, and new associations, completely change my feelings and perceptions. I am physician

and metaphysician enough to know that this can be the only cure. All things considered, Lisbon is the best place; but whether my uncle can conveniently house me I know not, and wait a letter from him. In that case, autumn will be the time for the voyage. If not, Trieste is the only alternative, and thence to Tuscany, and I must then set off speedily.

When you come from Gloucester, if you have never seen them, take Berkeley and Thornbury Castles in your way to Bristol. You will perceive in the gardens belonging to the former a yew hedge (near the *church*) completely blackened. This, they say at the Castle, is occasioned by the smoke from the hothouse — but in fact, the devil took the old woman that way. Should you know these castles, the road through the clothing country will lead you, and by no long circuit, through very peculiar scenery. I will write to Gloucester to give you my direction, for we are about to move our lodgings.

To-day I have received a proposal from a bookseller, which I shall reject, to write for him, as a school-book, a sketch of a general history of poetry — the price sixty pounds. I reject it because of German, Italian, and French poetry I have not enough knowledge; and because I am not disposed to acknowledge any work of which the design and execution do not satisfy my own judgment. A more modest title, as, "Historical Essays upon Poetry," and a more respectable form, as an octavo not for schools, would have induced me to accept an acceptable offer. I have done nothing lately, except the lazy work of reviewing bad books.

You will think Tintern beautiful; but the noise of forges makes a miserable discord in a scene which ought to be so tranquil. If you were at leisure, I should like to go further into South Wales with you; but the season is unfriendly, and it is not worth while

to drag along dirty roads for the sake of seeing the wet and brown meadows and leafless woods of winter. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Lieutenant Thomas Southey, H.M.S. Bellona.*

Bristol, March 23. 1800.

MY DEAR TOM,

At last my plans are settled: my uncle has written to me, and Edith and I are preparing for a voyage to Lisbon, where I trust we shall arrive by May Day. I am taught to expect recovery from climate, and have certainly learnt to expect it from nothing else.

Thank you for the tale of Matchim. I had read it, but forgotten it. If I should ever visit Madeira, and so become acquainted with all the particular scenery, I would make a poem upon the story. Your description of the snow-storm is uncommonly striking; you will probably find it introduced in "Thalaba."

My intention is, when at Lisbon, to undertake the History of Portugal, a long, and arduous, and interesting, and important undertaking, which I think I can do as it ought to be done. The little connection which Portugal has had with general politics gives a wholeness and unity to the story; and no country in her rise ever displayed more splendid actions, or exhibited a more important lesson in her fall. It will be necessary to know well the country of which I write, and to be familiar with the situation of every town famous for a siege, and every field famous for a battle. I shall endeavour, also, to do what history

has never yet done, to introduce into the narrative the manners of the age and people. I wish you could get superseded once more, and removed to the Lisbon station.

My aunt, I believe, is going into Herefordshire — at least so it is said, — and my mother will go with her. This will not be unpleasant, as my aunt is better anywhere than at home, having nobody to scold. She did a quaint thing in a passion the other day. She had written a letter to Thomas at Hereford, and packed up another for Edward, with a box of ninepins, and a cake of gingerbread, and then misdirected both, so that Edward received the lawyer's letter, and Thomas had the gingerbread and the ninepins, to the no small surprise of the one and disappointment of the other.

Lord Somerville is at Lisbon, where probably I shall see him, unless, indeed, he should have left the country before the hot season comes on. He has with him, as secretary, a very great puppy from this place.

I take with me "Thalaba" in its unfinished state, designing to complete and correct it there, and send it over for publication. Wynn has promised to give me a copying machine; should this answer its purpose (and as he has often seen his uncle Lord Grenville use it successfully there can be no reason to doubt it), I will, on transcribing Madoc, *roll off* a copy for you.

Rickman has been here some weeks; and I fancy he finds the society at Bristol better than the uniformity of Christchurch. He is going to-day to examine the boiling well near Stapleton — a puzzling thing, — and Davy and I accompany him. If you were a landsman you would be interested in an account of his improvement upon wooden shoes; but as you are not destined to walk in the dirt, the description would be little successful.

Edith is not much pleased with the prospect of a

journey to Falmouth, a voyage afterwards, and then a land of strangers. I also wish the voyage were over, and feel, at the very thought, qualms ominous of intestinal insurrection. But anything to rid me of these heart and head seizures; and, as doctors do not differ about it, I hope with confidence.

When you write to Lisbon remember that letters pay by weight,—of course the thinner paper you use the better. Postage is shamefully dear through an impertinent intrusion of the Portuguese government, which, by the by, hardly ought to be tolerated. They take the letters from the packet, and then make the English pay them for passing through their post-office. I once paid for a very long and heavy letter from Grosvenor Bedford eight English shillings, and the letter was not worth two-pence.

You mistook me about Cottle's "Alfred." I put your name on his list because to have put my own would have been foolish, as I know he will of course *give* me a copy; and yet I wished to put some name on the subscription board. But to put any one down and make him pay a guinea for the book would be making too free with him. You will therefore receive the copy, and the "Anthology" account will pay for it. God bless you.

Your affectionate brother,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Stokes Croft, Bristol, April 2. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Before my departure from England, I proceed to state to you all my arrangements, as far as they are made. First, as to pecuniary matters. Reviewing, of



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course, must be suspended, and I have for some months ceased writing for the newspaper, owing to inability from ill-health. The loss is not less than a hundred a year. But an old schoolfellow (a clergyman, by name Elmsley,) understanding from Wynn that I was going abroad, immediately offered me, through him, a hundred pounds; a sum which will defray the expenses of the journey, the voyage, and the personal expenses necessary to clothe us for a twelvemonth's absence. This done, my annual income remains 160*l.*, which you will receive quarterly for me, and to which amount I will draw on you. There will be also from ten to twenty pounds due from the "Critical Review," which I shall direct to be paid to you. I shall send over my "Thalaba" for publication from Lisbon; this will assuredly, though I reserve the copyright of the after editions, produce 100*l.* Some one of my friends who is connected with the booksellers will transact the business for me, and the money shall be deposited in your hands. This is my fund for our return. If peace permits, I will return over the Pyrenees; and, in that case, the journey will pay its own expenses.

My destined employment in Portugal you are acquainted with. In order to keep up my connection with the "Critical Review," I have engaged to review Portuguese books, and Spanish, if I can get them. There will be so little to do, that it cannot be estimated at more than ten pounds' worth—but it continues my connection. The "Annual Anthology" remains charged for some articles, which I wish to have sent for my uncle in the autumn, and for ten pounds towards the maintenance of my cousin Margaret.

My brother Harry—this is the most awkward circumstance. I had been looking on to a house in London where he could have had a home when he left Mr. Maurice. Harry was sixteen in January last. I know

not how he can be better, or, indeed, otherwise situated than where he is.

My mother will remain with her sister. I wished her to have passed the summer at Burton, where she might easily have found some acquaintance to have accompanied her, and shared her housekeeping expenses. She is never happy with her sister—a miserable woman, with whom no one can be happy. Nothing unpleasant but this recollection will accompany me.

My worldly affairs, in case of death, are easily arranged. A copy of "Madoc" is in the possession of my friend Charles Danvers; incorrect as it now is, should I be summoned to another state of existence, its value will be considerably more than you imagine. Coleridge would edit this, and whatever else I may leave worth editing. The produce you would dispose of as might best serve Edith, and my mother; but, if my mother will not live with Edith, the little annuity that may be raised must not be lessened by the smallest part going into the College Green. My two younger brothers have uncommon talents; I trust I shall live to bring them forward so as to see them hold honourable and useful stations in society. If it be ordered otherwise, the name they bear will continue—or procure them friends; and their abilities remain, a better inheritance than wealth.

Thus much for all that is of importance. We purpose setting off for Falmouth on the Thursday in the next week; but it is possible that I may not receive the money for my journeys, &c. by that time. It passes through Wynn's hand, and he may not then be in London. Edith is unwell; and I think of a journey to Falmouth, on that account, with unpleasant forebodings. I believe a good climate is almost as essential to her health as my own.

In a few days, you will receive the second "Annual Anthology," and with it the papers respecting Chatterton. Should the subscription fill sufficiently during my absence, I can transfer my papers to Coleridge, and leave him to oversee the publication. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Lisbon, June, 1800.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I have an especial postman to Bristol, and leisure only for one letter, to which you have most claim. On Thursday last we saw the long-looked-for procession of the "Body of God." I give the English name, that I may not throw a Portuguese cloak over the naked nonsense of blasphemy. The Pix is empty in all other processions, but in this it contains the wafer— so it was the Real Presence. On the preceding night, the streets through which it is to pass are cleaned and strewn with sand, the most miraculous thing I have ever yet witnessed of the Host. The houses are hung with crimson damask from top to bottom; they are high, very handsome, and perfectly regular, and the street rather longer than Redcliff Street. The solders lined the way: their new uniforms were put on, and their appearance very respectable. Every window and balcony was crowded. The Portuguese were all in full dress; and of the finery of Portuguese full dress you can have but very inadequate ideas: not a jewel in Lisbon but was dispalyed; rainbows and peacocks are quaker

* The variety of this letter entitles it to publication. A similar one will be found in vol. ii. p. 83. of the "Life and Correspondence."

comparisons. The banners of the city and its various corporate trades led the way. I never saw banners so clumsily carried; they were stuck out with rods, instead of being suffered to play freely and wave with the wind, and roll out their beauties in light and shade. Sticks were stuck at right angles in the poles to carry them by; nothing could be more awkward or more laborious for the bearers; they were obliged to walk *round* the first, some backwards like lobsters, others crabsidling along, and all toiling with a waste of exertion. Then came a champion in complete armour, carrying a flag. I pitied him. The armour was a heavy load, and the attitude painful, both hands holding the flag, so that his horse was led. I saw St. George, also, who followed him — a wooden *Portuguese* St. George; his legs stiff, striding like the notch of a bootjack, a man walking on each side to hold him on by the feet.* He lives in the Castle, and on his way to the procession calls at the Duke of Caaval's, where they dress his hat with all the jewels of the family: on his return he calls again and leaves them. When the late King was dying he had St. George put to bed to him: he sent for all the Saints in Lisbon, and a palace full there was; but the consultation produced no effect. Scarcely any part of the procession was more beautiful than a number of fine led horses, their saddles covered with rich emblazonments. The brotherhood then walked, an immense train, red cloaks and grey cloaks out of number, and all the friars; some of these indeed were "more fat than friars beseemed." But there were some that filled me with respect and pity, — old men grey-headed, thin as austerity could make old age, so pale, so hermit-like, of such a bread-and-water appearance, that of their

* Little children, at Warwick May fair, were held on by their feet, in 1855. This is from an eye-witness, — my sister-in-law, Mrs. Hill.

sincerity no doubt could be entertained. They quite made me melancholy to see uprightness of intention and energy so misapplied. Though temperate for June, the day was hot, and I pitied the shaven heads glistening under the fierce noon sun. Their breviaries, their bands, handkerchiefs, and cowls were held up ineffectually. Two years ago, some of these people are said to have died, struck by the sun in this procession. At that time an accident happened, which gave the Irish friars an opportunity of showing they had not degenerated in a foreign land. A stranger dropped with a *coup de soleil:* he was dead to all appearances. The Irish friars got him up, and carried him off to be buried. The coffin is always kept open during the service, and before it was finished, the man moved. What do you suppose the Wild Honeys did? They could not bury him then, they agreed; but they locked him in the church, instead of sending for assistance: the next day the man was dead enough, and they finished their job.

The concluding part was wonderfully fine,—the knights of the various orders, the patriarchal Church dressed most superbly, the nobles, and the ugly prince, all following the Wafer. I never saw aught finer than this, nor, indeed, to be compared with it — the crowd closed behind, the music, the blaze of the dresses, the long street thronged, flooded with people. Had this been well-managed, it would have been one of the finest imaginable sights; but they moved so irregularly, and with such gaps, that it was a long procession broken into a number of little pieces. It ought, also, to be seen with Catholic eyes, not with the eye of a philosopher. I hate this idolatry as much as I despise it; for I know the bloody and brutalising spirit of Popery. Next day St. Anthony had a puppet-show; two negro saints carried by negroes formed the most striking feature. They made me smile by reminding me of old Flavel, and

what black angels they must make. In the course of a conversation upon these processions I said to a lady who remembered the *auto-da-fés*, "How dreadful the day of one of these damnable sacrifices must have been to the English residents!" "No," she said, "not at all; it was, like these raree-shows, expected as a fine sight; and the English by whose windows the procession passed kept open houses as now, and gave entertainments." The execution was at midnight indeed, but they ought to have shut up their houses. No English eye ought to have seen so cursed a spectacle. I never saw the Inquisition, quiet as it is, without longing to join a mob in as glorious a day as the 14th of July. What is it that has put a stop to these barbarities? I cannot satisfactorily discover: the court is as bigoted as madmen and folly can be, the mob as unenlightened as ever, and the circumstance of Pombal having prohibited them would, after his disgrace, only have been a motive for reviving them. I imagine that it is the effect of infidelity, — that the cold water of scepticism has put out their fires —God grant for ever. The helpless priests are, must be, infidels; so are the nobles chiefly. Perhaps Voltaire has saved many a poor Jew from these Catholic bonfires.

Our Bristol man here has done his native place no credit: he received a leg of mutton from Falmouth — it was very fine,— and by an effort of generosity he gave it away, but at the same time sent a message that when they had done with it he should be obliged to them to send him back what was left. I pick up a number of half-acquaintances here: there is a gentleman of Cardiff who knows Maber, and whose brother has the great iron-works at Merthyr. He knows all the wild acquaintances of my boyhood. And I have found the Liverpool man who gave me an invitation in the Southampton stage this time twelvemonth; and there is a girl here who knows Charlotte Smith, and has seen

Coleridge, and Godwin, and Mary Hays, &c. &c.,—a fine, lively, goodnatured girl, with a head brimful of brains.

My spirits continue very good, otherwise I am very little better; but this is a great point, and must wholly be owing to climate. Edith has been twice in a great mob — commonly called a private assembly; and she liked them well enough to stay cruelly late. We speedily move to Cintra; you will continue to direct here. From my other friends I only hope for letters, from you I expect them with certainty. To-day I finished the tenth book of "Thalaba." You shall have the four last on their way to Wynn, as soon as they are written; and I mean to go on galloping. Our love to Mrs. D. I wish we could transport her here: our Sunday window would afford her ample amusement. When the "Alfred" comes, I wish Cottle would send me three or four quires of the paper on which the "Anthology" is printed, the same as my copy of "Thalaba" is written on. I have not got enough to finish it, and, besides, I may perhaps bring home half another poem. God bless you.

Yours truly,
R. S.

We send Edith's letter to you, not knowing where to direct it. Another packet! and a letter from Rickman. I have not yet heard from Coleridge. Remember me to Davy. I will soon write to him, but it is an expense of time, and I am avaricious.

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*To Lieutenant Thomas Southey, H. M. S. Bellona.*

Lisbon, Saturday, May 3. 1800.

MY DEAR TOM,

Here then we are, thank God. We sailed on Thursday evening, the 24th, at five. Our weather all

the way was delightful — light winds and favourable; but we went before the wind, which was rough work in the way; and, as my bowels were obliged to shift every moment with the centre of gravity, it did not at all agree with them: we were both miserably sick — I indeed far worse than in my former voyages, and that all the way almost. Tuesday night we made the Berlings. At sunrise, Wednesday, I rose, and saw the sun resting upon the rock. We ran close along shore; took a pilot out of one of those queer boats whose sail tosses like a woman's petticoats in a high wind; and at ten anchored in the Tagus, after an uncommonly short and fine passage. My uncle was on the water and on board immediately: the commissary came with him, and by his assistance we passed through the fort, where all strangers are now strictly examined, and must be vouched for by some settler. This is owing to the fears entertained of the Wild Irishmen, whom our government wanted to send here, and to the circumstance of Sampson, one of their secret directory, having landed at Porto. A young man, who came to settle here with his uncle, was, in their first panic, actually sent back by the ship in which he arrived, because he was an Irishman.

Our baggage also passed unexamined: my trunk, which was sent by waggon, and the crockery-ware, had not reached Falmouth when we sailed. There is a frequent and scandalous delay at Exeter in the waggons. We took possession of our house the same evening. Manuel is our servant: poor fellow! he was rejoiced at seeing me. We have likewise hired a woman—her name Maria Rosa. She came last night to be looked at in powder, straw-coloured gloves, a fan, pink riband thrice round her head, a muslin petticoat, a rose-coloured satin jacket with green satin sleeves, young, and withal clean, somewhat above the common run of

servants — as she said "not one of those people who sleep upon straw mattresses."

I am writing at a window that overlooks the river — a magnificent scene: the Tower of Almeida on the opposite isthmus, and its ruined castle; and still further, where the river widens, the shore of Alentejo, the distant height of Cezimbre and its castle, about fifteen miles, the crow's road, — and the boundary formed by the Arrabida mountains;—the Tagus, so superb a river, so busy and alive with its thousand-shaped boats, and yet so broad as never to be crowded, lying smooth under this sunny heaven, like the blue of burnished armour in the sun, seen where it does not dazzle, and now spotted with purple islands by a few thin clouds. Views like this exist only in climates like these; they have a mellowness, a richness, a soft and voluptuous luxuriance of which no English landscape can help you to form an adequate idea; and the strong light and shade varies the scene as the sun moves, now hiding and now bringing forth crags, and vineyards, and churches, and habitations. I am improving my time, and accordingly rise at five. I may say this, for I have done it the only three mornings we have been here, and certainly I shall persevere. You will wonder at the extent already of my memorandums. I wish you to keep my letters, and with that idea will regularly send you all that I pick up, that, if my own papers should by any accident be lost, their place may in some measure be thus supplied. You shall therefore receive larger paper to lessen postage, and I will always have one upon the stocks—not by every packet, for the expense of postage is considerable; and I may sometimes wait the passage of an acquaintance to convey one free.

Filthy as Lisbon is, no infectious disorders are known here. The streets are narrow, and the houses high, the people dirty, and scantily fed upon poor

food, chiefly salt fish, a diet miserably bad and indigestible; yet with all these disadvantages they are as healthy as the inhabitants of any city in the world. An American, in a book upon contagion, attributes the exemption from infectious diseases which Lisbon appears to possess, to the number of lime-kilns in its vicinity. Lime assuredly is very useful in this way; but the cause is utterly inadequate — it might indeed do, were every other house a kiln. The more obvious cause is to be found in the strong winds that regularly blow every evening during the hot weather, sweeping down all the windings of the narrowest streets, and rolling their current down every avenue. They had an infected ship here not long since from Modogore. I told you, if I mistake not, the stupidity of the people at Plymouth in sinking suspected corn, and fumigating suspected silks: the smoke spoilt the silks, and would have purified the grain. The American minister, whom I visited this morning, told me that at Boston once, when they dreaded infection, they erected little boxes like watch-boxes at all the entrances of the town, and *smoked* every person who entered. Some fine ladies in full dress — silks and feathers — were obliged to pass through this brimstone purification; and out they came, their silks and feathers all discoloured, smelling like an itchy Scotchman in the sun. An imposition of some consequence takes place at Falmouth, — the packet passengers pay four guineas for their passport: this is raised by post-office authority only; — *they say*, it goes to some charity. The Spanish packet did the same. My uncle asked our old Don Captain why they did it: "The post-office cannot lay on *this*." "No," said Aruspene, "*but I do*." Paper money has been lately introduced here; it is very badly managed, and has produced, as usual every where, forgery. Government immediately discounted it at six per cent., and the dis-

count is now twenty. A very few weeks since they paid their sailors in paper *at par:* the men went to change their notes, and lost twenty per cent; they accordingly rioted, and cried out "Liberty and Bonaparte." It was soon quelled, and the ringleaders seized,—but they have not been punished. A mail-coach has been established to Coimbra, 130 miles on the road to Porto, where it is intended to proceed when the road shall be made: they travel as fast as in England. My uncle has been in it, but it is so dear that it will not hold. The expenses are as great as if travelling singly in a chaise. Of course this must exclude the great body of passers and repassers. The letter-dealers who now go backward and forward perform their journeys of business upon mules.

God bless you, Tom. With this I conclude my batch of letters for the first packet, this being the seventh,—and all full as this: it has been a fatigue; and my correspondents must be contented with hearing from me seldom, for the whole harvest of Portuguese literature is open to me; and I am about to lay in bricks for the great Pyramid of my History.

God bless you, my dear Tom. Edith's love.

R. S.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Lisbon, June 23. 1800.

My dear Friend,

Your letter reached me safely. The Aveiro conspiracy will make a part of my historical researches, and the hospital of my general ones; concerning both I will procure all the information within my reach, and transmit to you.

On Monday next we go to Cintra. The summer is arrived, and we have had some days more oppressively

hot than I had ever before experienced, accompanied with the hot wind, a sort of bastard siroc, which you must remember, and which it is much more agreeable to remember than to feel.

The disappointment of having a burning face fanned by a wind that heats it, has been useful to me. I had described desert sufferings, and can now retouch and heighten the picture.. To-day we have had the fine fresh breeze which, in the West Indies, they call the doctor,—a good seamanly phrase, well expressing its healing comfort. The nights are miserably hot. I thirst after Cintra, and on Monday hope to hear once more the sound of running water. We shall be fortunate in having a pleasant neighbour there, in one of the birds of passage that chance sends to Portugal, a Miss Barker, who is here with a convalescent aunt, and remains at Cintra with her aunt's infant, while she herself tries the Caldas. She is a very clever girl, all good humour, and a head brimful of brains.

We were at the museum on Monday last. There are the head and hands of one of our cousin ouran-outangs there, which I remember to have heard of some years ago. The poor fellow who owned them was walking quietly with a stick in his hand. A European saw him and shot him. He was more like the human animal than any ape that had been seen before. Unless you remember the face, you will hardly believe how human it is,—with black eyebrows and a woolly head like a negro's. I could and would have given a conscientious verdict of wilful murder against the man who shot him —the cruelty pains me; and yet I smile at the impudence of a Portuguese in presuming to kill an ouran-outang as his inferior.

You imagine that we live much with the Hares. I had expected it, but it is not the case; their acquaintance are so numerous as to leave them little

leisure, and Charlotte is generally with her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Warden, a very pleasant and pretty woman, who, besides her own society, has the attraction of an infant,—a plaything for which women have an interesting and instinctive affection.

We live mostly to ourselves, seeing something of everybody, and much of no one except my uncle. At the only two parties which I have attended, I was engrossed, much to my satisfaction, by Koster, a man more conversable than most of the English here, and whose opinions call forth somewhat more freedom of conversation than I allow myself elsewhere. We have dined at Mr. Walpole's,—seen the *Corpo de Dios* from Miss Stevens's, and St. Anthony from Mrs. Metzener's. Some alterations I find here: the sight of a generation of young men and women, whom I remember in the class of children, makes me feel the increase of my own age. Miss Sealy is now Mrs. Dyson. The Misses —— are diffident and accomplished young women; and Miss ——, who wore her hair tied in a Portuguese knot, and was a pretty girl four years ago, is now the beauty of Lisbon,—not however in my eyes, for there is something very unpleasant to me in all the family. The burying-ground was an unpleasant sight: Buller, and the old Travers, and Mrs. Bulkely,—their names stared me in the face; and the Penwarne, whom I knew, was under my feet, and poor little Scott, whose foolish rhymes I now remember with a sort of melancholy. The Walpoles are regretted. Their *lieutenants* live too much with the emigrants, and observe too rude a retirement towards the English.

Of the books which I have met with, none has amused me so much as a metrical Life of Vieyra, the painter, written by himself. It contains a good deal of Portuguese costume. The poet is enormously vain, and abundantly superstitious,—but his vanity is so

open and honest, that you rather like him the better for praising himself so sincerely. I have analyzed it at some length, for my sketch of the poetical history, which will swell to some size and shape before my return. One of the Portuguese poets, the brother of the famous Diego Barnardez, passed his noviciate in the Cork convent, professed at Arrabida, and died a hermit upon that magnificent mountain,—a miserably seless life; but he chose his situations like a poet, and I can half forgive the folly of his retirement for his taste in fixing. The "Life of Father Anchieta" very much tickled my fancy. As a Latin poet, I biographise him; but Anchieta was a candidate for canonisation, and worked more miracles than all the Apostles. Strip him of his miracles, and the truth is, that he was an honest Jesuit, who wrote vile verses in alphabetical praise of the Virgin Mary. He was among the savages in Brazil, and his practice was to write his verses upon the sea-sands, and then commit them to memory; and so, says his Life-writer, he brought home in his head about 5000 lines. You may believe the Jesuit, if you please; but he is so abominable a liar that I do not. Anchieta was in *the habit* of turning water into wine—"he did not do it once only, like Christ at Cana," says the Jesuit; "and when the sun was too hot he called the birds to fly over his head and screen him, which was a much more elegant (*gracioso*) miracle than the cloud that shadowed the children of Israel!"

At Cintra I design to read the *Ordinaçoẽs de Affonso V.*, and extract from them a summary of the laws as he left them. This legal part of the history will be the most laborious and uninteresting. The East Indian affairs must be separated; they are totally unconnected, and to carry on two distinct stories in one chronological series is perplexing beyond all patience.

The Portuguese story is uncommonly splendid, but I find their exploits in the Indies sullied by a detestable barbarity, which their own old writers had not moral courage enough to condemn.

To-morrow is the first bull-fight, and my uncle's man is gone to take a box for us. This happens fortunately, as it will save us the trouble of returning from Cintra to see one, which we certainly should else have done. I expect only to be pained and disgusted.

*Monday, June 23rd.* — The bull-fight excited nothing but pain and anger at the cruelty and the cowardice of the amusement. These spectacles must have a bad effect upon the public morals. Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Canning defended bull-baiting upon the ground that these sports preserved the national courage. The opinion was absurd enough and unfeeling enough to come with propriety from Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Canning. If it were true, the courage of a nation would be in proportion to the cruelty of its sports or to the danger, the same would be the case with individuals; the Spaniards therefore who fight the bulls with untipped horns must be the most courageous people in Europe, and the butchers the bravest class of the community. Our laws only recognise them as men necessarily hardened by the habitual sight of blood, and therefore exclude them from the office of jurymen. I connot understand the pleasure excited by a bull-fight. It is honourable to the English character that none of our nation frequent these spectacles. *I am not quite sure that my curiosity in once going was perfectly justifiable; but the pain inflicted by the sight was expiation enough.*

I have not applied to Mr. Coppendale for money, — my uncle has supplied me. Our departure for Cintra is delayed till Thursday. We have two baggage-carts from the army; and if the war did no more mischief

elsewhere than in Portugal, I might reconcile myself to its continuance. I shall look out for the Tagus.

Mr. Worthington tells me the books are directed to him. The advantage of sending by Yescombe is that they are landed without difficulty or examination. Warden goes on board as soon as the packet arrives, and takes on shore unexamined all army parcels. I am certainly better: my heart continues its irregularities, but I am less disturbed at night, and less alarmed, and my spirits suit the climate, which is more than half the battle. Edith desires to be remembered. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Cintra, July 25. 1800.

I HAVE in my life received so many letters to disturb and distress me, that I never open one without some kind of fear. Poor Peggy! her disease I thought incurable, but still it was intermitting, and its long intervals might be intervals of enjoyment. She would always be dependent; but I am looking on to better days, and trusted that at some, no very remote time, I should be able to settle her as I wished. This intelligence will haunt and hurt me. Recovered as I am, still my mind is in a state of childish weakness. My uncle was ill lately with a sick head-ache. I was not aware that he is subject to them, and lay awake the whole night listening to hear him breathe; the consequence was that the startings and head-seizures returned. It was not merely climate that I wished to seek as medicinal,—it was the plunging into new scenes, the total abandonment of all irksome thoughts and employments. It has succeeded. My spirits have been as my letters exhi-

bited them. The loss of a Miss Barker here damped me for some days, and they will not now soon recover their tone. The death of Patty Cottle I expected as certain. Mr. Morgan's, too, I thought inevitably near. These have happened — and I have only been three months in Portugal! Thank God you give us no bad accounts of your mother. I have many friends in England, but none whom I hope more earnestly to see again. But to change the subject. As the post brought me no letters from Bristol we were vexed, angry with all our friends, but wondering that Danvers had not written; and indeed I had sent to Lisbon to have particular inquiry made at the office, thinking there certainly must be a letter from you. The packet reached me this morning. I pray you remember that, and take pattern. I am among *acquaintance*, and cannot hear too frequently from my friends. We had a delightful companion for a short time here — a Miss Barker, brimful of everything that was good. She is returned to England, but we do not lose her acquaintance. Coleridge has never written to me: where no expectation existed there can be no disappointment. Wynn sent me Sir Herbert Croft's Letter, now printed separately: woe to him when the "Chatterton" is printed! He cannot irritate me, and I can therefore chastise him with cool and just severity. I am busy in correcting "Thalaba," to send over for the press. The copying-machine never came: Bedford manages everything badly. "Thalaba" does not monopolise me in the way poor Cottle seems to be monopolised. The latter books will soon reach you on their way to Wynn. It is a good job done, and so I have thought of another, and another, and another; but my books are in England, and I cannot begin to build without having the bricks and mortar at hand.

We are enjoying Cintra, a place that wants only fresh butter and genial society to make it an earthly

paradise. We ride a good deal upon asses, and Edith has made a great proficiency in *asswomanship*, riding without the great armed-chair, which female strangers generally use. For the most part the English dwell in the town, where they idle away their time in visiting their idle acquaintance. I saw Miss Barker suffering this insufferable annoyance with martyr patience. We happily are far from the town, and not in the road of their rides, so that it must be an especial intention to see us that brings any visitors here; and half a mile up and down half-a-dozen stony hills in hot weather operates well upon people who do but half like me, and whom I do not like at all. My uncle is here less than we could wish; business detains him in the heat of Lisbon. I have then much leisure; but even here, cool, heavenly cool, as Cintra is compared to the metropolis, the weather is hot enough to give me a true Portuguese and irresistible indolence. For the last ten days we have been most unusually hot. The cursed sirocs of the East reach us here, tamed indeed by their passing over sea and land, but still hot as if they had breathed through an oven, or like the very breath of Beelzebub. I have spent my mornings half-naked, in a wet room dozing upon the bed, my right hand not daring to touch my left. At night we look with as much hope for a fog as you in England watch for a fine day. When the mountain has his night-cap on, then are we so cool! so freshened into comfort! A few nights since the fog came on with a sublimity beyond my ideas of fog-magnificence: it came rolling on one huge close mass of mist and darkness from the ocean. It was terrible—for we were on the hill, yet in the daylight; and it moved on having night behind it. The palace on which we looked down, not a quarter of a mile distant, was completely involved and hidden. While we looked at it, it rolled like a river along the valley;—like the march of a victorious army,

wherever it moved, all seemed to be destroyed. We had been panting all day like frogs in a dry ditch, and we returned wet and cold from our walk.

I can give you no idea of the beauty of Cintra; for in England you have no parts that can help you to an image of the whole. There is little doubt that it is a mountain shattered or formed by a volcano. We crossed it with Miss Barker, and in consequence of losing ourselves had a six hours' ramble. The day was fine. We had cold beef with us, and enjoyed our situation, — only the wild rocky mountain, in whose depths we were lost, to be seen, and the sea beyond it. We were at one time completely without a track, and the asses would not move. You will be amused by the stratagem which set my beast going again. I was lugging him by the head, and the boy pushing him by the rump, to no purpose. John wrinkled his nose, held up his head, threw his huge ears forward, and there he stood in the true attitude of obstinacy and defiance. What did we but set him astride a furze bush, it was the best spur in the world; on he went, and his companions followed him. It was six o'clock before we got home to dinner, and our adventure furnished subject for conversation and the astonishment of uplifted hands and eyes among the good people who came to Cintra to play a cool rubber at whist or casino. I had joined Edith and Miss B. that morning at a country house (Quinta they call it) of the Marquis Marialva's. The woman who let me in inquired "if I wanted to see the shoemaker!" I imagined that one of the servants who lived in the house to take care of it, might be of the gentle craft and wanted my custom, and answered, "No." After seeing the garden, and admiring the taste which had decorated it with statues — a soldier painted like life, a bear eating a dog, a goat reading in a large folio, and a woman whose marble petticoats were blown up to show

no very well shaped leg—we were led to a hut in the garden, round which all the children in the neighbourhood and the whole household had assembled in expectation. The door was opened, and there was the shoemaker! It was a figure large as life, an old man sewing at his trade, a hideous old woman by him spinning, a boy hammering the sole, and another behind beating a tambourine, all moved by turning a wheel behind: and this is the admiration of the country and the masterpiece of Portuguese mechanism! The Marquis has bought another house in the neighbourhood, and there he is about to remove this jewel: it is said also that he means to have a tailor made.

My uncle has been robbed of his hat lately. . . . . Some of them attacked him. It was in sight of many people, and this was probably the cause that he escaped so well. A Portuguese officer, passing by just after, inquired what was the matter, and when it was over coolly remarked "people must live," and walked on. A ship was cut out of the river lately, of great value, and it was at first believed by Portuguese. The remark made by a company of these people, when they heard the circumstances, was, that "the times were very hard." You can have no idea of a more total anarchy than exists here as to all rational purposes of government. There is actually no security whatever for persons or property: if a rascal is taken up for robbery or murder, after a few days' imprisonment he is let out again without trial or punishment. A priest in one of the new streets was stopped by the watch lately, who robbed him of his purse, and his watch, and his buckles. He returned home, which was very near, put on his servant's clothes, took a pistol and a knife under his cloak, returned to the same street, and met the same watchmen. They stopped him, questioned him, searched him, found the knife and pistol, and carried him before

a magistrate. Then he told his story, recovered all he had lost, and had the satisfaction of seeing the rascals sent to prison.

Do not forget to make Cottle send me three quires of the wove foolscap with Alfred. My mother says Bill has a parcel to send to me. What can he mean? I pray you take care to make no blunder, and send anything of weight by post. A magazine sent that way would cost me ten guineas. Wynn sent me a bundle of letters from the Secretary of State's office, like a blockhead, and they cost me fourteen shillings. The way the plays came, through Yescombe, is the only way. The plays are done so as only Coleridge could have done them. I recognise him also in the Essay on Schiller, and the prelude of "Wallenstein's Camp," advertised in the newspaper as in the press. Remember me to all who inquire for me—Mr Rowe in particular. To Cottle and Davy, if time permit, I shall write by this packet. Pray, pray write often. Tell Charles Fox I might as well look for Persian MSS. in Kamschatka as in Lisbon. Flower-seeds would be useless here. I have no friend; and gardens require too much labour in watering to be used here as in England. God bless you. Edith's love.

Yours truly,

R. S.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Cintra, Sept. 13. 1800.

My dear Rickman,

The "King George" sails on Monday without "Thalaba." The captain, to whom I could have entrusted it, did not come this voyage, and I know no passenger; the parcel, therefore, must remain for the

first opportunity that offers. I have worked at it very laboriously, and rewritten six hundred lines in the two last books, which dissatisfied me. Your letter reached me not till mine had been despatched. For the future, omit my name in the direction, and write only, the "Rev. H Hill, *Chaplain to the British Forces;*" this will frank it through the Portuguese office: an S, by the wafer, may mark it as mine.

We are in the midst of rumours and alarms. Of the wise expedition to Ferrol, we only know that it ended, as all such expeditions have ended, and will end till the end of the chapter. We know nothing certain of what has been done at Vigo, except that their only possible motive in going there must have been to make a Gazette, and varnish over the failure of the principal objects. Where they are now we do not know, though they are so near. Of our probable campaign, I said enough in my last. Things remain *in statu quo;* but these marauding schemes of the English will probably precipitate Spain into a war with this country, if only to secure her own coasts, by drawing our attention here. A more serious danger alarms us. You must have heard of the plague at Cadiz: what the disorder is we know not—it is said to be the black vomit, which, some centuries since, made great ravages in Europe. I recollect no disease of that name in history.* However, it is ravaging all Andalusia. They say it is *epidemic*, not *contagious*; if so, we shall escape, —if not, we are in hourly and imminent danger. No

* The allusion is evidently to the black death, which ravaged the northern parts of Europe, constantly alluded to in the Sagas, and in early Danish history.

The earlier English plagues—the sweating sickness, the sneezing of the fatal influenza, the cholera in its blue stage—have all, perhaps, a connecting link not yet hit upon by the faculty.

precautions are taken: a man just arrived from Cadiz, who has recovered from the disease, is daily on the exchange at Lisbon, and his baggage underwent no fumigation. Indeed, no precautions could be effectual. There is no natural frontier: where the birds and the foxes pass, the smugglers also find their way,—an immense contraband trade is carried on through by-passes. Had the disease been infectious, I think it must ere this have arrived. The siroc blew for nine weeks at Cadiz, a place always unwholesome in summer. If this was the cause, the rains will remove it. But other accounts ascribe its origin to a ship from Charlestown, and the importation of the yellow fever,—so little do we know of what is next door to us. If it reaches Lisbon, we shall remove into the country,—somewhere north among the mountains.

So much for war and pestilence. It was a saying of John V. of this country, "God preserve Portugal from pestilence! I will preserve it from famine and war." About Buchan's book my information may have been false, but it was positive—the man had read the prohibition. That the translation of Adam Smith is mutilated I have not the slightest doubt: the principles of his work are so subversive of their whole colonial system, that it is not possible they should pass with impunity through a Spanish press. Probably the notes mentioned by your correspondent are controversial—his opinions mangled and opposed. I shall, perhaps, be able to see the book.

I told you the mines had failed; this was incorrect. You know they are worked by adventurers, and that the King receives a fifth of the produce. They grow annually less and less productive, because the Brazilians have found out that it is more profitable to raise sugar and cotton, &c. near the coasts or within reach of exportation, than to go mine-hunting among the savages.

In the one case the profit is all their own. Brazil produces spices, inferior indeed to what the Dutch monopolised, but still good enough, I should have thought, to have been profitably used in England. The Portuguese merchants have advanced so much as to promise something for their country; they will infallibly take their trade out of the hands of the English and Germans, who have so long enriched themselves here at the expense of the indolent natives; but this is the sole symptom of improvement. When they acquire wealth they know not how to employ it. They have neither arts nor sciences to encourage. Country gentlemen are things unknown. The nobleman visits the mansion (house, I should say,) on his estate *perhaps* when the fruits are ripe. He squanders his income in frippery and dangling about the court — of course has no money for improvements, and distresses his tenants, who cannot improve, and dare not if they would. Therefore the church lands are the only well-managed estates. One of these wealthy men wanted some pictures. There happened to be a foreign artist at Lisbon of some merit,— he sent for him, mentioned the size of the pictures he wanted, and asked at what price he would execute them. The painter said, twenty moidores each. "Twenty moidores!" replied the patron of the arts; "I can get a Portuguese to do them for a six and thirty!" The wealthiest of the native merchants came lately to Cintra, and brought down a whole tribe of acquaintance to enjoy this paradise. How think you they spent their time? Literally at cards from breakfast till supper. This lasted a fortnight. His tavern bill amounted to more than 200*l.*; and then he returned to Lisbon. Read they will not. Indeed, if they would, they have scarcely a book in their own language fit to be read. I would our novel-mongers, and Lane of Leadenhall Street along with them, were transported here, and condemned to

manufacture trash for the Portuguese. Any thing that would teach them to read!

The Academy began a Dictionary — a national work, and upon a huge scale. A large folio only contained the letter A, — and, beyond the letter A they have never got, though six years have elapsed since that appeared. I shall show you in England this volume and its almost unbelievable absurdity. A century and a half ago Portugal was not behind the rest of Europe; her country towns had their presses, and if what was done was not good, very little better was performed elsewhere. There is now a man who carries on a sort of contraband circulating library; but his subscribers are chiefly English. I doubt whether he has a Portuguese book, and do not doubt that he will soon be imprisoned. The cock-and-a-bull stories of superstition would little interest you. Yet there is one which you should know. Portugal is infested with witches, who delight in killing infants; they kill them *always* in the night, and it is known by the children being *black in the face*. This is believed. But this cannot be superstition on the part of the mothers and the nurses who over-lie the infants. You cannot imagine how these people sleep. The driver whom we always use sleeps upon his mule as he drives us. We wake him — the passers-by wake him — still he has more than once endangered us, and was once driving my uncle into the river. A servant of an Englishman caught his death lately thus: it rained into his room violently without waking him; he slept in a bed half-full of water till his usual hour, and woke with a cold that killed him. I have heard often of servants whom it is impossible to awaken by any noise; they must be pulled and shaken. Does your servant wait at the door where you make a morning visit? in five minutes he is stretched on the stones and snoring. A dog does not slumber more readily; it is an act of voli-

tion with them, the moment they chase from animal action. They have no alternative.

There is a sort of hospital board, of which, on my return, I shall hunt out all particulars; but you cannot easily conceive how ignorant the Englishmen are of the country they live in, and how difficult it is to learn anything. I believe its funds are chiefly derived from legacies; however that may be, they communicate with every municipality, and in every *town* a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary receive, either from the funds of the corporation or from the board, a certain annuity, small indeed, but still enough to prevent a man from starving, and encourage him to settle there. For this he attends the paupers. Popery is a charitable religion, and begging must be a good trade, where almsgiving is an atonement. Everybody whom we meet in the country begs. They affix no ignominy to it*; the very man who sells you meat or poultry takes his money, and then begs for the "Love of God." Edith's remembrances. "Thalaba" will come by the first opportunity.

Yours truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Lisbon, Oct. 29. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your half-letter was more welcome than any full-grown one that has reached me since my arrival in

* So constantly do extremes meet. Thus in ancient Greece, on the seas and on the mountains, robbery and piracy prevailed everywhere. On which the historian's remark is—just like Southey's: "Οὐκ ἔχοντός πω αἰσχύνην τούτου τοῦ ἔργου, φέροντος δέ τι καὶ δόξης μᾶλλον."—*Thucyd.* lib. i. 5.

The mendicant was but a religious pirate after all!

Portugal. I have had enough unpleasant intelligence. My acquaintance have been dropping off — not like autumn leaves, but like the blasted spring fruit; and I shall again have the joy of meeting my friends in England poisoned by mourning and recollection. The birth of your little girl forces on me the knowledge how far I am advanced in my own life-journey. I see the generation rising who will remember me when my part is over, and Homer's exquisite lines * come upon my mind, of the leaves that bud, and flourish, and fall, to make room for the race of the succeeding spring.

We left Cintra on Tuesday. In the bustle of removal there was no leisure to be sorry; but when I saw the white palace chimneys for the last time, there was time enough in a four hours' ride to remember and regret what I had left. The mosquitoes treated me like a stranger on my return: they found out a hole in the net. I rose in the night, and killed nine who had entered the breach, which I also closed; but my hands, arms, face, and neck, bear the marks of the assault. It was not till we arrived in Lisbon that I was sensible of the astonishing difference between the city and Cintra in climate. These people do nothing to correct their country: everywhere some tree or other will grow. The olive, the chestnut, the pine, require not a moist soil, the acacia even grows in the deserts. The great and bloody Joaõ de Castro is the only Portuguese who has left a monument of taste behind him. I esteem him more for planting his Cintra estate than for his exploits at Diu: every Portuguese then could fight and cut

* Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δὲ θ' ὕλη
Τηλεθοώσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
Ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ, ἡ μὲν φύει, ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει.
*Il.* Z. 146—149.

throats, but no other ever thought of planting trees for posterity.

I am thinking to undertake a fortnight's expedition into the country, with Waterhouse, whose name I have mentioned to you before, and also with Edith, who I think may, by the aid of a *burro* and the good baiting-places in the way, perform the journey without any serious or injurious fatigue. My objects are Batalha, Alcobaça, and the poems collected by King Diniz, which are preserved at Thomar; the tract proposed is the Torres Vedras road to the Caldas, the Fabric, and home from Santarem. At Thomar is a man of talents — his name I think Verdin — from whom we expect hospitality; and Colonel Caldwell is at Santarem. Thus we shall never be obliged to pass more than two succeeding nights among the filth and the fleas of the *estalagems*. I am anxious to see if Edith can bear the fatigues of Portuguese travelling, as, in case she does, I shall visit most parts of the kingdom. The plague, or yellow fever, or black vomit has not yet reached us. Strange as it must appear, we are not yet certain what the disease is. A stupid indifference prevails respecting our danger, which is imminent; and people speak of it as a slight disorder, which it is not worth while to avoid by leaving Lisbon, if it comes, — as a fever curable by the slightest medicines, — when every post brings worse and worse tidings of its ravages. At Cadiz it has ceased, but only because its work was done. The fire went out for want of fuel; 4000 only escaped contagion, 8000 died, the remainder fled or recovered. Yesterday's news from Seville stated the daily deaths at 500.

The remainder of the sheet must be allotted to business. I have drawn upon you for thirty pounds. I must beg you to send the same sum to my mother. I shall write by this packet to have forty pounds paid

into your hands, which will leave me something in your debt. By letters from William Taylor, I find it is expedient to remove my brother Henry, because he has outgrown his situation, and takes up the room of a more profitable pupil. This, too, I collect from his own letters. No alternative offers; and what William Taylor suggests is perhaps the best plan practicable — to place him with a provincial surgeon of eminence, who will, for a hundred guineas, board and instruct him for four or five years, that is, till he is old enough, after a year's London study, to practise for himself. For the first time in my life I have the power — at least it appears so — of raising this sum. My metrical romance goes by the "King George" to market, and I ask this sum as the price of a first edition. I have little doubt of obtaining it. I had designed to furnish a house with this money, and anchor myself; but this is a more important call. When the bargain is concluded, I shall desire Rickman to lodge the price with you. Harry will thus be settled till he is launched into the world, and will then have a profession to support him,—a useful and honourable profession, which will always secure him bread and independence. Norwich obviously offers itself as the most desirable place in which to settle him, where he has all his acquaintances and friends. There W. Taylor will look out for a situation — if indeed he has not one already in view. Otherwise Bristol would be thought of, and there I shall cause inquiries to be made. It will greatly rejoice me to have this affair accomplished to my wish. In the last few months Harry's mind appears to have grown rapidly, and he is perhaps more awake to the future at seventeen, than I am at seven and twenty. You remember the old doggerel, that "Learning is better than house or land." 'Tis a lying proverb! A good life-hold estate is worth

all the fame of the world in perpetuity, and a comfortable house rather more desirable than a monument in Westminster Abbey.

As a hot climate appears rather to agree with my constitution than to be any way injurious, I have been advised to think whether it be not advisable to try my fate at the East Indian bar, where the success of a barrister of any ability is not doubtful. Many and powerful objections immediately arise. I doubt whether the possibility of acquiring any fortune could pay for the loss of the friends in whose society so much of my happiness consists. The fate of Camoens stares me in the face; and if I did go, prudence would be the ostensible motive — but verily the real one would be curiosity. I do long to become acquainted with old Brama, and see the great Indian fig-tree! So at the end of twenty years, home I should come with a copper-coloured face, an empty purse, and a portfolio full. However, I must give it a fair consideration; tell me your opinion; in these affairs anybody's is worth more than my own. I have seen the poor young man whom you have sentenced to pass a winter on the top of a church with the Abbé and Miss Montague. He is melancholy already. This morning I shall attempt to find him out, and half expect to see him hanging at the end of one of the long passages. George Sealy asked him if it was not "rather lonesome." He replied, "rather so," and smiled —

> "But such a smile as bids
> To Comfort a defiance; to Despair,
> A welcome, at whatever hour he will."

God bless you. My next will perhaps be the history of our travels. Edith desires to be remembered. My uncle may possibly be obliged to visit England soon. The small living in his gift as Chancellor is fallen, and

he thinks of presenting it to himself. In that case he must go over.

Yours truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*Wednesday evening.*—N. B. Mr. Lefroy was not *felo-de-se* this morning.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Lisbon, Dec. 16. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have drawn on you this day for 40*l.*, to which amount you will receive a draught from Wynn. He had directed me to draw immediately on him, at his banker's, but it appeared better to me to proceed as usual. My uncle will pay 25*l.* for me into your hands; when you receive it, have the goodness to remit 15*l.* to Mr. Danvers, 9. St. James's Place, Kingsdown, Bristol.

I had hoped ere this to have heard from you, but you have of late proved a lax correspondent. With all our news you are acquainted from other quarters. We have a pleasant family near us, introduced to our circle by Mr. Barnes's letter—the Hammets. In their companion, Miss Seton, I have found an accomplished woman, whose society is pleasant and profitable. We are in my uncle's house, to take care of it,—and use more conveniently the cellar and the library, both highly essential apartments, and well stored. Better information is, that I am seriously at the great historic task. John Bell has introduced me to Müller, the apostate, who is, however, just as sincere a Catholic as he was a Lutheran. Müller has procured me access to the library MSS., and I expect, through him, daily, an introduction to the *disembargador*, my opposite neighbour, chief

librarian, a *curioso* in the poetry of the country, and whose collection is rich with the duplicates among the Jesuit libraries, whose ruins formed the magnificent public one, so well and liberally conducted. Moreover, there is a Portuguese physician, introduced to me by English letters, a man of great merit, who is in hopes to get me the unrestrained use of the St. Bento Convent books, that I may have them at home.

You will not think the paper ill employed that communicates my plan — now, I think, maturely considered. The fabulous history from Tubal to be briefly given. So Milton did with our British fables; — and the vain fictions of one country have as much right to be preserved as those of another. All that is known of the nations to be collected from classical writers. The Roman revolutions that occurred are irrelevant: the object is a picture of the prevailing manners. Of the Gothic period, the Moors, and the various Christian states that grew upon their ruins — a sort of St. Palaye chapter. Their barbarous annals are thus best treated, and the moral features of the people more accurately and *rememberably* painted. An ecclesiastical chapter will complete the preliminaries; and thus a full account be presented of those fermenting principles that have stagnated into the two miserable kingdoms. You know that, till Count Henrique's time, all that regards Spain equally regards Portugal; and, indeed, a description of one people now needs little alteration to resemble the other.

Manoel Faria is my text-book; him I correct or amplify. The Portuguese chronicles, and the Spanish historians, of whom I shall peruse every one. Many of these it is needless to purchase. Many my uncle possesses. Still there is a heavy expense in indispensable books. But the most costly will never lose their value; and as I have no ambition to crowd my shelves with

books that have been distilled, I may afterwards sell them with little or no loss. The "Monarquia Lusitana" of Brito and Brandaõ, is the great magazine of information. These eight folios the bookseller is now procuring for me — Bertrand, the only civil and reasonable man in the trade. The "Genealogical History" my uncle means to buy; and it is not desirable to collate all the accounts at once — so many channels puzzle and perplex. Miracles connected with the history I retain, because I will not strip off the embroidery from a bare canvas, and because Affonso Henrique has as much claim to have his miracles recorded as Romulus. Insulated traits of the character of the age and people must be arranged in supplementary chapters, and much matter will descend to the bottom of the page in notes — that happy *olla podrida* dish of literature, in which all heterogeneous materials may be served up.

Of manuscripts, the most important are the five folio records of the Inquisition, in whose bloody annals the history of extinguished reformation must be sought. This is a somewhat awkward task. I have seen with eager eyes, itching fingers, and heretical qualms of apprehension this great mass, where and where only the documents for this very important period are attainable. The sub-librarian is an intelligent man, — more eager to talk freely than I was to encourage the strain. He will not be alarmed to see me employed upon records which he abominates as religiously as myself.

Our weather, with frequent rain, is still delightful; it is like a fine English April. I have, however, little to tempt me from home; and a fire, among my other comforts, contributes to keep me there. Historical researches are very interesting, and of so various a nature, that something may be done even in the most listless moment of indolence. I should, however, like to indulge in an *amanuensis*, sit in an easy chair, screening

my face from the fire with a folio, and so dictate in all imaginable ease. The contortions of the body from book to paper make my sides ache.

Asiatic history must be separately treated; La Clede's example shows the impropriety of attempting to carry it on in parallel chronology. The African wars are more fatally connected with home affairs. For all the important history, the documents are ample and excellent, from John I. to the miserable expedition of Sebastian. The Braganza revolution and the deposition of Affonso VI. are also fully enough related. The latter years have events less striking, and more difficult to investigate. The Abbé has as much life and spirits as when you left Lisbon. His library is very rich in all that relates to Portugal; but there is no person here—or perhaps any where else—so well informed, and so willing to communicate or procure information, as John Bell.

God bless you. Do not omit writing. Have you heard that in one nunnery near St. Jose's, and unhappily near the emigrant quarters, there are seventeen nuns about to lie in? Edith's remembrance.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Lisbon, March 28. 1801.

DEAR DANVERS,

You have not written; and I am rather anxious lest the new "Thalaba" book should not have reached you. I sent a copy to Wynn, to guard against the accident. Longman advertises it a *poetical* romance,—on the half-title you will take care to use the more proper word *metrical*.

My mother will show you her letter by this packet; the rest of our journey may be compressed into the present sheet. I rather hoped than expected to reach Coimbra. Miss Seton and Edith proved such excellent travellers that we reached it. I never saw a city so nobly situated, a view so altogether glorious as opened upon us from its near heights. The preceding day we had been wetted, and for three days threatened with dark and lowering clouds. Of course the sun was welcome; it dried us, and warmed us, and made everything cheerful. The country is hilly and well watered — olives and oranges everywhere, and cypresses thick as poplars about London. Mountains bounded the scene: the farthest object was one snowy summit of the Estrella, glittering in the sun. Down the southern boundary a few clouds were floating, so beamy white that they seemed like light condensed to visible shape and substance. The city, with its fine convents, shone on an eminence over the Mondego, now in the fulness of its waters. Coimbra is the spot of which the historian and the poet scarcely ever lose sight; whatever was interesting in the history or literature of Portugal centred here; and I looked at the city with the strong recollection of old times and old heroes. Knowing what to expect within, I was prepared for the contrast; yet was it impossible not to feel disappointment at quitting so rich a people rendered vicious, and knavish, and impudent by the contagion of the University. The first object was disgusting. Passing under an old gateway, the prison fronted us, and two gallows-faced fellows, fastened with chains round their necks, were standing in the street begging. We met several other prisoners dragging their fetters through the town, on the same employment. Everywhere in Coimbra some relic of antiquity presents itself, but everywhere it is mixed with modern patches. In the monastery of Santa Cruz, one of the oldest and

most famous establishments in the kingdom, I saw nothing so remarkable as the poultry yard. The royal tombs were comparatively modern and miserably poor, after what we had seen at Alcobaça and Batalha. The sword of Alfonso Henrique was mislaid, nor did I regret not seeing what I knew not to be genuine. Relics affected me little. What was a finger of Saint Antony, after I had seen a thorn from the Holy Crown and Crucifixion, and a drop of the Redeemer's blood? The Revelation in a set of tiles pleased me better. The truth or falsehood of a poetical figure is said to be appreciable by painting it. If this rule may be extended to religion, certainly the Beast, and the Vials, and the Old Dragon did not look very believable. But the poultry yard was perfect; it was one of the quadrangles converted to this useful purpose, cut with canals of running water, over which were several small temples. And such geese and ducks, and another sort of wild water bird to me unknown, so fat, they ought to have been roasted in the Alcobaça kitchen! I did long to buy, beg, or steal a dinner. The Fountain of Tears was far the most heart-interesting object in this vicinity. It is the spot where Inez de Castro was accustomed to meet her husband, Pedro, and weep for him in his absence. Certainly her dwelling-house was in the adjoining garden; and from there she was dragged, to be murdered at the feet of the king, her father-in-law. There is a famous passage in Camoens upon this subject; it is very bad, and therefore very much admired by all poetry-dabblers, being a complete specimen of false taste. But bad poetry does not affect the fact, and the loves of Inez and Pedro are historically interesting. I, who have long planned a tragedy upon the subject, stood upon my own scene. Two cedars — most magnificent, most ancient trees — stand one on each side the fountains. I do believe, and not because I wish

to believe it, that Inez sat under their shade four hundred years ago. Who is there who has not, when he stood under a fine tree, felt the littleness of man's existence? And these cedars might have made the main beams of Solomon's temple — of such luxuriant size in their growth. There is beside them one modern tree — bless the hand that planted it! — a great willow whose boughs bend into the water. Behind the fountain rises a high hill, green with corn, and spotted with the shadow of olive trees. The whole scene is in my eye, even with the vividness of actual sight.

Of museums, and colleges, and public buildings what is to be said? Would you not yawn over the description as we did over the sight? Things that might each have excited admiration if seen singly, cloy in a collection, like a dinner of sweetmeats. Of more importance is the moral picture of Coimbra, the spring from whence Portugal is watered. It is Westminster and Oxford united — at once school and university. The students are attached to English literature; indeed, to medical studies it is become indispensable. They are also votaries to the French principles. But a set of more impudent blackguards never were assembled in one city. They followed us with such impertinence, that had we not been with two professors, both men of manners and authority, we should not have passed without being insulted; and, as it was, I found it difficult to abstain from knocking some of them down. Wherever we went, there was a mob of these fellows behind us. So it is their custom to annoy foreigners; and two of them, for impertinence carried a little farther, received a severe drubbing from one of our acquaintance not long before our visit.

I can only skim the cream of our after journey. Our party was swoln to the very inconvenient number of eight, when the Miss Petries rejoined us, and brought

with them two men of their acquaintance. With our followers, we made a formidable appearance, winding at length up the rocky lanes, like a caravan. At Aldea da Cruz the only *estalagem* had been converted into a salt-fish warehouse. The *corregidor* of the place very handsomely sent beds for the ladies; but two of our party actually lay upon piles of salt-fish, and I slept sweetly under them. At Thomar we were entertained by a Frenchman, M. Verdier, to whom I had letters, — a man of most uncommon learning and genius, who has wasted his talents and fortune in establishing a great cotton manufactory. His wife is very, very clever. They have several children, who all speak four languages, which, with music and drawing, their mother has taught them. Here I feasted upon all my favourite conversation dishes. It was the sort of family that novels sometimes represent, but which I never elsewhere saw realised. Curse the manufactory! that a man who ought to be at the head of a great nation should be managing mills and wheels. We returned fourscore miles down the Tagus by water, and reached Lisbon after an absence of twenty days. One anecdote is worth mentioning. We were every where the sight of the neighbourhood. A boy on his way to school stopped to see us. He had his book under his arm, and I was anxious to see what a fine clever-looking boy about fourteen might be learning. It was, "Directions for a converted Sinner." Poor boy! I longed for the translation of "Robinson Crusoe" to give him.

Of our return. We expect Portugal to make her peace by the expulsion of the English. My uncle is actually packing up all his books; and I am writing in the dirt of that employment. According to all appearances only a general peace can prevent the last blow to our commerce. I am little affected, except indeed that the war with Spain has cut off my supply of books,

and very, very, very materially affected me, — as the only remedy will be to visit Lord Bute, and quarter myself upon him and his library. In May, we hope to be in England, that is, in Bristol. My after plans may be considered there. They will probably, for Madoc's sake, take me into Wales, and then to the Lakes. I must work hard, for here my expenses have exceeded my means, unavoidably rather than unwisely. The sale of "Thalaba" is of importance to me. If it be as it ought, I shall gallop through the "Curse of Keradon." My history must be slower work. Pyramids are not built in a day, and I mean mine to outlive and out-age the Egyptian ones! Our love to Mrs. D. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Mrs. Southey, Sen.*

Lisbon, March 1801.

My dear Mother,

On our return from a three weeks' journey, I looked with some hope for a letter from you; and am disappointed. From Tom and Harry I have heard. Harry writes me a manly and sensible letter; indeed, I never witnessed so rapid and striking an improvement as his letters exhibit.

We have travelled 350 miles, in almost all possible ways, — carriage, mules, asses, by land, and by water. On a Wednesday morning five mules and a *Calésa* were ready at five o'clock at my door. Waterhouse and I commanded. Edith, Miss Seton — a woman with brains, who draws well, — and two Miss Petries, were alternately to mount mules and ride in the *Calésa*. Bento, as gentleman-servant, rode; Manuel (not my uncle's former servant) drove; Antonio was *arriéro*, or

muleteer; and Jacinto was our literal footman. With this equipage we departed,—to every body's wonder that women would travel in this country, or men take charge of such incumbrances. The carriage we soon found a heavy inconvenience: its slow motion in bad roads obliged us to halt a league short of our first night's mark, and the ladies had a fair sample of what they might expect when we were recommended to take up our night's lodging in one room with two beds. A little exertion procured us two rooms and six beds, and we did well. The next day the same impediment obliged us to travel an hour by torch-light. We then reached Caldas and an Irish hotel. There two friends of the Petries joined them, designing to pass a day and return. Miss E. Petrie, however, was taken ill. Luckly one of her visitors was surgeon to the army; so we left them there, and proceeded with the better number of four persons, all better suited for the journey and for each other. We slept at Alcobaça—or did not sleep,—for it was our worst night; indeed it made Edith feelingly understand my account of flea-biting. There was also a water-mill under the window, very picturesque, but a little too loud for so near a neighbour. Alcobaça was one mark of our journey. It contains the tombs of the earliest kings, and of Inez de Castro, so beautiful themselves, of workmanship so marvellous, so finely preserved, and so dear by all historical and poetical associations, that the sight would amply have repaid a longer and more laborious pilgrimage. Perhaps no place contains so monstrous a medley as this huge convent,—the finest works of old Portugal, and the most execrable puppet-shows of modern popery;—angels playing the fiddle at the nativity, and Portuguese washerwomen coming to see the infant Jesus! jewels beyond all price sown upon the foolscaps of the friars; a noble library; and beyond all comparison the most magnificent kitchen that even

priestly luxury designed; a brook flowing through it to supply water and wash the dishes, and an opening into the refectory that the dishes may not cool on their way. The empire of Alcobaça (for such it may be called) is miserably mismanaged; and no subjects in Europe are more ready, or with more cause, to fling off their yoke, than those who suffer under the absolute dominion of these Bernardines. They take a fourth of the whole produce, and compel the people to send their corn to the convent-mills, their olives and grapes to the convent-presses. So extravagant are they, that, being only two hundred, and their income 200,000 English pounds sterling, they are in debt; which you will not wonder at, when I tell you that a sum of 250*l.* being deficient in their accounts one year, the steward set it down as an extra charge for eggs. They are so ignorant that Bernardism is become a word in the language synonymous to stupidity — fine, rosy-cheeked, oily men of God! I observed most of the young women near were dressed in their old hats; and I also observed a greater number of children, and of healthiest appearance, than have anywhere else been born of salt-fish and *milho*-bread.

We also saw Batalha, the wonder of Portugal, and indeed of Europe; for so magnificent a structure, or stone-work so miraculously beautiful, exists nowhere but in this secluded village. Will you believe me when I tell you that the front of stone pillars is cut into a rich foliage, and the pillar itself hollowed behind the leaves, — that painting could not trace the large leaves more truly or dispose them with finer taste, — and that no workmanship in the softest materials could possibly exceed the delicacy and sharpness which the stone-cutter's chisel has produced? I had seen accurate prints, and yet stood lost entirely in wonder and admiration. The present queen would not believe that it was entirely stone-work and part of the pillar, and to satisfy her royal scepticism

commanded a part to be hammered to pieces! This was the work of an Englishman, but the Portuguese claim it for themselves. The finer part has never been finished or roofed in. The death of Emanuel put a stop to his work. In this country it is the childish vanity of subjects and sovereigns to do something themselves, never to complete what their predecessors have begun; thus is the kingdom full of new ruins, houses begun and never finished; and thus have these beast-barbarians left the noblest work of architecture that any country can boast of exposed to the weather for 400 years. Perhaps the architect feared this neglect, and by some unknown varnish or coating secured his own immortality, for the stone is not discoloured or cankered, or in the slighest degree injured. Time has spared the great work of genius — not a moss, not a lichen, has fretted one spot; and yet the very same stone used in modern buildings decays in half a century. The earthquake too just shook its tower, and flung down a few battlements—just showed its power, and did no injury. Till I saw Batalha I thought the fame of an architect perishable like his works.

One day we rode twenty miles in the rain. The army of our attendants mutinied on this occasion. These fellows, going with women, had looked on to a summer campaign, and sorely disliked the *feel* of cold water. They all ran into a wine-house, and our own servant, sorely against his will, was the only one who followed us, growling all the way. Umbrellas and great-coats kept us tolerably dry. Waterhouse, however, wrapt himself in a sheet till the sumpter mule arrived; and poor I, completely wet in only one place — it was the seat of my pantaloons — was unable to sit down, and walked the room in expectation and delicate distress. Edith proved an excellent mule-women. I did not take her on a journey with whose inconveniences I was

well acquainted without some apprehension; but her health was actually better than when she is stationary; the constant and gentle exercise and the novelty of all objects equally benefited her. At night we ate oranges by the dozen; they effectually removed the pain of fatigue. The mules have an ugly trick of lying down under their rider, and rolling in dry sand: this happened three times to Edith, more to our merriment than terror, at seeing them both sprawl together. She did not like it. Our complexions have suffered. Edith has acquired a fine squaw tint; and I am of a ruddy copper, a perfect Chikkasaw bloom.

I must now go pack up my books. My uncle is at the same work, preparing for our now probable expulsion. You will show this letter to Danvers: if time permits I shall write to him to-day. I expected letters from him, and am not quite easy at not hearing of the arrival of the new "Thalaba" book. In May you will see us. I hope to sail for Bristol if any merchant-ship should be bound for that port. The expense is a serious object.

My love to Peggy. I cannot excuse all your silence, if only that you keep me ignorant how she is. How I wish the voyage over, and look on to a meeting with my friends, and a proof-sheet, and a gooseberry pie! Lisbon has done for me what I expected. I am now well. Whether or not cold winds and wet may throw me back again remains to be tried. At worst, if the disease returns, I know the remedy. God bless you.

Your affectionate son,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S.—Edith's love. I see a novel advertised which you have doubtless read for the name's sake—my uncle Thomas. Tell Peggy that if, as we expect, the English are all obliged to decamp, I must then bring over and consign to her care Lord Thomas the Cat.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M. P.*

Lisbon, April 30. 1801.

MY DEAR WYNN,

On my return from a long journey through Alentejo and Algarve, I found three letters from you — two scraps and the longer one,—in which you plead for the "Catholic emancipation." The play is not mine, and, therefore, for the poor author's sake, ought to be publicly disavowed, lest the Anti-Jacobins damn it. Be assured that, whatever private or public gossip may say of my employments must be false, if you had not previously heard it from the very best authority. About Chatterton, nothing can be done here. I have only to print his collected works, as soon as the number of subscribers justify me: less than 500 would not raise an adequate sum, and I do not believe the list as yet exceeds 300. At present my idea is to dedicate it to Sir Herbert, briefly and calmly, but with the utmost severity of which I am capable, in the language, not of a pleader against him, but of the judge who authoritatively condemns. Whatever I do, you shall see and approve. This appears the best method. Of the "Days of Queen Mary" only the opening is written, and it stands. The History occupies me more — my heart and soul are in the work. I hope you will like the plain, compressed, unornamented style, in which I endeavour to unite strength and perspicuity. A little mannerism is not, perhaps, objectionable, — at least, the language of every classical author is peculiarly his own. Labour I do not spare. If the work have but half the success of Gibbon's, or of Roscoe's, its profits will be important. I know that it shall be of more permanent reputation.

I cannot argue against toleration, yet is popery in its nature so very damnable and destructive a system, that

I could not give a vote for its sufferance in England. I could no more permit the existence of a monastic establishment, than the human sacrifices of Mexican idolatry. You say, forbid their endowments; but the great pillars of monkery are those orders that cannot be endowed, — the whole family of Franciscans. You say, they are bound by no law, and may come out of their convents; but they are bound by their own law, by vows blasphemous to Almighty God, and treasonable to human nature and civil society. Of all Catholics, the Irish are the most bigoted and bloody: *here* we know them. There is danger from the increase of popery, — your higher classes, your middle class, are turning infidels. True; but look at the great body of the poor, with what a hunger and thirst for the marvellous they swallow every new dose of superstition! Observe the growth of methodism, perhaps more nearly connected with popery than is generally imagined. I have reason to believe they have arrived at *confession* already. All I would prohibit should be the monastic institutions; educate their priests in England; tolerate the counterpoisons of Deism and Atheism, the great antidotes. These caustics are rooting out the cancer here and in Spain. They will, indeed, make a sore wound, but not a deadly one.

I have now travelled about a thousand miles in Portugal, and acquired a tolerably accurate knowledge of the greater part of the kingdom; the northern provinces are yet unvisited. I wish much to remain another year, it would so completely suit my inclinations, health, and pursuits; but my mother is looking anxiously for my return, and *home* I must go — if a man who has no fixed place of rest may use the word. I am in perfect health — for six months, not one seizure, not one symptom has annoyed me. But I dread an English winter, and the worst blasts of an English spring. My stay may

be from four to six weeks longer; sooner I cannot well depart, — nor, for the heats, remain later, as to remove to Cintra would not be worth the expense and trouble. If there should be a Bristol-bound ship, I shall, for economy's sake, embark in it, the packet passage being now advanced to twenty guineas. On my return I shall soon leave Bristol, to pass through Wales to the Lakes, there to pass the autumn, and perhaps the winter. My Welsh abode and excursions you may regulate. The History will be my employment, to that I shall devote myself, relieving labour by the correction of "Madoc." I have ample materials for a volume of letters upon this country, but no wish to publish them; they might produce me from 60*l.* to 80*l.*, but the time subtracted from the greater employment would render it a bad speculation. For the same reason, it will be more advantageous to wait for the slow profits of the great work than again to engage in reviewing, or write rhymes for the "Morning Post." These are things for after consideration. A year's labour will certainly fit a first quarto for the press, and so far forward "Madoc" as to have it ready when wanted. But, as "Madoc" must be my monument, I am little anxious to erect it in my lifetime. The Hindoo romance, "The Curse of Keradon," has matured into a very good and very extraordinary plan, which has become a favourite with me. When it will be embodied depends upon the success of "Thalaba." In the passage you think obscure,

> "The torch a broader blaze,
> The unpruned taper *flares* a longer flame,"

the verb applies to both. The syntax in Thalaba's prayer is that of "Lord, now lettest *thou* thy servant depart in peace." *Let not thou* is the imperative, or rather the entreating mood. I now am satisfied with the last books; the first is, in my own judgment, the worst

of the poem, as not enough connected. About the Christian captive you are right — it ought to be a Turk, and shall be so when I correct for another edition.

In my journeys, I have literally seen and noted so much, that I say nothing, because there is so much to communicate. You shall see my journals and little recollection books, when we meet. The state of the country is far worse than even I myself imagined. No person can possibly travel it without longing ardently to see a revolution. The very soil is ruined: any man who wants to turn another out of a farm has only to offer its needy lord a year's rent in advance, for they are all at rack-rent. Of course, no man can venture to improve land for a second year's prospect. Cattle are very scarce; the English troops have almost exhausted them. I was lately at Faro, one of the most flourishing cities in Portugal, and containing 20,000 inhabitants. The usual quantity of meat killed is one cow a week, rarely two. The week I was there, an unprecedented circumstance occurred,—one cow and two heifers, of which one was killed, lest it should die. Nor must you think of English beef,—these are lean cattle—gristle and bones. Mutton they will not eat, but sometimes buy it as goat's-flesh. Beans, lupins, fish—these are the food of the people. I have never seen 300 head of cattle in the country. We are safe from invasion: an army would be starved. Frere is acting foolishly: he and the consul are slighting the English merchants, and establishing a little aristocracy with the quality—strangers, emigrants, and corps diplomatic. This is very absurd, as it is their policy to hold their countrymen in as high a situation as possible. Exchange is, as you imagine, in favour of Portugal; but the cursed paper money more than counterbalances it. I will order the Bucellas, and it shall be good: it must be kept in a *warm* place; and you will, perhaps, wonder at the directions to leave the bung-hole open.

We are again distressed by a newspaper account that my brother Tom has been wounded in the Danish action, and no private accounts have reached us to say how. I hope this may get him the promotion which he ought to have had for the Mars action.

Pray, pray do not *cag* * Horne Took for the sake of the debates. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Lisbon, May 6. 1801.

*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!* Bedford; and in plain English *O yes! O yes! O yes!* Bedford. Yes, yes, he is; yes, he is, — *that* he is,—certainly and undoubtedly he is, he is; you yourself, — Horace — Harry — Cooling, — she herself would confess it, or ought to confess it. I indeed on my part must own not in the two ends, — but the two ends do not meet, nor could they be made to meet, not even if it had pleased God, any more than Bohemia could be made a maritime country — because there must be a middle between the two ends, otherwise his "guts" would be "in his brains," † and there would be a something wrong about the rectum. Giving up therefore the head and tail, which is a better phrase than laying them aside, and sticking to the middle — for in this case *medio tutissimus ibis*, — I do again affirm that he is, positively and altogether, and considered totally as a whole — not part by part, not piecemeal, anatomically, limb by limb, feature by feature, but in the gross average, in the comparative totality, in the grand view, in the comprehensive scale, I do affirm it — and that with no mental reservation; not from any vanity, any justifiable pride in the possession. How did I come by him? Take your

* An old Westminster word. † A Hudibrastic expression.

map of Portugal, look for Cape St. Vincent, then let the eye travel diagonally inland some seven leagues distant in that direction — and the league is four English miles, though sometimes it may be eight, but these leagues are to be computed at four. Do you not see a ridge of mountains? The Sierra de Monchique? There I have been. And your finger is now within half an inch of a town about a league below the very *cacumen* of the Sierra. It is the town of Monchique. You have it, and that is his name. It is a pity, Grosvenor, that your eye could not actually and ocularly be in that spot, and that you did not ascend upon a jackass with me to the Foye, and look around you, and behold a prospect where the eye was bounded only by its own weakness.

There, Grosvenor, was he born; and it is a very paradise — woods, waters, and all that is soothing, all that is magnificent. There is a rain-manufactory upon the summit, and I had a sample of the raw materials; but so it was. I was deadly hungry; how should it be otherwise? we had had much to do and little to eat, and I had not then caught the Tortoise who is coming to England with me, so that we had nothing in store in case of famine. And at Monchique there were fowls. We did not steal them, Grosvenor, they were bought and picked, and spitted upon the small cane. Spits, Grosvenor, are little in use where roasting is unknown.

But the sight of the meat—for the fish, flesh, and fowl are three distinct denominations, yet assuredly fowl must be allowed to be flesh, and meat is a name common to both — that sight, recollected hunger, affects my appetite. There sat Bento turning by hand the cane; and the savour of the roast offering arose, and the nose having the first fruits, tantalized the mouth by its imperfect enjoyment. He also smelt it, and he came, perhaps led by curiosity — for a roast fowl was a thing unheard of in the town — perhaps led by the nose, not

in the dancing-bear way, but by the silken threads which nature has given instinct to rein us.

*Sta pronta*, which is, being translated, it is ready! The knife and fork came from the pocket; they were separated, opened, wiped, ready: there he stood. In a Catholic country it may be doubted whether to have given him meat on a fast-day had been allowable. This was not a fast-day, it was Monday, April 20, and I have reason for imagining he was no Catholic, though born and bred among papists. Indeed, the fact is that the priests had never attempted to instruct him. He had too much sense to be imposed upon, and this they knew. We were feasting, and there he stood — in a posture of attentive supplication, all upon the watch, ears, eyes (beautiful eyes), nose, lips, from one end to the other; and this was the shape of one end —

from which figure it is apparent that though a point be the fit ending for an epigram it is not for all other things. We gave him — no matter what; it was enough; it was what became us to bestow, and him to receive. There was no stipulation, it was on our part a free gift — not a price, no return was expected, indeed none was desired; but he went home, and his dreams were of the fowl, and what a happiness it was to live with an Englishman; and the next morning he arose, and forsook all, and followed us.

I immediately saw that he was — but there was no one to whom I could communicate the discovery till I had reached Lisbon, and that was a laborious journey of nine days going by Lagos, and Sagres, and the Cape.

Yet it occurred to me often with emotions of solitary triumph — and if my pleasure was increased by looking on to your consequent mortification, impute it to the constitution of our nature, not to the selfishness of the individual—what one gains another must lose. Certainly I am proud that he is—for certainly he is—indeed he is; and on my return to Lisbon I asked Edith if he was not, and she affirmed it. Not that I needed her testimony to fix my own faith; the fact was obvious; the eye assents to it as the mind to a mathematical axiom—not from volition, not from the result of reasoning, but from the feeling, the palpable perception of truth.

Two gooseberry pies being supposed, their paste made at the same time, and indeed of one mass, the gooseberries gathered from the same bushes and of equal age, the sugar in just proportion, and clouted cream to eat with both, it follows that the largest is preferable. I love gooseberry pie, Grosvenor; and I think the case plain (curse the blot!). Let us try a converse proposition. Two doses of physic equally nauseous — is not the largest the worst? Suppose, for instance, manna and salts; ask the mouth — ask the intestinal canal — one ounce or two? Perhaps you say that were the Venus of Florence carved of colossus size, her beauty would be magnified into ugliness,—that there may be too much of a good thing,— it does not affect my argument. Do you remember the suetty, small-pox-pitted-man at Gray's Inn? Look at him through Herschel's telescope, or rather imagine his cavities and the circumambient atmosphere of perspiration — that is, if this letter should reach you before dinner, or if you want to rid your gall-bladder of its contents: deformity, therefore, is increased by size. That beauty is heightened by enlargement remains for after discussion. But he is biggest, and, *cæteris paribus*, size turns the scale. It is an argument of weight, Grosvenor; the point is proved; he is demonstratively. It is the corollary of the pie, the manna

and salts, and the Gray's Inn little-man proposition. He is, — yes, Grosvenor, — Monchique — I called him so in memory of his native mountain — Monchique is uglier than SNIVEL.* I promise you a serious letter by the next packet. Meantime, God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.*

May 6. 1801.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

You will be expecting me, and will be disappointed at receiving only a letter. I cannot yet depart. In about a month we shall set off, earlier or later by some ten days, as may suit a ship, if we find one.

Your letter must have been lost, and it leaves me in the dark about some things alluded to in that which has just reached me. I know not why Davy has left Bristol, and shall bitterly miss him; indeed, the doubt where to settle annoys me much. Except you and your mother, I have no attachment at Bristol; all else are mere acquaintance — a common, cold-lip, intercourse, neither gratifying the affections nor the intellect. In London, I neither can nor will live. I must be where the sun, and moon, and stars, and He who created them are visible. As for Coleridge, he is at the end of the world. Bristol suits me best; and a house about Ashton, or Leigh, or over the down, would strongly tempt me, or in your row; but not yet: my autumn must be in Wales and Cumberland; and I have to work hard to recover my expenses here, and raise enough for furniture. The little I saw of King much pleased me, but Humphry Davy is an unreplacable companion. For society, of all places I have ever seen,

* The name of Mr. Bedford's dog.

Norwich is the best. Bristol has so many divisions and subdivisions of party and sects; and poor Cottle's shop is a loss — 'twas a gossip-place of meeting; and though it might make some idle hours, made some pleasant ones. However, to Bristol I look on as my future home. Its reachable distance from London and Hereford, where my uncle will most likely be one day settled, — the neighbouring woods; and rocks, and walks with which I have so old an intimacy,— the printing office too, is some inducement; and as there is no keeping my mother from that miserable dungeon, or rather Bedlam, where she will immure herself, the best thing possible that I can do is to have a house near, where she may go in any short lucid interval.

My uncle is removing his books, piecemeal, as opportunity allows for shipping them. Four boxes are consigned to you by the enclosed bill of lading. They are all English, that is, English printed (for some may be Greek or Latin), and in English binding, therefore liable to no duty. If King could house them for me at the Wells it would be better than lodging them in the College Green, as they will be in the latter case almost inaccessible to me. The foreign books we try to smuggle into England, and have succeeded in landing one valuable box. The number of my own books which are now of a very serious value, and also of my uncle's that are lying idle and dead about England, must soon anchor me; they cannot follow me, and I therefore must settle with them.

That you have been so long without a letter, you will probably attribute to the right cause. I and Waterhouse have accomplished our tour in Algarve. We have seen the whole of that kingdom, and half the province of Alentejo, a labour of 530 miles — 23 days, — during which we endured some hardships from the miserable state of the country, sometimes being able to

procure neither bread nor wine, and four times reduced to beg a night's lodging for want of *estalagems*. In compensation we have seen much, and acquired some knowledge. I will not skim the cream of the journey; my journal with a few conversational comments may furnish an evening's amusement in Bristol. I have now only the three small northern provinces to visit, Beira, Tras-os-Montes, and Entre Douro e Minho. Look at the map, and you will see they are not quite a third of Portugal; but they form its most beautiful, most interesting, and most populous part. I am, in truth, very desirous of remaining yet six months — the summer at Cintra, to Porto in September, and thence over the north; only Edith's wishes to return prevent me. In other respects, it would be every way advantageous, inasmuch as the more I labour here, the nearer my supplies will be when I return. It is only since my uncle's return from England, that he has encouraged my historical labours. He was not perhaps quite aware of the literary rank which I hold in the world, till he there learnt it, and found some of his own friends apprised of my design and anxious for its execution. Now, he forwards it in every way, and hunts out books and information with as much zeal and assiduity as myself.

When "Thalaba" is finished, have the goodness to send two copies here as usual, and directed to my uncle. They need not be bound; we have broken in a man to bind in my taste, and morocco costs us only the calf-price of England.

I have just and barely begun the "Curse of Keradon," which literally is stopped from some scruples of conscience in matters of taste. It is begun in rhymes, as irregular in length, cadence, and disposition as the lines of "Thalaba." I write them with equal rapidity, so that, on the score of time and trouble, there is neither loss nor gain. But it is so abominable a sin

against what I know to be right, that my stomach turns at it. It is to the utmost of my power vitiating, or rather continuing the corruption of public taste; it is feeding people upon French cookery, which pleases their diseased and pampered palates, when they are not healthy enough to relish the flavour of beef and mutton. My inducements are to avoid any possible sameness of expression, any mannerism, and to make as huge an innovation in rhyme as "Thalaba" will do in blank verse. But I am almost resolved to translate what is already done into the Thalaba metre.

Write to me once more; we shall not remove before June certainly; and I am hopelessly anxious about Peggy. The foxglove seems always to check disease, never to cure it! And how goes on Cottle and Dr. Burnett? I think of returning to Bristol with no small additional satisfaction, for the sake of shaking George by the hand. Poor fellow! he has at last the means of a bare support.

God bless you. Our love to your mother. I have bought a work-bag for her at Lagos, made from the aloe-fibres, curious for its materials, but too fine for her taste or mine. Still it is a curiosity; and she shall have with it a story how in that very city of Lagos I was arrested by a guard of eight soldiers and a corporal. Remember me to Cottle, to Charles Fox, above all to the Doctor. King must look upon me as an acquaintance in the future tense. Tell him I am an old out-patient of the Pneumatic Institution, one of the very first, and by prescription have a right, whenever I choose to claim it, to a dose of beatification.

I have said nothing of my own state of health this long time, because in fact I have long been so perfectly well as never to think of it. I eat and drink to what ought to be a prohibited degree of appetite in England; and sleep like the Stadtholder. Thank God, and the

climate of Portugal! Oh, the wretched "Monthly Magazine" for April fool-day. Page 221, column the second, line the last!!! I *did* laugh, and will not. Mrs. Danvers forgive me if I did swear also?

Shipped by the grace of God in good order, though badly written, in and upon the good packet called the East Gower, now riding at anchor in the river Tagus, and so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety. Amen.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Lisbon, May 23. 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A letter of mine, chiefly relating to Henry, must assuredly have been lost: it matters little. At this distance, all I could do was to express a full satisfaction in what you and William Taylor have agreed. To Henry I wrote some five or six weeks ago, recommending an unbiassed choice,—rather wishing him to follow his uncle's plan, than advising it. Of his private allowance, I could only promise him 5*l.* quarterly; a sum which, if good fortune enabled me, I should willingly double, but which you must be aware, knowing the extent of my resources, to be the utmost that I can spare from my own wants and the demands upon me from other quarters. Some little—a possible 10*l.*—may be yearly hoped from Tom, who is ready to do all he can. My uncle will, I know, supply any deficiency. Yet I think, in calculating from 30*l.* to 40*l.* yearly as necessary, circumstances have not been sufficiently considered. My own personal expenses have never reached

even to the smaller sum. I do not expend 15*l.* yearly on the whole of my dress. With all linen Henry would be supplied from home. It is, however, always better to allow a young man too much than too little: I have felt the latter evil myself. The great expense of returning will sink me for some time below the world; hitherto my resources have always been kept equal with my expenditure, by obscure and unintermitted labour. From these means a residence here has inevitably cut me off; my expenses also have been increased by travelling. I could, indeed, make my journeys more than pay their own cost, did I deem it advisable to publish the materials which I have collected for a miscellaneous volume relative to this country. From 60*l.* to 80*l.* would doubtless be paid me for a first edition; but from the time it would deduct from the greater work, I should think it a bad speculation in a pecuniary point of view, and in that point I must consider it. I have, therefore, no literary pay to expect (except from the success of "Thalaba") till a first volume of my history be published, or ready for publication, a labour for which one complete year will be little. Meantime I can review. I can write rhymes to the amount of 100*l.*; but this is improvident work — it is spending the day in getting only enough for the dinner. Like you good people in England, I have corn enough in the ground, but there is a famine till the harvest be ripe.

Portuguese news you know as regularly and correctly as it can be known; yet is Mr. Coppendale an infidel; incredulity saves him from the fear-fever which infects everybody else. I believe, at all events, except a general peace speedily terminates the calamities of Europe, that the port of Lisbon will be shut against English vessels. St. Cyr is with the Spaniards, about Elvas, which is or will be besieged. We had a rumour

of its capture, which is not believable. They are in great force, and have refused to write any terms in the *carte blanche* which Pinto proffered: so far is certain. When the moon shines upon the sea, the line of moonlight always terminates in your own ship,—so we view all things chiefly with relation to self. I want my uncle to return to England, but verily believe him so rooted here, that he must be turned out, or he never will move. For ourselves, the sooner we are home the better. I am inquiring for a vessel Bristol bound. If there be none we shall return by Yescombe, when next he is here. But the difference of expense is to me of heavy importance—it cannot be less than thirty guineas. We have now lost most of our hill acquaintance; in Miss Seton, particularly, we have a daily and hourly loss. 'Tis like the end of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—one by one our friends go before us, and leave us at the side of the Great Water that we all must cross.

I am no ways weary of Portugal; it would be the country of my choice residence certainly—its climate so entirely suits me; and its materials now afford me such ample employment, that I could beguile a more total solitude than that in which we live. It is almost a solitude,—and I look with a hunger and thirst for the free and intimate society of my English friends—of those who can look back with the same recollections, observe the present with the same feelings, and look on to futurity with the same hopes.

My History advances well; I have stewed down many a folio into essential sauce. Half the labour of a first volume is done, that is, the timbers are ready and the stones are hewn, though little of the edifice appears above ground. To the end of Fernando's reign, the first sketch is done; the second draught to that of Dinez. The third and decent copy is now

finishing the second Sancho. My guides have been Faria, Duarte, Galoao, and Ruy de Pina, Duarte Nunes, Mariana, the Rainhas of Barbosa, — Zurita step by step. The Provas of the genealogical history have been indispensably useful; the Monarquia Lusitana I have not yet been able to procure; and, indeed, the books already named, with the number of others collaterally consulted, were enough to carry on at first.

God bless you. I do not ask you to write: there will, I trust, be no time to hear from you. When three months are elapsed from the time when you sent Harry the 10*l.* have the goodness to send him 5*l.* I will do all I can to prevent him from feeling any inconvenience for money — even any unpleasant feeling; but these are my worst times. I live at more cost here than at home, and have running expenses in England also. Harry will I hope do well — he promises well. We have yet no accounts of Tom here, though two packets have arrived since that that brought his name in the list of the wounded. God bless you.

Yours truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

At sea, June, 1801.

In tribulation of trillibubs and trouble of tripes do I begin, O Grosvenor! It is not always easy, as you know, to settle one's mind, but prithee take one voyage and it will convince you that it is far more difficult to settle the stomach. I have now been six days and nights at sea, and in that time a lame jackass would have carried me as fast and as far.

Southey! what have you been doing? Oh, I have

been—very sick! You may rhyme to the question if you please. The weather-cock has thought proper to point the wrong way, and, in contradiction to all proverbs and all our prayers, obstinately stand still. We are just now overjoyed at a change of only two points. I have, however, discovered an excellent substitute for sea-sickness, which you know is so fashionable a remedy for sundry disorders, or rather a method for making people sea-sick upon shore. Put the patient to bed in a long wooden box, six feet by two—N. B. a coffin will do. Hang him up in a dark room, rock him well, make a great noise and a great stink, and my life for it he will soon be as sick as heart can wish. I have made another discovery, that I am very good-natured, not having one drop of gall in my gall-bladder, when the whole contents of my inside came out in long procession. But even worse than sickness is the insufferable tedium, the mill-stone weight of time! I would write practical comments upon the book of Job, if there were a Bible on board. A day's travelling in wind and wet over a wilderness of gum-cistus is positive happiness in comparison. England! England! Oh, I do long to stand on firm ground, and eat fresh bread and drink fresh water! Not even a porpoise pops up to amuse. Even the fish-line drags on as idly as I myself, though I had determined to catch a mermaid, and make a fortune by showing her myself.

If I am neither taken prisoner nor drowned on the way, and if none of the common chances of land-life turn up against me, why, I may be soon in London. Seven days, and always a bad wind till this half-hour, when it has changed for—no wind at all. My watch is gone to sleep, poor thing! Like King Charles, I wound it up on setting sail, and then had done with time. The human machine cannot be laid by in this way; nor, indeed, have I any inclination to go down, as Davy has not yet

found out a key to wind me up again. Take my three queries for public good. Would not sailing waggons be the best conveyances in the deserts? Would not families, that keep no dairy, increase their comfort by keeping a milch goat? Cannot some means be devised of preserving a man in Madeira, like a fly, for a voyage; and should there not be a reward offered for a discovery how to entrance such unhappy persons as, like me, are obliged to cross the sea?—N. B. This is well worth the attention of Government and the East India Company for transporting troops; and the experiment might be tried upon Botany Bay convicts who ought to have been hung, or in the next expedition to the coast of France or Holland, it being of little import whether the men die on the way or be killed when they get there, and, as old Ingenhousz said of the life of a man, "Vat is an army to an experiment?"

And now the fourteenth day is come, and we are within a few hours' sail of Falmouth; and it blows so heavy a gale on shore, and so thick a mist from the south accompanies it, that we are steering up Channel in prudent fear. Now would I lose a few fingers and toes for four-and-twenty, aye, for half-a-dozen hours of Lisbon weather! Here I am, as a Paddy would say, in *sight* of my own country, only I can't see it for one of my own country fogs. 'Tis a poor comfort to be in English weather when we want to be in England. You paint Hope leaning upon an anchor. Hope upon deck were a better personification.

Returning after an absence, even no longer than mine has been, is by no means a circumstance of unmingled pleasure. It is nearly fifteen months since I left Bristol, and, like Nourjahad after one of his naps, those changes in my own little world will now strike me with suddenness, which, if I had been on the spot, would have come gradually and gently on. Many acquaint-

ance I have in that time lost, two of them young men with whom I had expected to pass many a cheerful hour hereafter. My cousin Margaret, if not already dead, cannot outlive the autumn. I do not return cheerfully. Ill tidings come best from a distance. Nor should I perhaps have left Portugal this summer, but for Wynn's letter. You probably know the possibility that recalls me. This also, in a misty day and a foul wind, hangs upon me. I see as little a way before me as the man at the mast-head. Yet I am pleased. A southern climate is my best medicine; and there is yet a Robinson Crusoe curiosity about me, which I should willingly find it prudent to indulge.

And have you received "Thalaba?" and would you like another story to the same tune? It has long been my intention to try the different mythologies that are almost new to poetry. "Thalaba" shows the Mohammedan. The Hindoo, the Runic, and the old Persian are all striking enough and enough known. Of the Runic I have yet hardly dreamt. I have fixed the ground-plan of the Persian. The Hindoo is completely sketched: you can make little of its title, "The Curse of Keradon."

*July* 12. *Bristol.*— God be praised for my safe return! I find little to cheer me here. My cousin Margaret is dying. She has been wishing to live to see me, yet I wish it had been spared! These things are best at a distance: the spent ball bruises only, not wounds! Poor girl! she was to me the dearest of my family. God bless you, Grosvenor.

Yours, as ever,

R. S.

*To John May, Esq.*

Sunday, July 26. 1801.

My dear Friend,

Your letter found me on the point of setting out for Worcester, to meet Wynn, with whom I was to take counsel as to my future destination. He will procure for me the place of secretary to some legation in the south of Europe, — probably to Naples. This will be a permanent establishment, with a prospect and probability of something better; it will settle me, also, in a good climate, which I feel an object of more importance than I could wish. I know not what the salary may be — small certainly, but certainly more than adequate to the official duty, which will allow me ample leisure for my historical pursuits.

I perceive, by your account, that a bill for 30*l*., which I exchanged at Falmouth, had not then reached you; my two journeys in Portugal, the return home, and, above all, the heavy expense of the books which I have purchased will account for the balance, and, I trust, acquit me of all extravagance. In the spring, my appointment will probably take palce, the person who at present holds the office at the Neapolitan court (or rather the Sicilian, for Palermo is the residence) being then expected to remove. I shall then, I trust, soon be able to lighten myself of all debts, though the sense of obligation, as it ought, will ever remain. An unhappy circumstance precludes me from immediately lessening the balance. The costs of my cousin Margaret's illness — a year's heavy illness — must be defrayed by me: she may yet linger some months, though recovery is impossible, and from me her support must also continue to be derived. Under this pressure I need not apologise for delay. I have written to my London publisher, proffering him another poem, to be

ready for the press by the end of the winter, but requesting a part of the payment now, an offer to which he doubtless will accede. On this I should have lived and sequestered my quarterly remittances to you. But for these demands I am in deep water; but I can swim, and happily there is land in sight.

You will ask why I treat for a poem rather than for the materials which, with so much cost and labour, I have procured in Portugal. To Portugal I must one day return, to correct those materials when they are digested, and to gather what remains. It is even possible that I may one day hold an official situation in that country. To publish any thing now would be barring the doors of the archives against me: my first volume must touch popery to the quick. Thus have I a year's labour lying dead. These, then, are my plans. I am about soon to visit Coleridge at Keswick; his house will hold us, and there I shall devote myself to labour as unremitting as will be consistent with health and prudence.

I look with anxiety for Lisbon news. Should my uncle return to England, as I hope and expect, it will relieve me from a weight of much anxiety. He is much pleased with the prospects which are opening upon me. If they only gave me a prudent opportunity of seeing Italy, that were much; but they also afford rational expectations of opulence, while they bestow immediate independence.

You have not mentioned your sister, and I inquire for her with hesitation and fear.

We move for Cumberland as soon as my business is transacted with Longman, and my affairs here settled. In the autumn it is possible that I shall pass a few weeks with Wynn, in Wales, and take my long-intended journey in the steps of "Madoc." I dream of Sicily, — of reading Theocritus, and taking a peep down the

crater of Mount Etna. Direct to me as before. I would thank you for Harry, if the language of thankfulness were not so scanty. There are not bells enough to ring a change. I hope he will do well: he has made his own choice, and must make his own way. Edith desires to be remembered. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Bristol, Aug. 29. 1801.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I know not *ubi Diabolis* to direct to you. Losing the chance of netting you at Oswestry, I have been in hopes of hearing from you; but doubtless you have in the same manner lost sight of me. I move, the end of this week, for Keswick, where you will direct.

Ellis's book made me angry that he had incorporated the whole of his former volume instead of leaving it untouched. New extracts could have been made with little trouble, and very many might have been better. Of Quarles he is strangely ignorant, as, indeed, of all the poets of that day with whom I am acquainted. His historical sketch is very good, and must have cost great labour.

It is a serious evil that no man of adequate talents will take the Welsh antiquities in hand, and that no encouragement is given those who do. Owen has translated "Llywarc Hen" badly, that is evident; yet his version is better than none, and eminently useful to all who want information either in old history or our old manners. I wish that the Literary Society, as they call themselves, would employ their fund better. They

will give any man of letters ten pounds, who will ask for it, with proper certificates, &c., but they will not pay him for executing a wanted work. I would have them pay Owen, if no abler can be found, to translate Taliessin, Aneurin, &c., and advance money for the publication, taking the risk themselves. He would think himself well paid with 50*l.* a volume: so should the metrical romances, &c., be edited—thus would their funds be of public utility. Now they are only collected for the ostentation of patronage, and do no more good than any common alms. I am fretted about your Welsh books, feeling the want so sorely; and if ever it should please God that I should have a settled home in this island, I would wish it to be on the south side of some Welsh mountain, that I might conversationally learn the language, and do something for those who will come after me.

For "Madoc" I am rummaging the dirty dunghill of Irish antiquities, in which I have discovered two tricks of pure Paddyism; the one, that of dying their shirts, &c., with saffron, to keep them clean—a pretty origin of the *Orange* badge; the other that of making balls for their slingers of brick-dust and blood.

In the Welsh books (the Odyssey part of "Madoc") I design to introduce old Giraldus excommunicating Owen Cyveilioc (as he did) for not going to the Crusade, and to remove the interview with Llewellyn to the island of Bardsey, which I wish to visit. He shall also take a dog, who is to be found in Giraldus, with him. The poor beast watched his master's corpse for eight days. I can make him useful; and he ought to have his fame—only how to Christen him? Have you any decent dog-names in Wales? for the *propria quæ canibus* of England are vile. I have read and laughed over Ireland's ballads, a fellow who thinks that to write badly is

to write like old poets, and that *hey no nonny* is worth reviving. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Mrs. Southey.*

Bangor, Sept. 1801.

MY DEAR EDITH,

Weather delayed our departure from Wynnstay till the afternoon of Sunday last. The richness of the library in such books as were most useful to me, and the goodness of the claret, made the delay very endurable. In the intervals of sunshine, we saw the surrounding scenery,—the Dee flowing through high banks of wood, and the pillars of a prodigious bridge, which is to support the canal, a work of wonderful magnitude—so large, indeed, as almost to deserve forgiveness for its intrusion. Llangollen is seven miles from Wynnstay. The village itself is ugly, deformed by some smoky works,—one might colour it to the life in Indian ink. The romantic ladies there I did not visit, and we proceeded to Valle Crucis Abbey, thence along the Dee banks to Corwen: but the ground must not be hurried over. The abbey is not a large ruin; the building never was extensive, but it was in a good style. What remains is beautifully shaped, and its situation, in a narrow valley between high hills, a brook singing along the bottom, and fine ashes on the hill-side, and by the ruins, and *in* the ruin, make it a lovely spot.

Some fellow, whose brains ought to be knocked out against Pocklington's skull, has built close by the abbey a small, London, St. George's-fields, tea-looking house, in which to dine with his friends; and he has made a

square fish-pond in front, surrounded with a square hedge of thickset, squared most trimly by the shears of the garden-barber. It is far worse than any of Pocklington's wilful murders upon innocent stone. The course of the Dee now became most beautiful. Like the Usk about Abergavenny, it flows through high and cultivated hills; but the river itself is lovelier than any which I remember to have seen. It is broad and shallow, and its dark waters shiver, over great stones, into white and silver, and hues of amber-brown. No mud upon the shore—no bushes—no marsh plants—anywhere a child might stand dry-footed, and dip his hand into the water. There are trees enough upon the hills—abundance of the bending birch—that tree, so light-hanging and so lovely; and there are houses enough scattered, and such houses as show that the richness of the land is not ill bestowed. Corwen is little more than a village, where, at the sign of Owen Glendower, whose residence was in the neighbourhood, we got bad beds, and fleas enough to make Wynn noisy all night, and give him employment to scratch all the next day.

Two miles from Corwen is a waterfall—Rhaiadr Cynwid—the best I have ever yet found. The body of water is enough to make a constant shower of its dust, and a most cold wind; and I stood in that cold wind, and that shower, and saw rainbows where the shadow of the rock ended and met the sunshine.

Pont-y-Glyn, a bridge over a glen, down which a mountain-brook roars, was the next fine object, and the only one in our way to Cernioge. All else was raw and bleak,—black, boggy-looking streams, and cold, boggy hills. Wynn said it was Irish-looking—I thought of the worst parts of Alentejo. Thence to Llanrwst;—but not along the common road; we struck to the left by way of Bettws; and this led us to a glorious pass among the mountains. The mountain-side was stony, and a

few trees grew among its stones; the other side was more wooded, and had grass on the top, and a huge waterfall thundered into the bottom, and thundered down the bottom. When it had nearly passed these rocky straits, it met another stream. The width of water then became considerable, and twice it formed a large black pool, to the eye absolutely stagnant,—the froth of the waters that entered there sleeping upon the surface; it had the deadness of enchantment: yet was not the pool wider than the river above it and below it, where it foamed over and fell. Last night we slept at Llanrwst, a little town upon the Conway, remarkable for a bridge which, we were told, was built by Inigo Jones, and for a church, worth entering, more particularly because it contains the coffin of Llewellyn the Great, a huge stone chest once well ornamented. On the way to Conway we lingered an hour and a half in climbing up to a waterfall which is visible from the road. Conway is walled round, and I could have fancied myself in Portugal, only sunshine and a stink were wanting. The castle and the ruined wall are very, very fine. It falls, indeed, lamentably short of Obidos; but in England, I have seen no fortifications remaining so entire. Thence to Bangor, along the side of Penmaenmawr, a road now walled in and safe, but once terribly dangerous, for the walls were along a giddy precipice, and the sea is at the bottom. The old Penmaen is a grand fellow. Zounds! had he given himself one shake, to shake the dust from his coat, a hail-storm of rocks would have buried us. The mountain is almost all stone, lying loose, or jutting out like crystals in shape. I want some good Welshman to give me the names of the mountains, in their order, along this coast. We are now at Bangor—rather at an inn a mile from Bangor. To-morrow we go to Capel Cerrig, and from thence see the one side of Snowdon; and I shall look

out a situation for Cadwallon's hut. Anglesea is in sight, a cold, uninviting place. We do not enter it this journey; it comes into our next route.

What I have seen is so entirely different from the Lake scenery that it would be ridiculous to attempt comparison. These mountains look to me the highest, but that is probably because they are more insulated. Wales has wood, and the interest of ruins, and many recollections. Any thing so simple and so severely sublime as your view to Borrodale and Newlands, or so quietly beautiful as Grasmere and Rydal, I have not seen. We are mounted, and the servant drives the gig or rides, as we like. I have learnt to drive, so I may say,—and that without breaking the carriage or killing a Welshman. It is cold weather, and to-day is cloudy. I am hoping, but not expecting, a clear day to attempt Snowdon. If old Snowdon knew what a reverence I have for him, he would doff his nightcap in decency. 'Twas a bad business, that one Mr. Mordred, "whose magic song Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head," was hung by martial law, as a stirrer of the people to sedition; for one of those cunning men might get a good deal of custom by making the mountains stoop like camels, and pick up a traveller. For our adventures, they are comprised in a short narrative: I have had my hair cut, and my pantaloons mended, and that is all. The maid at Corwen has, I hope, effectually stopt a breach, which threatened else to have reduced me to as indecorous a situation as old Antonio's. Probably we shall reach Llangedwin on Saturday; from thence I will write: it is not easy to find time on the road, for we reach the end of our day's journey just at the nightfall, too hungry and too tired to think of much more than eating and sleeping. Every evening I want the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, to return. I do not expect to exceed my month's furlough,

and indeed shall be lamentably lothe so to do. My travels are always in the anticipation of remembrance; but I do love a country like this, and it is doing me good. Give me a line to Wynnstay. Dear, dear Edith, God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Parkgate, Oct. 10. 1801.

MISS BARKER,

I would say Mary Barker if my neglect had not forfeited what little claim I might have once possessed so friendly to address you; yet I have not ceased to think of you, as one whose society gave me much pleasure in a land of strangers; and we have talked of you—Edith and I have *often* talked of you—and looked on to an after-meeting in the ways of life. There is now a half-written letter to you lying in my writing-desk, begun at Lisbon, continued on my passage home, and still unfinished. I have been so much the shuttle-cock of fortune, so jolted from one spot to another, that it would be almost a valid excuse to allege that for six months I have scarcely found a resting-place whereupon to write. At this moment I am beguiling some of the heaviest hours in existence, at a distance from my wife, in an inn-room where a stranger is at his dinner,— the packet in sight which is to convey me to Dublin to-morrow, if the captain pleases to sail, and if it please God to send me there in safety. I am lured there by hope, under the guidance of one whom you may remember to have read of in the Pilgrim's Progress, one with whom I have long been at variance, and you will perhaps wonder that anything like acquaintance should

have taken place between us. It is Mr. Worldly Wisdom. My residence there will not now be long, it *cannot* be many weeks, or I would not have stripped myself of all comfort by coming alone—perhaps it will not exceed a fortnight; but I will write to you again from thence, if only to give you a direction, that you may send me my signed and sealed pardon. At Christmas *we* shall certainly be in London. When you are married I trust you will feel what comfort there is in the use of that plural pronoun. Shall we have a chance of seeing you?

In my way through Chester I saw your name in a circulating library catalogue: unhappily I had no time to see more. Here, at Parkgate, I have been asking for a Welsh story, and can get nothing but the news that your sister had been here this summer. As this proves you love writing, shall I tell how I would wish you to write? in what new manner you might honourably distinguish yourself? It is by becoming the historian of manners; fixing the tale of your story in what distant period best pleases you, and making it characteristic of the manners, and, what is more difficult, the habits of feeling and thought, prevalent at that time, and in that scene. There exists no tale of romance that does not betray ignorance, gross and unpardonable ignorance. Horace Walpole's, indeed, is an exception, but even he discovers no knowledge. Such a work would do your own mind good by the necessary reading, and the train of thoughts that would inevitably follow. It would be useful, because it would impart knowledge, though the book itself should want any other merit, which I will not suspect, because I remember my companion at Cintra. England is the best scene, not only because the information is contained in your own language, but because the scenery is before you, and nature never can be painted from books.

I was well off with one companion — even when he had done his dinner, he could not talk without my assistance; but now, enter three Irishmen, fresh from ship-board, and I am at their mercy

Coleridge remembered you, not merely as one with whom he had been pleased, but also as a snuff-taker. As I have written a reasoning defence of snuff-taking, you will not look upon this as censure. But for the annoyance of these men, I would gossip through the rest of the paper. These lonely situations are what women never endure — to be utterly alone — no human being within a hundred miles who knows or cares for you. A savage receives you in his hut with kindness; but kindness is not a purchasable commodity. I ring the bell, and what I want is brought me, and put in the bill; but I am accustomed to the hourly company of those who look at me, to prevent a wish.

God bless you, Miss Barker. My next will, I trust, be written among better externals, and in a more pleasurable state of mind. Edith is not in good health; and what more vexes me is, that my absence will at least prevent amendment by affecting her spirits. It is not often that a man practises self-denial in pursuing his worldly advancement. Farewell! and believe me

Yours, with respect and truth,

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Dublin, Oct. 20. 1801.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I expect to see you soon, in less than three weeks, as soon as distance by land and by water, allowing for an

up to Keswick, will permit. Mr. Corry and I have only passed through the preliminaries of a bow and a take by the hand; for he is moving off in such a hurry that I do not receive livery and seisin of the secretarian pen till we reach London.

Grosvenor, if you should think of writing a book as Ovid has done, concerning metamorphoses, probably my transformation into a man of business may find a place there. I am reconciled to my lot, inasmuch as the neighbourhood of Dublin is very lovely, and in John Rickman's society I feel little want of any other. He and I, like a whale and a man, are of the same genus, though with great specific differences. If he lives long enough, I expect to see him one of the greatest and most useful men our country has produced. He bends every thing to practice. His very various knowledge is always brought to bear upon some point of general importance; and his situation will now give him the power of producing public benefit.

I have spent the first days of my new era characteristically and to my satisfaction. As, on my arrival, Mr. Corry was absent, what did I but open "Madoc," and commenced the great labour of rebuilding it. When Mr. Corry returned, and I found myself at leisure, I went on with my work, so that I have done something in Ireland.

Howbeit, Grosvenor, to all that my situation requires I am equal. Punctuality is my pride, method almost my hobby-horse, and I am not deficient in activity. Leisure enough will be left me; and though my invitation runs only for a year — if I may believe John Rickman — I am in the road to fortune, a *clear* road, Gros-

venor, and not a very long way. Hurra! I have had my ups and downs upon this ocean of the world, and have no objection to cast anchor in port.

For the first year my income will not be increased. It will amount about to the same as my usual receipts, augmented by my own brain-breeding; but my shoulders are lighter, Grosvenor. Look at the picture in the Pilgrim's Progress! What happened to Christian when he saw the cross? *He* put nothing in his pocket either.

Am I not in right healthy spirits? and yet they will mend when I get home. It is not good for man to be alone; and though it were good, it would not be agreeable.

Oh! — I had almost forgotten two points of antiquity. It is the opinion of Coleridge that the Irish are descended from certain aboriginals who escaped the deluge in a cock-boat that rested upon Mount Taurus. My own idea is that they are of Cretan race — the descendants of Pasiphae.

R. SOUTHEY.

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### *To Miss Barker.*

Lisbon, 1801, and Dublin, Oct. 21. 1801.

WHAT shall I say—what will you say—of my long and abominable silence? Will two long journeys, much sight-seeing abroad, and a roomful of folios at home, help me out in my defence? or is it not better to plead guilty, and throw myself on your mercy? At last I am writing, and it is of the greatest consequence to me that the letter should reach England safely — because I am going in the packet with it. We have been three weeks in a state of wash-and-wear preparation, and

expectation, and disappointment, — day after day fixed, and our departure day after day delayed by state affairs.

Of the campaign in Portugal you can have formed but very imperfect ideas. No general ever brought an enemy so soon to terms as the Duke has done. The campaign lasted nineteen days. The Duke set out from Lisbon when the Spaniards were at *his* head-quarters. The army had neither food nor ammunition. He, indeed, sent carriers to bring him water from the Fonte da Praia for his own drinking; and this was the only instance of any supplies being sent. When tidings were brought him of the enemy's movements, he clapped his hands to his head: "O my God! what can Luiz Pinto be about!" Luiz Pinto was signing and sealing at Badajoz what terms France and Spain in their mercy might grant. What those terms are we do not yet know. The murder is daily expected to come out, and the packet is waiting for this state secret, to the very great annoyance of any poor passenger who does not care one button about the business of the state, and has business of his own in England. But you must not imagine that while the seat of war was only four-score miles from Lisbon, no preparations were made in the capital. True it is, nobody knew what was going on in the armies — we were as ignorant here as you could be in England; but the Portuguese made ready for the worst, and called upon their never-failing allies, the whole army of saints; the theatres were shut, processions made, and ladies of rank followed Nostro Senhor bare-footed through the streets. He was placed in the cathedral by the high altar, with candles and soldiers round him, and there for days did the devout kiss his heel, after touching it with each eye. He was to save the country; and as he did not make his appearance till it was well known what was doing at Badajoz, the

infallible image retains his credit, and is the author of the peace.

When the wise rulers of this country combined with other wise rulers in this wise war, they said they were going to be pall-bearers at the funeral of France. "They digged a pit:" you know the text, — and here is the comment. Ridiculous as this burlesque war has been, still its consequences will be serious to Portugal. Her commerce will be clipped, and as the armies have trampled down the corn country, the want of provisions in those inland parts where it cannot be conveyed will be dreadful.

And there I left off, and we embarked; and here I am in the Bay of Biscay, as deplorable an object as you can picture. Surely old Beelzebub must have a large navy manned by sea-sick souls; it were a braver punishment than any that ever Dante dreamt; its degrees and varieties of torture would be infinite, and the wicked might purify slight crimes by a short cruise in the Flying Dutchman, or be frozen up in the North Seas in the Royal Satan. I am vexed to see by your letter that Cottle sent you the *quarto* edition of "Joan of Arc," which is as inferior to the later copy as a distance of two years ought to make it; at the best it is faulty enough, but it was my intention that you should have the best. The vision is very bad as to its *composition*, to use a painter's phrase, though well painted, and in colours that will not fade. In dramatic or epic writing all visions are faulty. If they anticipate, they do harm — if not, to what purpose are they there? The one in question, in about one thousand lines, does not carry on the action of the poem one minute, and it might have been extended to any length. I cannot think a mole would improve a woman's face though it had the colours of the rainbow or the peacock's tail. You have perhaps by this time seen "Thalaba," who must now be about a

month old. My next poetical employment it would be difficult to decide, as half-a-dozen unborn subjects are battling who shall enter the world first, and all of them are secondary objects to my great labour, the "History of Portugal," on which I have expended much time and much money, — this will be the work of years.

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Dublin, Oct. 21. 1801.

Here, Miss Barker, is the half-written sheet which has been lying in my desk and travelling in my pocket-book now nearly six months. I send it to help my last in pleading pardon, and because it contains some Portuguese anecdotes; there is room enough in the sheet for memoirs of myself.

I came here in consequence of an invitation from Mr Corry to be his private secretary,—a good situation, and promising future fortune. I have been here just a week, and daily expect to return to England: my way must be straight to Keswick for Edith, and thence to London. I hope and believe you will write me something that shall be like a good-natured look and a friendly shake by the hand. Direct it "Keswick, Cumberland," and let me find it on my arrival.

Give me an introduction to Charlotte Smith; that is, send me her address, and tell her that I will call. I wish to see her, for she is a favourite novelist with me, far above more popular names, and also by a very odd association the cause of my present situation. I took in when a boy a periodical work with prints of ruins. There was a view of the ruins at Christchurch in Hampshire. Those said ruins are introduced either in "Celestina" or the "Old Manor House;" I think in the latter. One summer I went to the sea; and, for no earthly reason else but the remembrance of that print and that novel, chose Christchurch for my abode, and

there made a friendship with the man who accompanied Mr. Abbott as private secretary here, and has been the means of employing me in the same capacity to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All this is foolish prattle, but it is odd, and strictly true. So God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

London, 1801.

CHARLOTTE SMITH, I see, is better acquainted with John Bunyan than with Robert Southey—that she will find out whenever we meet. As for panegyric, I never praised living being yet, except Mary Wollstonecraft *, — not even Bonaparte in his honest days. She, I perceive, still clings to France: but France has played the traitor with liberty. Mary Barker, it is not I who have turned round. I stand where I stood, looking at the rising sun — and now the sun has set behind me!

England has mended — is mending — will mend. I have still faith enough in God, and hope enough of man, but not of France! Freedom cannot grow up in that hot-bed of immorality; that oak must root in a hardier soil — England or Germany. A military despotism! popery reestablished! the negroes again to be enslaved! Why had not the man perished before the walls of Acre in his greatness and his glory? I *was* asked to write a poem upon that defeat, and half-tempted to do it because it went to my very heart.

I wish we could offer you a bed: lodgings cramp one sadly. Edith's love. We are eager to see you.

Yours,

R. SOUTHEY.

* See Sonnet to Mary Wollstonecraft, Poems, p. 86., one volume edition.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

25. Bridge Street, Westminster,
Nov. 27. 1801.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

This morning I called on Burnett, whom I found recovering from a bilious flux, and in the act of folding up a letter designed for you. He then, for the first time, showed me your letter, and his reply. I perceived that the provoking blunder in Lamb's direction affected the tone of yours, and that the seventeen shillings' worth of anger fell upon George. Your caustic was too violent. It eat through the proud flesh, but it has also wounded the feeling and healthy part below. The letter, which I have suppressed, was in the same style as his last. I prevailed on him to lay it up in his desk, because it was no use showing you the wound you had inflicted. Your time would be better any how employed than in reading full pages that were not written with the design of giving pleasure. That your phrases were too harsh I think, and Lamb and Mary Lamb think also. 'Twas a horse-medicine, a cruel dose of yellow-*gamboodge* (though I do not mean to insinuate that it occasioned his diarrhœa).

What I foresaw, or rather hoped would take place, is now going on in him. He begins to discover that hackneying authorship is not the way to be great — to allow that six hours' writing in a public office is *better* than the same number of hours' labour for a fat publisher — that it is more certain, less toilsome, quite as respectable. I have even prevailed on him to attend to his handwriting, on the possibility of some such happy appointment, and doubt not ere long to convince him, in his own way, of the moral fitness of writing strait lines and distinct letters, according to all the laws of mind. He *wishes* to get a tutor's place. In my judgment a clerk's

would suit him better, for its permanence. Nothing like experience! He would not think its duties beneath him; and if he were so set at ease from the daily bread-and-cheese anxieties that would disorder a more healthy intellect than his, I believe that passion for distinction which haunts *him*, would make *him*, in the opinion of the world, the booksellers, and himself, a very pretty historian, quite as good as any of the Scotch breed. It puzzles me how he has learnt to round his sentences so ear-ticklingly. He has never rough-hewn anything, but he finishes like a first journeyman.

Write to him some day, and lay on an emollient plaister; it would heal him, and comfort him. A very active man we shall never have, but as active as nature will let him he soon will be, and quite enough for daily official work. If you could set him in the land of potatoes, we should, I believe in conscience, see the historian of the twelve Cæsars become a great man. A more improbable prophecy of mine about the wretched Alfred has been fulfilled.

Mr. Corry and I have met once since my last, and no mention was made about Egypt: the silence satisfied me, because Portugal is a better and far more suitable subject. It is odd that he has never asked me to dine with him, and not quite accordant with his general courtliness of conduct. Seeing little of him, I have not formed so high an opinion of his talents or information as you had led me to conceive; doubtless in his own department he possesses both, but on all other ground I am the better traveller; and he hardly knows the turnpike when I have beat through all the by-ways and windings, and cross-roads. I found it expedient to send him my sundry books, in compliance with a hint to that effect. He called to thank me; and this dropping a card has been the extent of personal and avoidable civility. To my great satisfaction, I have entire leisure; that is to

my *present* comfort — for it does not promise much for the future. I had nearly forgotten to ask you about the transfer to the library.

Your friend Vaughan Griffiths has got a few steps up the ladder. I do not mean the ladder which such-like honest gentlemen sometimes ascend. He has taken Remnant the German bookseller's stock, and announces a catalogue of foreign books. The Magazine exists — I certify its existence, having seen one for this month in a window: the spirit having left it, I suspect *vampirism* in its present life.

Coleridge is in town. You should commute your "Star" for the "Morning Post," in which you will see good things from him, and such occasional verses as I may happen to evacuate. The "Anthology" is revivescent under the eye of Blind Tobin, to whom all the honour, and glory, and papers are transferred. There will be enough of the old leaven to keep up a family likeness to its half-brothers. "Madoc" is on the anvil — slow and sure. I expect my Porto papers this evening with my mother, and shall return with new appetite to my dear old folios. So give Burnett a line. Your letter was too hard, and you would do a kind action by easing him of resentment. Edith's remembrances. Farewell.

Yours truly,
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

London, Dec. 21. 1801.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I am very desirous to see the catalogue, because my uncle has bought so many books since my return, that now, when a work comes in my way, I do not venture at the hap-hazard to purchase it. My inclina-

tions more and more lead me towards history; and that pursuit again is continually stimulating me, by its abundant subject, to poetry. I have a treaty on foot to write in the "Courier"—and, if I can, so add two guineas or two and a half weekly to my income: it will be very convenient. In that case, as of course I shall get a paper, I will send it daily to you. In one of my beloved old Spaniards I found a wild story the other day, which I am half-disposed to stitch up into a play for the stage. Happily my dreaming does not keep me idle; it only amuses the intervals from employment.

Miss Barker is at last settled in town for the winter with Charlotte Smith, whom I like very much; though it gave me an uncomfortable surprise to see her look so old and broken down. I like her manners. By having a large family, she is more humanised, more akin to common feelings, than most literary women. Though she has done more and done better than other women writers, it has not been her whole employment—she is not looking out for admiration and talking to show off. I see in her none of the nasty little envies and jealousies common enough among the cattle. What she likes, she likes with judgment and feeling, and praises warmly. Lamb and his sister see us often: he is printing his play, which will please you by the exquisite beauty of its poetry, and provoke you by the exquisite silliness of its story. Godwin, who often visits him, has a trick of always falling asleep for some *hour* after supper. One night Lamb was at Godwin's, with the Mr. Fell whose dull "Tour through the Batavian Republic" I saw at your house, when the philosopher was napping there as usual; they carried off his rum, brandy, sugar, picked his pockets of every thing, and made off in triumph. Godwin is in a way to marry a widow with one child; he has also another work in hand, the

"History of the Life and Times of Geoffery Chaucer." Burnett is soon going down to pass a month with his mother. I have the hope that Rickman will settle him in Dublin.

This is a wretched place for books; buy indeed you can, but there is no other way of procuring them, and buying by wholesale does not suit a retail purchaser. At Bristol your society and your library ticket procured me a tolerable supply; here I have only the book-stalls and my own stores,—enough, indeed, to occupy me—but the interest is always in proportion to the capital. Davy supped with me on Saturday—his only visit; he has been, and is, and will be usefully busied. Coleridge will go down to the Wedgewoods, and he talks of returning to pass some months in London. I see him but seldom. His dislike to London is only when he is obliged to work in it, or when he is away; otherwise he certainly likes the perpetual stimulation of company, which he cannot procure elsewhere. We expect an important addition to our circle when Miss Seton arrives, which will be soon. The B.'s asked me to dine one day, which I declined; my reason was the unconscionable distance. Since then, I met them in the street, and they gave a general invitation for all Sundays, which happily spares the trouble of any particular refusal. I don't like the breed. On Wednesday I am to dine with Longman, "to meet a few literary friends." They will probably be new to me, and may furnish some amusement,—at least, I love to see all odd people.

I often wish to see King, for his own sake; and now I have at times certain symptoms that give me a more selfish motive. Has he done frog-massacring yet? Remember me to him, to Mr. Rowe, to the male and female Foxes, if, indeed, they have not quitted the Ark. Mrs. Danvers will, like me, rejoice at the thaw. Perhaps, if severe weather returns, she may find serious benefit from

what Carlisle advises my mother to wear—a waistcoat with sleeves of leather—thin washing leather—worn under the gown. It preserves the body more equally warm than any other substance.

I wish I could hear of anything that could serve your brother John. I shall inquire and watch, not the less attentively for the little prospect there is of my succeeding. My mother and Edith send their remembrances. As for myself, if I could go, like my letter, for seven-pence, it should not be the journey that should deter me from seeing you. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To John King, Esq., Pneumatic Institution, Hotwells, Bristol.**

London, March 16. 1802.

MON AMY

C'est ne pas facile pour un homme que ne sçait parler ni écrire François, écrire une lettre dans cette langue sans grammaire et sans dictionnaire. Eh bien! il faut que j'apprens, et si vous voulez vous ennuyer en lisant lettres les plus barbares, me voici, votre correspondent. Vous sayez que je n'aime pas la langue Françoise, elle ni a la mollesse de l'Italienne ni la délicatesse de la Portugaise, ni la majesté de l'Espagnole. La poesie Françoise, à mon gout est detestable; pour l'epigramme pour le chanson, il vaut assez bien, pour l'epique, pour tragede, sacre Dieu! quelle harmonie avec bouche affreuse et bizarre, il faut faire la pro-

These, and other letters of the same sort, are printed to show the playfulness of Southey's disposition. The French is like the French he used to talk on his travels. He talked it boldly, and shrugged his shoulders *à la merveille*. I have not altered one grammatical error;—the specimen is complete.

nunciation! Un homme de genie, tel comme Voltaire, ou le plus grand Rousseau, vaincra la langue. En effet, pour faire son ouvre, bon ouvrier vaut mieux que bonnes instrumentes. Vous sçavez l'arrangement pour les ouvres de Chatterton que j'ai fait chez Messrs. Longman et Rees. Mon ami Rickman a dessiné pour la vignette une vue de l'Eglise de St. Marie Redclift. Elle sera une belle estampe, mais il faut une autre pour l'autre tome, et M. Duppa, un sçavant artist, (peut-etre vous avez ouie de les lettres qu'il a publié tirées de le dernier jugement de Miche Ange) a suggesé a moi que le meilleure sujet, serait la vue de l'interieure de l'apartment, dans laquelle les supposés MSS., furent depositées: j'ose vous prier faire la dessein. Il n'est pas necessaire m'excuser en mendiant une acte qu'on peut appeller charitable. Je pense que l'antique chambre *, et le vieux coffre peuvent faire une vignette assez jolie et fort approprié. Le climat de ma patrie est si execrable que aujourd'hui, dans le printemps, ma main tresails, tant il fait froid, nonobstant que je suis si pres du feu, que mes jambes sont bien roties. Croyez moi, mon ami, que j'ai reçu avec la plus grande et veritable satisfaction, l'espoir de vous avoir pour mon compagnon dans mon exile en l'Irlande. Demeurer dans une terre sauvage, parmi gens les plus bizarres et barbares et sans un seul ami, ce vue de futurité fut fort affreuse. Curiosité meme ne peut longtemps subsister sans un compagnon. J'avais medité un tour à Killarney et au Nord pour voir les roches celebres dans les Geants, dans lequel Rickman devoit etre mon associé du voyage. Je ne me plaindrai de l'exchange si je peux voyager avec vous. Les montagnes et les torrens de Wicklow ne valent ceux de votre terre sublime, ne de les Isles Fortunées que vous avez

* The drawings here alluded to were engraved, and are the frontispieces to Vols. I. and II.

visité. Mais je crois qu'ils sont dignes de votre pinceau. Malheureusement pour la science du Galvani St. Patric ne laissait pas une de ces — Ah que je suis bête ignore! comment se sont nommes? Votre amis, les pauvres animals, si plats et de sang froid naturel, de quelles vous avez mourtrie tant milles avec votre sang froid scientifique? Tout le venom de l'Isle depuis cet age a passe dans les habitants humaines. Si vous avez un de ces gens-la dans votre laboratoire vous ne pouviez lui analiser qui en ses BATATES et sa WHISKEY, — ces sont les elementes primaires. Coleridge a supposé qu'ils sont une race veritablement anti-diluvienne de quels les ancetres, ne voulaient entrer dans l'Arc avec Noe, mais effuyaient dans une petite barque, que abordait sur le mont Taure. Pour moi, j'ai une autre theorie plus favorable à la vanite de la nation. Je crois qui elles sont d'une origine plus noble que les autres peuples de la monde, parceque tous les autres sont descendues de les reins de Noe — parbleu il ne vaut rien dans cette langue exécrable — parcequ'—je veux dire. "Because other people spring from the loins of Noah, and they from the sifloins of Pasiphaes' paramour." Voilà une descente fort aristocratique. ••

Le Traité Definitif est attendu chaque jour, chaque heur je peux dire, un ami qui pendant quelques semaines a cherche inutilment une passeport pour France, reçut ce matin l'intelligence à bureau des — qu'il pourra aller dans peu de jours sans ristrictions. Avez-vous lisé le tragedi de Schiller sur Jeanne d'Arc? On dit qu'il y a fait de la Pucelle une sorciere enamoré d'un officier Anglois! M. Cottle, le grand Poete, qui premierement enfloit la trompe épique et depuis la trompe Judaique, au present est imprimant a son propre imprimerie une poeme nouvelle sur un sujet qui n'est pas si nouvelle et qu'il a deja traité. C'est un sermon rhymé preché par Jean le Baptist. Elle sera une etude desirable quel-

que minute que vous ne pouvez pas dormir, parcequ'elle est fort narcotique, et il est plus agreable passer son medecine par les yeux que par la bouche. J'ai l'espoir en peu de temps ecrire passablement en Françoise. Celui-ci etoit ecrit facilement, avec le meme desregard de les loix de grammaire que Monsieur le premier Consul a demonstré pour tous les autres loix. J'ai l'honneur d'etre, c'est a dire, je suis vraiment et avec regard, votre ami,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P. S. Hier j'ai reçu la lettre du notre bon ami Danvers, à laquelle demain ou le jour depuis demain je repondrai.

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*To John King, Esq., Pneumatic Institution, Hot Wells, Bristol.*

London, April, 1802.

HIER, mon ami, je fus chez M. Y. J'ai oublie son nom. Il ne fut pas chez lui. Je l'ai laissé votre lettre, en disant que dans peu de jours je reviendrai. Au present il ne seroit possible que j'apprendrai Française. J'ai tant a faire que pour chaque heur il ne serait pas difficile trouver beaucoup plus d'occupations que suffiseraient pour le labeur de deux. Ah! les particles. Les *eus*, et les *ens*, et les *nes*, et les *ys!* Voila les petites diables qui me tormentent. Eh bien-ci, apres avec l'assistance de votre ami, je vaincra les diables — la grammaire vaut bien le Breviare dans cette guerre, ou meme le parfait exorciste, — je vais apprendre le *Welch*. J'ai bien deliberé si la connoissance vaut la peine, car la langue n'est pas facile. Voila les tresors qu'elle contient — plusieurs croniques, plusieurs centuries de triades, tres curieuses, dans lesquelles sont traditions

plus anciens peutêtre que tous les histoires du monde, un tres grand collection des poemes, desqeuls plusieurs sont de la meme siecle que mon heros Madoc, et furent les hymnes de victoire à la cour de son pere. Il y a un autre motif que j'apprends cette langue. Je crois qu'elle est la plus ancienne de toutes les langues Européennes. J'ai beaucoup d'envie de voyager en Biscaie et peutêtre la connoissance de la Welch m'ajouteroit entendre la Basque, qu'est le fondement, la racine, la font et de l'Espagnole et de la Portugaise. Jusqu'au present tous les ouvrages des Bardes et tous les Triades existerent seulement en MSS. Mais ils sont imprimés au depens d'un particulier, homme patriotique, auquel tous les sçavans devoient eriger un monument. Deux Tomes, tres grands ont deja apparus. Il va imprimer tres ou quatre, mais le depense seroit tres grand. Il est marchand assez rich.

Vous me demandez ce que de pense de M——. Je lui connu a l'ecole, je l'y croyois garçon de genie, mais il ne tient aujourd'hui ni un seul ami de sa jeunesse, et je crois qu'il n'a pas du cœur estimable. C'est un homme des mots, des professions, des sourires. Je hais, j'ai defiance de cette politique qu'ils monstre en chaque parole, en chaque regard. J'ai lu ses Tragedies, son poem sur le general Abercromby, ils ne valoient rien, ils sont precisement comme lui-meme, des mots, et rien de mais, il ecrit comme il parloit sans senter. Ce pourtrait n'est pas bien agreable, tant pis! je sentis qu'il est vrai.

La critique de mon ami Guillaume Taylor c'est une ouvrage bien extraordinaire, je ne sçais un homme ni de genie plus brillante ni de cœur plus amiable. En toutes ses ouvrages nous voyons la meme petillage la meme scintillage, que est que ce mot qu'il faut? Le meme jeu d'imagination, le meme profondeur de science, la meme joaillerie d'esprit. Mais il n'a pas du gout

dans ses propres ouvrages, bienque je pense (il m'a toujours fort loué et bien corrigé) que pour les ouvrages des autres son jugement est presque papale. Le tout est de fleurs, et d'or, et de pierrerie; pour moi, c'est un banquet, mais pour les gens ordinaires, les petites chiens de critiques, ils ne peuvent pas passer avec lui dans la meme sentence de l'Angleterre a Chine, de ce monde a l'autre, des les nuées avec l'Hippogrip ou le Simorg jusqu'aux les cavernes du Dom Daniel; ses associations sont trop vives trop rapides pour le plupart des lecteurs, et souvent il y a quelque chose de bizarre melée avec les pensees nobles. Vous avez bien caracterisé sa critique, mais pourquoi avez vous demandé pardon pour votre louange de Wieland? Je n'ai jamais ni dit ni imaginé que cet auteur n'est pas homme de genie, seulement je dis que son Oberon n'est pas poeme de mon gout. Je vois la l'homme d'esprit, d'imagination, et croyant le jugement general, le maitre parfait de langue poetique, mais il n'a pas cette noblesse, cette force d'ame, avec lesquelles il faut sympatiser necessairement, la mollesse, la volupté, voila ce qu'il aime. Sa genie est Grecque j'avoue, mais s'il devoit etre né dans les belles ages de Greece, ni Athens ni Lacedemon devoit etre le lieu de sa naissance, ni Minerve ni Déane la déesse de ses vœux. Il seroit Cypriot, le pretre de la plus belle, mais non la meilleure de les Deesses.

La sorte de Thalabe est fort semblable a celle de son auteur, sa reputation est faite — mais pour sa fortune — helas! n'importe! L'un ne sente pas, l'autre ne se soucie pas, et tous les deux vivront. Ce matin-la pour la premiere fois, l'invitation de M. Edgeworth a son chateau m'a trouvé, c'est a dire verbalement, par un jeune Irlandois, homme d'esprit et qu'est meilleur, bon democrat. Je vous prie faites mes remercements à Madame Beddoes pour sa pere. Je suis veritablement obligé et j'espere profiter par sa politesse desormais,

peutêtre, mon ami, nous voyageons ensemble en Irlande. Des montagnes, des rochers, des sauvages, faut il plus a faire un Voyage Pittoresque meilleur qui celle de votre ami M. Bourrit qui a écrit sur votre terre. Jean Rickman ne reviendra pas a l'Irlande. Ici il n'a pas du salaire aussi bon, mais il vaut mieux quelque 100*l.* vivre entre les gens civilisés. Sa maison est charmante—le jardin est sur le bord du Thames, il n'y a habitation plus agreable dans cette grande ville. Davy fut chez moi la derniere soire, il se porte très bien. Ce soire Jacques Tobin vient a souper ici. Il a envie de voir le grand payen Thomas Taylor, et je crois que nous avrons un discussion très edifiante entre l'homme qui croit en mil dieux et l'homme qui ne croit pas en l'un. Le grand payen a traduit tous les ouvres de Plato : le Duc de Norfolk paie pour l'imprimerie. "Le Duc," dit son protegé, "fait que je me souvienne d'un belle dit de Plato, 'dans les hommes vicieux il y a du respect pour la virtue par laquelle quelquefois ils font des choses virtueuses.'" Voila quel payen honnête! J'ai commencé une traite preliminaire avec mes libraires,—les Mecenes de la litterature Anglaise. Je ne sçais si nous accorderons sur les termes. S'ils veulent signer mon Definitif je vous ferai part et peutêtre prierai je votre assistance. La difference est sur mon nom que je ne veux pas donner, parcequ'il me peut nuire comme homme d'etat. Mais pour la premiere fois j'ai apprené que Robert Southey vaut 40*l.* Je ne puis faire mes complements en cette langue, mais je vous prie dites pour moi les mots Anglaises de la plus grande et veritable affection et estime a votre ami Danvers et sa bonne mere—il et elle les meilleures et les plus cheres de toutes mes amis —et croyez vous que nonobstant votre nom terrible M. le Roi je suis veritablement en fausse grammaire votre ami,

R. SOUTHEY.

*To Miss Barker.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, May 9. 1802.

SenHORa BARKeriANA,—it is but an awkward way of expressing the tune of those words, and yet it will do; the great letters *forte*, and the little ones *andante* or *allegro*, the whole base; but the tenor of the whole to stand instead of a formality, and remind you of the risings and fallings—the sinkings and swellings—the hills and dales—the mountains and glens—the lights and shades—the storm-waves and the calm ripplings of my voice, most musical, which is a great voice and loud, but now lieth at rest. Howbeit, having found my way out of this parenthesis, though, by the by, there must come in something about the apple, which is a large apple, and therefore having of course a large *core*, must fit the voice-organ for a *coro*; being, I say, fairly arrived half-way down the first page of my paper, and at the beginning of my letter—preliminaries, you know, take up a large portion of a statesman's time, and secretaries learn something;—to proceed to the matter desired, here we are

Kingsdown, Bristol, Friday, May 28. 1802—

safely arrived, after a warm journey of twenty-four hours, which cost almost a shilling an hour, the fare being one pound three, and of course would have been as cheap again if the coach had been eight-and-forty hours upon the road, which would have made it a great bargain. Swinea*bell* bore the journey *well*, better I think than Mrs. Lo*vell*. Bella was sick, I am sorry to *tell*. We had two other decent peo*pell*. Poor *I* was very slee*py*. And to Bristol at last we all of us *got*, filthy, and tired, and plaguely *hot*.

Some six months ago a lady called and expressed prodigious delight at seeing Mrs. Danvers working the

carpet upon which the desk was to stand, whereon so many beautiful poems were to be written.* And cannot you guess who this lady of prophetic complaisance was? Why, who should it be but Miss Bunjy, or Bungy, or Benjy, or Beagy, who, doubtless, remembers the game at Pope Joan, and views me now in her imagination "shorn of my beams."

There was joy in store for me at Bristol,—my dear and noble books. Such folios of saints! dull books enough for my patience to diet upon, till all my flock be gathered together into one fold. But where and when? Of course I know as little as when we parted, or rather did not part, for that cursed good-bye is a word I never pronounce if it mean more than a fortnight's separation. However, I do see for about four months forward, and Edith is now looking out for a small ready-furnished house. Lodgings would not now so well suit us. And do you, Senhora, instruct yourself in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue, to qualify yourself for the office designed you by my Threetailship.

When I tell you that sixteen volumes of Spanish poetry are lying uncut in the room, and a large folio, long in requisition, and yet untasted, lying at—yea, actually jogging my elbow—you will allow that I sacrifice something in bescrawling this paper at this time. So fail not you to certify us of your safe arrival and well being in Staffordshire. There is a strangeness in the great quiet of this place,—still more, in missing at once a whole army of acquaintance, and those such remarkables, as were used to frequent our rooms. But I shall do wonders; and if, by the end of the year, there be not much history done, and much "Madoc" and "Amadis," in a parenthesis, and half a poem as good as "Thalaba," why woe be to the little moveables on each side my head.

* This marvellous carpet is still treasured up by Mrs. Warter.

I am persuaded here, by Danvers, to settle near London, though to be near him is the only reason that tempts me to settle here. However, here we must tarry for a season; and if, during that time, any very desirable house were vacant, I feel a somewhat towards the country where I grew up that would perhaps birdlime me. We have some lovely scenery near, within an easy walk. I should be content to live in the Strand if I could drop down these rocks, and woods, and rivers, just upon St. Giles or St. James (giving, you know, the inhabitants of the said parish warning to remove): but that not being the case, you know what Mohammed did when the mountain would not come to him,—exactly what I must do *just now* with respect to the post-office. So remember you all the remembrances that I always choose to forget in my epistolisation, and know me,

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Bristol, June 2. 1802.

DEAR RICKMAN,

Now that my arrangements, *pro tempore*, are concluded, it is time to despatch intelligence to my friends. You remember Danvers's house; we have taken one in the same row, the whole furnished, at a guinea and a half per week. So much room is necessary, as Edith expects to be confined in the course of the summer. The situation is good, and the almost next door neighbourhood of a friend every way desirable. This evening we take possession. I shall, at least, have leisure to do much here: after my thousand and one acquaintance in London I feel as secluded here as in a convent.

Our journey was cheap — four-and-twenty hours for three-and-twenty shillings. What a bargain, if the coach had been as long again upon the road! I find some good books arrived for me from Lisbon — two of the oldest and rarest chronicles, the best book upon Abyssinia, and the whole monastic history of the kingdom and its colonies. These last will enable me to complete the three first centuries, and then I enter upon the splendid era of discovery.

I wrote to one Simon Harcourt, M.P., to send me a Portuguese manuscript belonging to my uncle, directed to you: should it arrive, will you acknowledge its receipt by a line to him. It is the paper of which I published an abstract.

You will soon, I hope, be able to send me intelligence from the Chancellor. I left him a note the morning of our departure. I am well pleased that our connection should end. Not but any foolish office is desirable with such a salary annexed; but I am weary of vagabonding about, and have now a pressing motive for settling; nor can I and my books afford to be so separated any longer. I should now be half-a-dozen times in the course of a day in your house if the devil would carry me there, or I could ride a broomstick. About the where of my abiding place there is little hesitation. Bristol has not enough society,— for that, Norwich is the best place; but the neighbourhood of London allows a readier intercourse with booksellers, and, in ceasing to be a secretary, I must become a scribbler. My stay here — or at least Edith's — if it should please the powers above to whistle me over to Dublin, cannot be less than four months. I expect that your definitive intelligence will enable me to commission John May to have his eye upon the small houses around Richmond, and secure me one at Michaelmas. He fixes me to that neighbourhood: one friend within a half-hour's walk is among the necessaries of life.

I met Poole here, on his way to France, and desired that he would make Davy take him to you. He is a man whom you will like to converse with, for his pursuits have been chiefly agriculture and political economy; he is self-taught, and his mind powerful, active, and discriminating.

The Pneumatic Institution continues. The name should be changed, as they do little with the gases, on account, chiefly, of the expence of experiments. Beddoes now chiefly supports it. Davy's successor, King, a Swiss, is a very able man, with a hand of dexterity almost as convertible as yours. Their patients are very numerous. They sometimes succeed in curing early consumption by the caustic; and their treatment of syphilis rarely or never fails. I forget whether you saw Beddoes. The old medical language fits his character admirably; he is of nature cold and dry. It is to be lamented that they have not pursued pneumatic experiments steadily; the gases act so immediately and powerfully, that they should appear to be great agents in medicine.

Do you know any thing—that is, have you ever thought any thing about the production of mushrooms? I want to have a method discovered of producing them in great quantities, because they contain more nutriment than any vegetable substance, and appear to need no manure; and besides, they are excellent in a hundred ways. The world wants some epicure to turn chemist, and give us a scientific book of cookery. I dream of a thousand things which I could do if settled in a house in the country, with a garden. Direct "Kingsdown, Bristol." Danvers, his mother, and Edith all desire to be remembered.

Yours truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, June 7. 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your letter, inclosing ten guineas for Mrs. James. The subscription is tolerably successful. Enough is almost, and certainly will be, raised to purchase for her an annuity equal to the little maintenance afforded her by her son.

I mention Danvers's as a safer direction than my own, because he is an established resident of some years' standing. We are lodged in his neighbourhood — or rather housed; for we have taken a small furnished house by the month, just large enough for our convenience. I took from London one box of historical books, and here I find a valuable store from Lisbon — the whole monastic history of Portugal and its colonies — Cistercian, Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit. This cargo also contains two very important works, which will speedily come into use, — the old chronicle of the Great Constable Nuñe Alvares Pereyra, and that of the King D. Joaõ I. by Fernaõ Lopez, both rare books of high price.

The Monastic History is to me extremely interesting, — the detail of a very odd system, and the biography of a very odd breed of mortals, whose *cerebella* I think must have been organised in a different way from mine. Anecdotes of folly or fraud, and not unfrequently of both so blended that they cannot be separated, perpetually stimulate and waken one's attention in these folios. They have something like the interest of a fairy tale — the manners, opinions, and feelings they describe are so utterly out of the sphere of English sympathy. Their main historical value is mere accident. A good monk illuminates his own convent only for the

honour and glory of the order; but we see what is passing by, by the light. There is a sort of sportsman pleasure in this startling information; besides, it always comes fairly — it is accidental, not wilful evidence.

Another part of my employment is to fill up the narrative from the Moorish conquest down to the appearance of Count Henrique. In this there occur some uncommonly interesting and singular tales of Bernardo del Carpio, of the Infantes of Lara, of the great Almanzor, and the great Cid Rũy Diaz. My materials are very ample, indeed almost complete. I have enough books in England to employ three years of active industry.

As yet I have received no information from Mr. Corry. This does not anyways surprise. There can be none till Rickman has had the good chance to find him alone, and at leisure for conversation. Of the result there is so little doubt that I am making up, or rather have made up my own plans; and after weighing maturely and considerately the relative advantages of the only three dwelling places to which there exists any motive of preference — Norwich, Bristol, and the neighbourhood of London — I decidedly prefer the last, because it gives me access to public and private libraries, and places me within reach of the booksellers, with whom I may from time to time engage in works of obscure profit. The neighbourhood of London means your neighbourhood, for the convenience of finding a house, and the comfort of living in it when found. The nearness of many acquaintance is a matter of luxury, but one friend within a half-hour's walk is among the necessaries of life. It is as essential almost as air and water. You are in a beautiful country (Malvern), and will be able to send good accounts of your whole staff. You did not mention in your last

the state of Mrs. May's sister. I trust she is recovering. Edith joins me in remembrance to Mrs. May.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Kingsdown, July 9. 1802.

SENHORA,

The Bashaw writes, because some five weeks have elapsed since he hath written: but what hath he of the three tails to write about, of, or concerning? The tongue runneth faster than the pen; yea, it hath more power; the pen commandeth only twenty-six letters, it can only range between A and Z; these are its limits—like all before and after life—(I had forgotten, *and-pussey-and!* *), but my tongue, my omnipotent manufacturer of all noises, who shall limit its creative almightiness? We have a parrot living five doors' distant; with him I do converse from the window; he hath taught me to articulate new tones. Moreover, there is no filling up the pauses of the goose-quill with the little amiabilities that relieve conversation—with a whoop, or a whistle, or a twirl—or a face—as "*that man*" used to do. And, besides, I have no time for writing—and, also, I do not like—and, likewise, it is not my custom—and, eke I approve it not—yea, it is altogether idleness, very vanity and vexation of spirit, waste of ink, abuse of paper, wear and tear of pen.

The Grunter ought to write for me, and tell you all our goings on,—how Mrs. Lovell has had a swelled face; how Bella's knee is be-blistered, to the general incon-

* The term "*ampus-and*" (*i. e.* &) is now become a subject of discussion for antiquarians. See "Notes and Queries." It is familiar to printers.

venience; and how Tom is arrived from the West Indies. But the Grunter would not tell you certain circumstances which ought to be made known in form of complaint from the offended and injured Bashaw; how he (guess, Senhora, if you can, what the domestic disarrangement is)—how he can—(stretch now your imagination, as if it were made of indian-rubber, to find it out)—how he cannot (go to the cunning woman and ask what)—he cannot get a pair of clean pantaloons.

The great Bashaw is just. Mrs. Danvers does not take Irish blackguard. He hath laid by the snuff for the Senhora.

You have heard of George Dyer's letter,—have you seen his Poems? The new edition is two volumes, brimful of Dyerism,—for what other name will express that combination that characterises all about him? I hear of a review of my own poems inserted in the "Poetical Register," one of the works which has grown out of the ruins of the "Anthology," by Miss Seward. They tell me it is like her poem to me—praise and censure equally extravagant—sugared bile, oil and vinegar.

I have been historifying successfully; Amadising with less good will; poetising little or none. Yet "Kehama" has got on a little way, very little, but good; and that in the up-hill road of the connecting parts, which, having no interest in the matter, must derive all their beauty from the manner. I shall soon arrive at the land of miracles and marvels, and call up my storms, and fears, and darkness, and bring gods and ghosts into action. If it be not a good poem woe to my ears; and it must be written soon, for a good reason—behold why!

My business with Corry is pretty well wound up, and I am paid off. Now, then, I am at liberty to fix: you know there is a necessity for fixing. A library and a nursery ought to be stationary. I am resolved to live

near Richmond, if John May can find me out a house. But what is a house without furniture,—and how is furniture to be had without money,—and how can I get money without writing? Therefore, will the "Curse of Kehama" be forthcoming this next winter. Necessity sends some men to the gallows, some to prison,—me it always sends to the press.

Do you go into Wales? When do you go? *If* you go, you must make Bristol, going or returning, in your way; if you *do not* go, you must make a journey to Bristol expressly. There is much to be seen about Bristol, and I am here for my last long visit. When once I quit it, I return here no more, except for a week or ten days, just to see Danvers. The place is unpleasant to me: there are recollections that poison every path which I used to take, with very different feelings. So if I do not show it you this autumn, I shall never do it. Besides, you know we do not permit *proxy*; it savoureth too much of king and queenliness.

Fare you well. The whole rigmarole of remembrances you will consider as set down in due form. So God bless you.

Yours affectionately, and in earnest,

At the end of the letter,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M. P.*

Bristol, August, 1802.

MY DEAR WYNN,

To-night I have been overhauling old papers, a business which to me is truly detestable. Old recollections rise as if it were a rehearsal of Doomsday—old mirth that makes one unhappy, and letters from those

who are dead. A whole heap are already piled for the candle; another I have thrown aside as precious materials for "The whole Works, &c. of the late Robert Southey," a publication which, I hope, may be long delayed; but such a heap I shall lay by. I have received too many odd letters to be all wasted.

You see what I send you among the *burnanda* are a theme which Vincent returned, with a long row for abusing Burke in it, and a fragment of the riband about which *Morrell* and *Joe Phillimore* quarrelled, and fought, and made a rebellion, eleven years ago—so long is it since I was a schoolboy!

Some letters have made me more than ordinarily serious—the two which I received from Lisbon on my being rejected at Christ Church, and afterwards on abandoning Oxford. Ten years have materially altered me. The flavour of the liquor is the same, and I believe it is still sound; but it has ceased to froth and to sparkle. What avails it to discover where and how you lost your way upon a road that is never more to be travelled!

Howbeit, there is a long account to balance the loss; in no other circumstances should I have possessed the powers and knowledge which I now feel. There they lie; and I wish my executor, that is, the gentleman, whoever he be, that will one day execute me biographically, or rather necrologically dissect me, had the trouble of picking them up and arranging them.

There are more relics of poor B. For my own part I hate these memorials, and had almost as lief meet the ghost of a dead friend as these bodily and tangible remembrances. There are some savages who bury with the dead all his arms and chattels. I am somewhat of their way of feeling, only burning would be better, and a high wind for the ashes. God bless you, Wynn.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To John May, Esq.*

Bristol, Nov. 23. 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

From the day of my last letter, I have been in a comfortless state of compulsory idleness, occasioned by a complaint in my eyes. A whole confederacy of evils attacked me immediately — swelled face — to that I applied leeches; toothache — that was cured radically; symptoms of fever — which were driven out at every sally-port. I have got rid of all, except the eye-weakness, and that is very materially amended. Lancing the lower lids was the effectual remedy; still they are weak. I am beginning to read and write, but inconveniently, and with caution.

A residence in Wales will not place me so much out of your reach as you imagine, if I succeed in obtaining Maes Gwyn, for so the house is called. I want to take it furnished, to avoid the first cost of furniture, and the encumbrance, if, by good fortune, I should be enabled to remove to a more congenial climate. 20*l.* is the unfurnished rent; for the use of the goods from 10*l.* to 15*l.* more may be demanded, if the landlord will let them. It is a lovely spot, in a vale among the mountains, eight miles from Neath, with canal carriage within 100 yards of the door. From Bristol to Neath is a distance of eighty miles. A friend who should leave Bristol by the mail, at one in the mid-day, might reach me at breakfast-hour the next morning. I will tell you more about it, and all its desirableness, if the business end as I wish.

I have just received a most valuable book from Lisbon, the unpublished Chronicle of Fernando, by Fernam Lopes, a MSS., by its appearance almost as old as the original work — from 250 to 300 years old.

I am obliged to keep Lent with this feast before me, for my eyes are by no means equal to the task of unravelling its characters. Only one chronicle is now wanting to complete my Portuguese series.

You ask about Chatterton. The delay has been more owing to the quantity of new matter discovered than to any other cause. I daily expect to see it advertised. It makes three large volumes, instead of two, at a guinea and a half: thus, you see, Mrs. Newton, for 350 copies, will receive what, for her, is a very large sum. I have taken no notice of Croft. You will be very much pleased with a view of the front of Redcliff church, as frontispiece, showing that magnificent ascent of steps which is the finest thing of the kind in England. Mrs. Newton relates an odd dream — if, indeed, it be not a waking dream — akin in imagination and authenticity to Rowley's Poems. She dreamt that her brother had a monument in Redcliff church, the stones whereof were cementing with a hot substance, that perpetually grew hotter and hotter, till at last it flamed out; — that, being about to dress her dinner, she had no fire, — she remembered these flames, and went to them, and warmed her food upon her brother's monument. "Now," says she, "my dream is out." Surely this is too well put together to be a dream.

I must not trespass further on my eyes. We beg to be remembered to Mrs. May. Young John, I trust, goes on well, and will soon begin to find what legs were made for. As for Bonaparte, the rascal having a hard heart, I should like to try and make him tender, as they do legs of mutton, by hanging him *quantum suff.* God bless you.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, Dec. 19. 1802.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Bishop Taylor says of Heaven, "a blessed country where an enemy never entered, *and from whence a friend never went away.*" One has heard of all sorts of heavens, from the all-bodily enjoyment of Mohammed's paradise to rest and impassibility; but that last part of the old bishop's sentence gives me the most heavenly picture of all. You, I believe, are not acquainted with the old bishop, except by name; but you who can forgive poor Wilde's madness for his genius, will not object to the trouble of going through some dulness to find the finest passages of eloquence in our language. If you will read Jeremy Taylor, I am sure you will thank me for recommending him. His "Holy Living and Dying" is a book common enough; I rather prefer his Sermons. Now if my letter be inspected at any of your Bureaus, I trow Messrs. Inspectors will find a very innocent beginning.

I envy you not so much for seeing the lion, and the pictures, and the statues, as for the delight of overhauling a bookseller's shop at Paris, where, I presume, you will find time to soil your fingers with venerable dust. I will risk a very humble commission. There is a French epic upon Charles Martel's defeat of the Saracens, by Boissat or Boissard, if my recollection be right; and there are two poems upon Charlemagne, the one by Courtin — I know not the author of the other. Should you see these, they are such little books, that, however small your portmanteau, they would not crowd it — so insignificant that they will be the waste-paper price, and not six-penny-worth of duty, rascally duty as it is; and I dare swear so worthless, that if you do not find them I do not care; only I have so fine a family of the rest,

that I should like the whole of the breed. You did not mention whether the Cid had reached you, but it has long been sent for the bishop.* I have written this interpolation, because your sister's drawing put me in the humour: —

> He ran against a shooting star,
> So fast, for fear, did he sail;
> And he singed the beard of Athendius
> Against a comet's tail.
> And he pass'd between the horns of the moon
> With the bishop on his back;
> And there was an eclipse that night
> That was not in the almanack.*

I am glad to hear of Strachey's well doing; the feelings that make him querulous are the price he has paid for it; and to be querulous is not necessarily the same as to be unhappy. I cannot tell why men like to be pitied, for pity proceeds from superiority. Strachey is at a distance from his friends, that is true; but can a man live any where so long and not have made new friends? If he were a married man there would be an end of his complaints. I wish our East Indian Governors would afford their countenance to the Missions that are now struggling there for existence. I have been reading over and thinking over the subject,—surely an important one; and my hopes and wishes for the future fate of my fellow kind rest upon the base of Christianity.

It is possible that you may see St. Pierre at Paris; if you should, ask him if he ever received a "Joan of Arc," which I sent him on its first publication. There is only one other man of letters there whom I have the slightest curiosity to see, and that is Chateaubriand, the author of "Atala." My taste has been always right English, and I grow more John-Bullish every time I look into

* See Poems (one vol. edit. p. 450.), "A True Ballad of St. Antidius, the Pope, and the Devil." The little pen-and-ink drawing alluded to above is in our possession.

a newspaper. Notwithstanding this, I am actually ashamed to see the way in which Denon's book has been reviewed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and the rascally manner in which they attempt to discredit one of the best works which we have seen for many a long year. Old Vincent is at the hieroglyphies. Rickman has seen him, and heard him talk very eagerly about it, but not very acutely. I liked the old boy's sermon, which Rickman franked down to me. He did not use me well; but I have been in good humour with him ever since he wrote about public schools.

My little girl has taught me some new feelings: I have learnt to see beauty in that total absence of all thought and all feeling in an infant's face. As soon as there is good matter in town, she is to be inoculated for the cow-pox. I begin to think Dr. Jenner has not been rewarded as he deserves — that the sum was not enough for such a discovery — nor for a great nation to bestow.

Now, were you in England, and that the M. P. would cover the sin, I would not write a line further, having in truth nothing to say, and quite enough to do; but to send a blank page through a foreign office were committing a high trespass. *De meipso*, then, for the uppermost subject. I have transcribed two parts of my Moorish chapter; the few who have seen it think it good, and it satisfies me. The other two parts of the period are sketches. One is the effect of the superstitions of the Spaniards, — how they assisted them in recovering their country; the other will be the picture of their manners. And here come in the history of Bernardo del Carpio, of the Infantes of Lara, and lastly, the Cid. The whole will be about a hundred pages; no disproportionate length of preliminaries. A palace requires a portico. The life of St. Francisco is arrived at its chrysalis state, and will soon come into butterfly beauty. For the previous history of the Spanish church,

I must wait till I procure the Spanish Councils, but my head is hatching a chapter upon the Monachism, from the period when it was caught in Egypt, down to the ripening of the Cistercian order under St. Bernard—flowers of Popery—the cucumbers which I have heaped together so much dung to produce. By Christmas I shall have as much as a first volume ready to show you, for my attachment to the work grows as the work itself; and, moreover, there is a spur in the thought that when all is done that can be done here, I shall see Lisbon once again, and mount my mule for another thousand miles in Portugal. If you could see how *foggy* the weather is at this minute you would not wonder that I am ready to grumble with the climate.

I am afraid that my uncle's business will call me into Herefordshire about Christmas. Shall you then be any where within reach? God bless you.

R.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, Jan. 14, 1803.

WOMEN are subject to four diseases, the growls, the grumbles, the growels, and the gripes, all four great, grievous, and growing grievances. Edith is now troubled with the last; and so I thought I would tell you of it; and that thought begot this epistle, which is therefore the legitimate grandchild of the gripes, and if it grumbles will take after its family.

Why have you not written? You told me a boy from Penkridge would call for your medicine. Well, I got the physic and wrote a letter, and the boy did not come; so I took the physic and burnt the letter, and this comes to tell you so.

Undutifulest of all godmothers! for godmother you are by the rites of the church to Margaret Edith, daughter of Robert and Edith Southey, and Martha was your proxy. Your goddaughter is very well — like my old books ugly but good, — a flat-nosed, round-foreheaded, grey-eyed girl, — eyes full of good humour, and limbs like ——, in the most interesting and famous moment of his public life, all alive and kicking. Yes I *have* made poems upon her, sundry poems and good; they would make an interesting volume, and might be called "A Father's Effusions," mostly short as effusions should be, and always true to the feeling that inspired them. Take a specimen.

No one can tell how it came about,
That instead of a nose, you should have a snout.

Margery, Margery, there's the rub,
That your snout should be so snub.

Grosvenor Bedford has a dog, and his dog's name is Snivel. I have a daughter, and my daughter's name is Drivel.

You original sinner,
You good-tempered grinner.

Margery, Margery, hush ye, by-by!
Father is nursing, and you must not cry.

There are sundry others, which are upon subjects of too private a nature to be given to the public.

Senhora, you puzzle me by your handwriting — a very pretty handwriting, but cursedly unintelligible — a cramp-crooked-crow-quill, twelve-o'clock-at-night sort of a handwriting, — the whole six-and-twenty letters like ——, such a family likeness among them that there is no knowing one from another, not even by their stature,

The other version of these immortal lines (!) is this, —

Her mouth it is from ear to ear,
Her forehead bunches out;
She has a cold in her grey eye,
And her nose is like a snout. — *MSS.*

for the tall ones are so bandy-legged that their heads do not overtop the hump-backs of their dwarf brethren. I make a hop-step-and-jump work at reading it, skipping from the dot of an *i* to the cross of a *t* (if they happen to have them), and guessing at all between. Senhora, it is a handwriting of the feminine gender — it is pen*woman*ship, Senhora.

Now, have you been ill? or have you been so long silent because you conceived we had taken wing? We are still here, and still houseless, having been disappointed both of a home at Keswick and in Glamorganshire when we thought everything settled. I am hunting in this neighbourhood, and so soon as we are settled you shall know; for if you do not come and visit us then, by the CONTUNDER*, I will go to Penkridge and inflict the leg twirl before your father's face.

I have been — alas, I *am* — crippled with sore eyes. My poor History suffers, and I suffer; howbeit, blind men can write poetry. But blind I must not be, because, besides Shakspeare, the only two poets whom I will not out-do (this modest prophecy goes in a whisper, mark you) are the two blind men. "Madoc" is on the anvil, and will probably be published next winter. I shall have much to show you when we meet, which if we do not in the summer will be your fault.

Edith's love,—Mrs. Lovel's. For myself, you know I must be,

Dear Madam,
Your obedient humble servant,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"The *Mallet*-hitter bring, my boys,
To consecrate our nuptial joys;
Place that dread CONTUNDER there
Safe in the soft lap of my fair."
*The Ode of Thrym; or, Recovery of the Mallet.*
A. S. COTTLE, p. 190. ed. 1797.

*John Rickman, Esq.*

Bristol, Feb. 20. 1803.

DEAR RICKMAN,

The books are at your service. Selden's I bought because Corry wanted to know something about Tithes; but by the time I could find the book, he had forgotten his inquiry, and my memoran*dums* (admire the English-Latin, and singular plurality of that word) for a paper on the subject are now folded in the blotting-paper whereon I write. May you probably recollect, by his Supplement to "Lucan;" a work of no common merit. His English poems are quite Lucanic in style, and he caught the politics as well as the poetry of the Spanish republican. They are both good as books, but in price both *flocci, nanci, nihili, pili*.

The Borja* in my list you have sent under his princely title of Esquileche. I am stupified with reviewing; and have at least thirty guineas' worth to finish and send off by the end of the month to Arthur Aikin. Some of the voyages have compelled me to learn something; and a book which a Scotchman (Mackenzie) has written, to say he has demonstrated the non-existence of a north-west passage, has half convinced me that it actually does exist, for his facts directly contradict his inferences. He goes to latitude 99° — sees the sea, and whales in it — and comes back, and says he has disproved the north-west passage. *Quomodo Diabolus* do the whales bear him out?

From the "Memoirs of Lord Walpole" shall I send you a choice Flos Coxeianus? — how Louis XV. behaved when he heard that Fleury had retired in disgust. The extract is from an official communication. "The King said nothing, but, with the greatest appearance of concern in his countenance, suddenly left the room and

* I suppose the allusion is to "*Borja Fr. las Obras en Verso.*" 1754.

went to his own closet, where, to avoid company coming to him, he retired to his *garde-robe*, and set himself upon the close-stool in a very sullen and melancholy posture." The French cannot caricature, else what a subject!

I shall like to know what you think of Despard and the conspiracy. Wynn, who was at the trial, thought it had deeper roots than were discovered, and that the accomplices were many. The evidence rather made me imagine that Despard had been amusing himself with talking treason, of planning what might be treasonable castle-building,—that he had been playing with a halter till he was caught in the noose. I could have found him guilty as a fool, not as a traitor.

William Taylor is editing a Norwich newspaper, which will annoy Mr. Wyndham. He wanted me to live there and undertake the office; but if I ever chose drudgery of that kind, it should not be for a country paper.

In a week I clear off my reviewing; in three more finish "Amadis;" and as soon after as may be will come up to finish my preface, carry home my work, and receive my wages. If you look in the "Morning Post," you will sometimes see sundry indifferent verses, value one guinea per hundred, according to the print-reckoning of six score. There are some notions floating about in my brain, which may perhaps come to something good of that kind. In Hamilton's fire, I lost—a whole sheet of invaluable criticism! consumed, as he told me, "in the late tremendous fire which destroyed the whole of my extensive premises." What is worse, I was going to ask for my account, he being my debtor some thirty guineas. I am sorry for him, and, like the Dutchman, I do pity myself! Farewell.

Yours truly,
R. S.

*To John May, Esq.*

Bristol. 1803.

My dear Friend,

If I am not greatly deceived, the Scotch Review may be answered satisfactorily wherever it forms a specific objection. It is stated as an inconsistency that Thalaba should be saved when his family was destroyed, because the stars appointed that hour for his danger. Okba began at the wrong end. He knew not which was the destroyer, and the moment of danger past. It must be remembered that the most absolute fatalism is the main-spring of Mohammed's religion, and therefore the principle is always referred to in the poem. The same objection is made to the declaration of Azrael, that one must die, Laila or Thalaba: if you remember the dogma, that also is clear. Allah, like Pope's deity,

> "Binding nature fast in fate,
> Left free the human will."

The simoon kills Abdaldar in spite of the ring. Is providential interposition inconsistent with my story?

> "Sint licet expertes vitæ sensûsque capessunt,
> Jussa tamen superûm venti."

The Destroyer's arrow cannot kill Lobaba, but does kill Alaadin's bird. Whoever has read the Arabian Tales must know that the talisman gives magical powers. Any human hand may destroy a talisman — it is brittle and destructible. Lobaba is "*knocked down* by a shower of sand of his own rising!" My dear friend, you have incautiously admitted ridicule as the test of truth; for the whole force of this review consists only in the apt use of ridicule. Could you or can you perceive anything of the absurdity implied in this particular instance, when you read that,

> "Driven by the breath of God,
> A column of the desert met his way?"

"Thalaba is enabled to read the unintelligible letters on the ring by the help of some other unintelligible letters on a locust." Look at the poem and you will see that this is falsely stated. The reviewer does not understand how Thalaba knows he has been commissioned to destroy his father's murderers; he had only looked over the poem to find faults which he might abuse. Had he read it with honest attention, this objection could not have been invented. The spirit in the tent told him, "We knew from the race of Hodeirah the destined destroyer should come." What other of that race was left?

I was more pleased than praise usually can please me, when you told me that you liked "Thalaba," because it is of approbation like yours that I am most desirous. Do not misunderstand this as a flattering compliment. It was not as a critical reader, to whose critical opinion I could defer that I looked for your approbation, but as a man who would read with no nine-and-thirty Articles to fetter his free judgment, and who, if the poem itself pleased him, would say so without caring whether it was written after the laws of Aristotle. If the book were the patchwork piece of absurdity that this reviewer represents it, could it possibly have pleased you? If gross misrepresentation be detected in any part of the review, may you not fairly suspect unfair disposition in the writer's mind? Some instances of such misrepresentation I have already pointed out; there remains enough other such. Because I have imitated one passage (and that a most beautiful one) from Bishop Taylor, he says the poem is made up of scraps of old sermons! Because, with a very wise feeling of pride as well as honesty, I gave in my notes all the hints and traditions of which I had availed myself, he says I have versified the common-place book, and allows me no invention, never noticing what of the story is wholly original, nor that the structure of the whole is so.

Now I will avow myself confident enough to ask you

if you know any other poem of equal originality except the "Fairy Queen," which I regard almost with a religious love and veneration?

With regard to that part of the review which relates to Wordsworth, it has obviously no relation whatever to "Thalaba," nor can there be a stronger proof of want of discernment, or want of candour, than in grouping together three men so different in style as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and myself, under one head. The fault of Coleridge has been a too-swelling diction; you who know his poems know whether they ought to be abused for mean language. Of "Thalaba," the language rises and falls with the subject, and is always in a high key. I wish you would read the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth; some of them are very faulty; but, indeed, I would risk my whole future fame on the assertion that they will one day be regarded as the finest poems in our language. I refer you particularly to "The Brothers," a poem on "Tintern Abbey," and "Michael." Now, with Wordsworth I have no intimacy *; scarcely any acquaintance. In whatever we resemble each other, the resemblance has sprung, not, I believe, from chance, but because we have both studied poetry—and indeed it is no light or easy study—in the same school,—in the works of nature, and in the heart of man.

My dear friend, I have a full and well founded faith in the hope you express, that my reputation will indeed stand high hereafter. Already I have enough, but it will be better *discriminated* hereafter. Upon

* There can be no impropriety in inserting here the opinion of our first living writer, Walter Savage Landor.

"Wordsworth, whom you first praised, and first thoroughly understood, is often excellent: but his richest veins have a vast quantity of stuff between them which is neither mineral nor mould, but stiff, coarse-grained slag. Then, his inventions are clumsy. What is worse, he will always make you see both the before and the behind of his subject." — *MS. Letter to R. S.*, Nov. 4. 1839.

"Madoc" I am exercising severe revision. You will see "Thalaba" corrected whenever it be reprinted. My time is unhappily frittered away in little money-getting employments of silent and obscure exertion. "Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus," &c.* Howbeit, I am contented; —that is too poor a word—I am pleased and satisfied with my lot. In a profession I might have made a fortune. I shall yet make what will be a fortune to me, and that in a way obedient to the call and impulse of my own nature, and best adapted to develope every moral and intellectual germ implanted in me. How I must by many be regarded as an improvident man, squandering talents that might have made him opulent and raised him to a high rank! Upon their views I confess the charge; but it is a virtue for which I already receive the reward of my own applause, and shall receive the highest rewards as the feelings and truths which I shall enforce produce their effect age after age, so long as our language and our literature endure.

I have had an unpleasant affair with my publishers. I engaged to make a version of "Amadis of Gaul" anonymously, for which I have 60*l.*; 40*l.* more on the sale of the edition, and 30*l.* on the sale of a second edition. They, very incautiously, though certainly with no mean motive, mentioned my name, and it got into the newspaper. I have been, therefore, obliged to make a new agreement,—to avow the work, receive 100*l.* instead of the 60*l.*; 50*l.* when the edition is sold, and half the profit of all after editions. God bless you, my dear friend.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

P. S. Robert Lovell has no claim to the freedom of London; his father was a Quaker of Bristol. Coleridge is with me, and I believe going abroad for his health, which suffers dreadfully from this climate.

* Juv. Sat. iii. 164.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Bristol, June 9. 1803.

*So!*

*So!!*

*So!!!*

*So!!!!*

*So!!!!!*

So, Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, there are to be Cabinets among my friends, and I am not to be of the Cabinet Council! And there are to be authors among my friends, and I am not to have a presentation copy! There are to be secrets, and slights, and neglects, and incivilities, and I am not to be affronted. Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford! Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford! but I will be affronted. In the first place; ZOUNDS! And I will have a presentation copy, Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, or else — you Mr. Upholsterer, or Joiner, or Cabinet Maker — or else — or else ——

Are not you now a pretty fellow— a *formosus homo*— a *καλὸς ἀνήρ*, — aye, and a gallows *ἀήνρ*, to serve me such a trick? But give me leave to tell you, Mr. Bedford, that the secrets of Cabinets are not so inscrutable as you Cabinet Ministers may suppose. The secrets of Mr. Addington's Cabinet get abroad, and the proceedings of Mr. Bonaparte's Cabinet get into the newspapers, and there are ways and means whereby the secrets of Mr. Bedford's Cabinet reach the ears of Mr. Bedford's friends.

My address is No. 12. St. James's Place, Kingsdown, Bristol; and the Bristol coaches all call at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, and will safely convey the members of the Cabinet to, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Galatea.*

Bristol, July 13. 1803.

DEAR TOM,

. . . . . I have settled every thing with Longman, and am to manage a Bibliotheca Britannica, of which this is the design:—To give an account, chronologically arranged, of all the books in all the British languages, with biography, criticism, and connecting chapters, so as to form a connected history of English literature; each volume 800 pages in quarto, each page 40 lines: terms, 150*l.* per volume to me, as editor, and manager-in-chief, and absolute director; four guineas per sheet for what is written, five where the subject-author has written in Saxon, Welsh, or Latin. The work will be published in half-volumes, like the Cyclopædia, and we talk of having the first part out by Christmas 1804.—So far is settled, and somewhat farther; for I have got the refusal of a house at Richmond, which will be vacant in November, and have arranged with Longman and Rees, that they shall advance me 150*l.* to furnish it; and, still farther than this, I have got half-a-dozen helpmates already: Turner, for the Welsh and Saxon; Carlisle, for the surgery; Captain Burney, for the voyages; Rickman, for Roger Bacon, and what else he may like; Duppa, for books of art. Everybody likes the scheme, which is the most important that has ever been undertaken in this country. I calculate upon writing a quarter part of each volume, upon the average, and thus clearing 250*l.* by each.

I met Pace in London: he is looking for employment, and cannot get it.

Yesterday, Charles and I returned. You may suppose I am busy enough, what with letter-writing, &c.; and now this Bibliotheca business makes it necessary that

I should write to several persons whom I never wrote to before. 'Tis a huge work, but I like it, and can live upon it while I finish my History, and get credit by it into the bargain. If you can command a boat, you can get at Biddlecombe, and home by night, if the weather be fixed and fair: it would be better a month hence, when Rickman will be there. Are you to board the ship for the purpose of pressing men? If so, that is, at any rate, better than lying at Spithead.

God bless you. You shall have a long letter next time; but I must into town. All well. Margery has three teeth.

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Kingsdown, Bristol, July 20. 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The more I think and talk of the house at Richmond the more I am disposed to have the bargain concluded; that is, if the inside be tolerably convenient, which there should seem little reason to doubt. The taxes, indeed, are very high, but they must bear nearly the same proportion to rent every where in the neighbourhood of London. If you can get sight of the premises, and find them comfortably habitable, as doubtless they must be, I shall be very glad to take it for a term, and have every thing settled. The sooner the better; that, if any unforeseen circumstance prevents us from getting this, we may lose no time in looking out for another.

I was heartily glad to reach home, after the labour of perambulating London every day for a fortnight. That fortnight seems longer than the twelve months which pre-

ceeded it, and I relapse right gladly to my regular every-day uniformity of scene, society, and action. But this is lazy weather, too hot to go abroad, and almost to do any thing at home. I feel very much like a Portuguese, and could make a *siesta* of all day long. It would be an improvement to live like the owls, by night, at this season. All Bristol is up in arms and volunteering—cool sport for the dog-days. The Duke of Cumberland is to be here to-day, to form a camp upon Leigh Down: luckily, there is the river between, but that camp will spoil the loveliest walks in this neighbourhood, or, perhaps, in this country. All this, however, is very necessary. A few weeks more, and England will be in a formidable state of preparation, if they arm the people, as is talked of. I think I can foresee much good to arise out of the present evil — a system more favourable to the morals, and security, and liberties of the country, than that of militias and standing armies.

The letter you sent me contained little more than a message and a note of introduction to the Duke of Bedford, which would have been of no use had it arrived before my departure.

On my return I had a formidable campaign of letter-writing to commence, chiefly *de Bibliothecâ*—to announce the plan and seek associates. This labour, which of all others is the most unprofitable and the least pleasurable, is by no means over yet. The plan becomes daily more methodised in my head, and I recollect and discover more sources of information than at first occurred. I perceive that the great art of my generalship will be to do nothing beneath my commandership's dignity,—to make others pioneer and work in the trenches, and to waste no toil upon what may be executed quite as well, and in all probability better, by my sergeants and corporals. This is particularly the case with regard to examining manuscripts. After I had

mastered the difficulty of decyphering their characters, the expence of time and eye-sight would be more than I ought to afford. My business must be to make others hew in the quarry, and erect the building myself. My old and ugly stall-gleanings are all now turning to account: I call them my ducks — dirty, but good. In turning over these venerables, you would be surprised to see how much I find that bears upon biography, or the general history of manners and science. It delights me to think of resetting the pearls that have lain so long in the dunghill. Shall I not have a claim upon the Humane Society for recovering smothered authors to life?

Your god-daughter had cut three teeth during my absence, at the expence of some indisposition. I wish she slept more, and dreamt less: her little brain is never at rest. All day she is full of life and good humour, but at night the least sound wakes her. Edith is very well, though she grumbles at the hot weather, which seems to agree with none but me and the Salamanders. You will be soon setting out for Wiltshire and the sea. I shall envy you the bathing. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Bristol, July 27. 1803.

THE *Estrádo* is not exactly the *Dais*, though, had I recollected that word, it would have been better than the original. The *dais* is the raised part of great halls; the *estrado* was in every room, and is often used *plurally*. I cannot tell what it was. In Portugal it is *still* not the common custom to use chairs; the female

peasantry and servants usually squat down like the Moors, very sensibly; for in houses that have no fire-places, and doors and windows that never shut close, the petticoats thus keep the feet warm. There are round mats sold for them to squat upon; they puzzled me for some time, seeing them in the shops. In that part of Portugal which was last Moorish, the beds are laid upon a square platform, about half a foot high: this is perhaps something like the old *estrado;* — once, and once only, I saw it reach across a room like a *dais.* Some such platform in days of dirt, when the floors were strewn with rushes, was probably placed for the gentle dames and damsels to squat upon. You will allow it to have been very necessary at one period, when knights, lords, and kings lived in such hourly dangers that they kept their horses ready saddled in their bed-chambers.

Are you right in imputing inconsistency to the character of Lisuaste? He is always proud, but while his pride is well exerted it is not seen to be a vice. Suspicion is a part of his character which does not appear in the first book, but which is no way incompatible with the qualities which do appear. It opens upon you indeed, unawares — as the door is to do upon the bed-chamber that is fit for a bishop. The thing existed, though it had not been laid open. The best preserved character is Oriana's, interesting, yet full of sexual littleness, and true woman to the last.

What a picture of female morals is that book! every good damsel her friend's bawd! The most important corollary which I extract from the book goes to lessen still farther the little merit of Henrique, the patron of discovery; for the notion of finding out unknown islands was common when "Amadis" was written. The lack of Latin is Montalvo's, not Lobeira's.

The main fault in the story certainly is the want of

an equal enemy — of a peer with whom Amadis may be tried; for Arcalaus is a *poor* villain, and *Patin* only a *gander*. Yet there is a great variety of incident, a wonderful change of tones produced from a single string; and the battles are the best I know. They must be good if you can extract a system of armour from them. I shall be glad of it for a better purpose than a frontispiece to "Amadis;" it will help my History. I often found my armorial vocabulary scant, and was obliged to give the straightforward meaning of the thing, having no name for it; but I did give everything scrupulously.

The "Arcadia" is the work of a noble intellect, almost Shakspearian in its powers of language; yet it is too intricate in story, too tangled with episodes. You like it better than "Amadis," because, with all its trickery of thought, there is a pomp of fancy and a power of words in the narration peculiar to England, and to the summer-season of English genius; but the character of Amadis is naked narration — the plain fact plainly told with little variety of phrase. I scarcely know any book so completely *prose*. But Sidney was a poet, a great and admirable poet. Though he wrote bad *verses* and worse *metre*, yet some of his sonnets have a fine and knight-like flow of *thought* and feeling.

You and Turner puzzle me by your Nicostrata, which is indeed no wonder; for I have scarcely any documents yet for the Gothic period of Spanish history, nor, indeed, except in the laws, shall I enter at all minutely upon that period. That black court-hand cannot be what he introduced; that must be the *French* or *Roman* letter introduced by authority when the poor Gulfilans were ejected.

Pray, pray set at Malthus. Put some stones into my sling to knock down that clumsy Goliath of the *philosophistuli* of the day. Send me what you will. I

shall not scruple at plain language. It is my heart's desire to put his rascally book to death and damnation. Farewell.

R. S.

P. S. Our market folk this day unanimously refuse to take the small bank of England bills. Bristol paper they receive without hesitation.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Bristol, July 31, 1803.

I HAVE long been in daily expectation of the works of Ambrosio Morales, the *Resendius*, the classical antiquary of Spain. When that arrives, I shall look with some confidence for news of Nicostrata. But may not the lines * refer to the original *invention* of the Roman letters in Etruria, not to their introduction into Spain? "We Latins" would be the boastful expression of a Vandalo-Gothico-Alano-Suevo Roman bishop, writing such Latin verse. The Roman alphabet everywhere followed their conquest, and the written hand of their conquerors would be preserved by the clergy till Eugenius's time, that is, till the Moorish conquest. Then the Arabic language had well-nigh won the victory. The bishops used to complain that their clergy were *critics* in Hebrew and Arabic, and could not read Latin. As late as A.D. 1100, some of the royal wills are written

The lines alluded to are as follow: —

Primus *Hebræas* Moses exaravit *literas*,
Mente *Phœnices* Sagaci concíderunt *Atticas*,
Quas *Latini* scriptitamus, edidit Nicostrata.
Abraham *Syras*, et idem repperit *Chaldaicas*,
Isis arte non minori protulit *Ægyptias*,
*Gulfila* prompsit *Getorum*, quas videmus ultimas.

in Arabic. The Roman (or French it is called) letter was introduced by force, when the Gothic ritual and the alphabet of Ulphilas were abolished together by the influence of a French queen.

Is there not a confusion between two bishops of that name — the Ulphilas who was bishop of the Visigoths in the reign of Valens, who converted and Arianised them, and the latter author of the Silver MSS.? * The Danes were not Christians till after their power declined, — till after our Norman Conquest; but the Arian bishop was certainly the likeliest man to teach writing with religion; and so, with the Visigoths, it went into Spain; and Eugenius must speak of him before the existence of anything like a manuscript in Denmark. The ὁμοιοτέλευτα have in their physiognomies a sort of episcopal pedigree. They would first be used for inscriptions upon tombs, crucifixes, and over church doors; thence all their angles, — and when they were transferred to parchment, a pretty running hand they made! These patterns were accessible to everybody, where one book served half-a-dozen convents.

You scandalise Vasco Lobeira upon grounds too metaphysical — upon the "could not be" species of proof: all romances draw the same picture. Amadis presents an improved morality, as simple seduction is better than adultery. In the Round Table Romances the two best knights intrigue, one with king Mark's wife (his own uncle), the other with Q. Guenevor; the one seasoning his amusement with what was thought incest, the other with treason. History proves the truth of this picture: high-born bastards were always generally

* It being contrary to my notions to overload a book with notes, I say nothing of the discussion of names here broached; but, on the mention of the Codex Argenteus, I cannot omit to state the delight with which I examined it on the spot, nor fail to remember the courtesy with which it was showed to me, many years ago.

acknowledged and ennobled. The fact is, that when kings were christened, they kept what pagan customs they liked best, and polygamy was not soon rooted out; and when it was, the plea of consanguinity allowed them to gratify their passions by a succession of wives. This familiarised concubinage to the higher class of women, as it was to the middle ranks by the sort of left-hand marriages, — the wives by courtesy of the clergy before the great point of celibacy was determined. I can find more causes. Women would not keep strictly what they were always in danger of losing. Every country was then the scene of war, and rape has been always the amusement of soldiers, — the *bonus* granted by all generals down to the days of Edward Mortier and Bonaparte.

All this was yet further helped by their religion; a promise of marriage was marriage *bonâ fide*, and only required a form of confirmation. There were half a score ceremonies for the great: first, the *palabras de futuro*, the future-tense espousals of two children; then the present tense, the *palabras de presente*, from when they were fourteen — well, even this might be set aside, when the young king grew older, if he changed his mind; and then, at last, came a regular church marriage. *Catholicé* Amadis and Oriana are married in the forest.

So much for the causes of lax morals; and as I see what I have been writing are memorandums for history, I may as well go on, and look for the palliations. Religion *imprimis* — that made chastity a virtue *quoad* mortification; but the main antidote seems to have been that general feeling of propriety and convenience which usually actuates the great majority of mankind. The worst plague never decimated Constantinople; so in the plague-period of morality, I take it, that the healthy have always far out-numbered the tainted.

The high and the low classes may both be extremely depraved, while the middle is out of temptation. It is said that there was formerly no middle class; it would be more accurate to say there was no such class as what we mean by the low class—no poor, none who were made vicious by want. No middle class! What were the yeomen, the franklins, the traders?—for traders there have always been in every part of Europe since it was civilised by the Romans. The assertion is only true politically, as it regards loans, elections, &c.; it means that there were no traders who rode in a coach—no monied aristocracy. Coleridge says there has never been a single line of common-sense written about the dark ages. He was speaking of the knowledge and philosophy of that period; and I believe his assertion is true in a more extensive sense.

I have written all this in the idleness of disquietude—too uneasy to settle to any thing. Margaret is suffering sadly with teething, and we cannot employ the means that would benefit her, because they produce such passion, and fear, and agitation as more than counteract the good effect. Her spirits and her appetite are gone, and she loses flesh daily. Poor King, who is our bleeder and purger in ordinary, keeps house with his wife, who is, I fear, past all hope in a childbed fever; so that, instead of having him to help us, I am obliged to go and look after him, and find a far worse house than that I leave at home. So you have the history why I have written a long letter; and I have been so taken up thus that I have let slip the opportunity of sending the books to Captain Burney by Tom.

Tom sails at last for the Cove of Cork, the best of the home stations. Farewell.

R. S.

*To John May, Esq.*

Bristol, Aug. 19. 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We are in heavy affliction: my poor child is dying of hydrocephalus, and we have only to pray to God speedily to remove her. She is quite insensible, and that is our main consolation. Edith is suffering bitterly. I myself am recovering, perfectly resigned to the visitation, perfectly satisfied that it is for the best, perfectly assured that the loss will be but for a time.

Never man enjoyed purer happiness than I have for the last twelve months. My plans are now all wrecked. Your letter was matter of some little relief to me. Longman's fears wish to delay the Bibliotheca, and I am rejoiced to have no fetter upon me at present. As soon as it shall please God to remove this little object, I shall, with all speed, set off for Cumberland. Edith will be nowhere so well as with her sister Coleridge. She has a little girl, some six months old, and I shall try and graft her into the wound, while it is yet fresh.

God bless you, my dear friend.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Sept. 8, 1803.

SEND me your ink receipt, and without loss of time, for look what a vile mulatto composition is here, and all kickman-jiggery of manuscripts must be at a stand till I get something better. This being of the first importance, comes first. In the same letter, tell me when you will set forward for these lakes and mountains. God bless them! I look with something like awe and

envy at their unchangeableness. It is but two years since I left them, and I would give two *ears* to wake and find it all but a dream, and that I was as in September 1801; but one's dreams are not at our own disposal. By day, I am the great autocrat of my own thoughts and feelings, and could, I am sure, utter jokes and quiddities upon the rack; but by night, the poor brain gets loose. I and the Blue Devils battle, like the Persian gods, with alternate victory in light and darkness. By day I beat him; but the cowardly Indigo Beelzebub gets at me when I am asleep; and it is but poor consolation to abuse him thus in the morning, after a night's suffering.

Edith cannot sleep, and till she *overgets* this, she cannot be better; opiates take no good effect upon her. She bore the journey well, and we arrived safe and sound yesterday, the third evening.

We took such excellent care of our baggage, that we have great reason to be GLAD,—
Having lost nothing but my old great coat, and a bundle of dirty linen in its pockets, and Edith's new green PLAID!

So I made this poem, and then, you know, could laugh by way of consolation!

I have to thank you for all the kind attentions we received at Congreve. Edith was certainly the better for being there. She is at first somewhat more dispirited here, as I expected; indeed, the sight of the little Sara, and her infantine sounds, produce in me more shootings of recollection than are good. Coleridge had taught me to expect something beautiful in her: she is a fine child, but, like other fine children, my poor Margaret was the little wonder of every one who beheld her. Sometimes I feel as if it were fit that she should grow up an angel. Few men have had more of these weanings of the heart from earth than have been dealt to me. All who were about my infancy are gone; I have no friends left but those of my own making. All

the faces that I first learnt to love have been taken away, and all prematurely. As far as survivorship gives the feeling, I am old already; but this has been the heaviest blow, and has gone the deepest.

Come! If I twisted language into every possible form of invitation it could not mean more. I shall hardly have enough power over myself to quit the fire-side till you go with me into the fells and valleys. Tell me that you will come, and I will write full directions where to stop, &c. You must see this country once, and when could you see it so well? I have no fixture-feeling about me, no symptoms of root-striking here. Alas! what am I but a feather driven by the wind! God knows where the wind may drive me next. When I so far forget ten years' experience as to form a plan or unduly a hope, my heart goes to Portugal. This is a wonderful country here; it does every thing to the mind except gladden it: but there is a life and joy-giving power in the very air of Portugal,—even to breathe was a pleasure there. I would give one eye to blind Fortune if she would let me look on the Tagus with the other. N. B. She should have the sore one, though. Farewell.

R. S.

P. S. Edith left her silver knife at Congreve. Remember us all thankfully to your sister. I am indebted, also, to Mr. Lewis.

Our direction is "Keswick, Cumberland." Coleridge likes to have "Greta Hall" prefixed.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, Sept. 22. 1803.

My dear Friend,

You will, perhaps, have been wondering that I had not earlier written; and earlier I certainly should

have written had there been any thing pleasant to communicate. Here we are, after a long and wearying journey, little short of the whole length of England. On the way, we stayed five days with our friend Miss Barker, whom you saw with us in London. This halt was every way desirable, for Edith was in wretched health when we left Bristol, hardly recovered from a very sharp attack of fever; but she was impatient to be gone. I could tell you what feelings came upon me at leaving the house wherein I had been so happy and so afflicted; but it would be folly not to suppress thoughts that end only in pain.

Nothing in England can be more beautiful than the site of this house. Had this country but the sky of Portugal, it would leave me nothing to wish for. I shall make the experiment this winter; and, if my health bear up well till the next summer, shall look for no other home. But, in truth, my expectations have been so often blighted, that when I think of any plans for the future, it is with the same sort of incredulity that I recollect a dream. Meantime, I make myself as comfortable as I can: to be away from my books is a sore evil. I have sent enough by the waggon to employ me till the experiment of climate be fairly tried; and if it should succeed, can then, without imprudence, collect my scattered sheep. My head, too, is happily well stored with raw materials, which will not be soon exhausted by the manufactory,—and Coleridge is company enough. For one whose habits are so sedentary as mine, and whose inclinations cling so obstinately to the hearth-stone, it is of some consequence to be in a country that tempts him to exercise. I have been round the Lake, and up Skiddaw, and along the river Greta, and to Lodore. If air and exercise were the *panacea*, here I must needs be well.

I wish it were in my power to give you a good account

of Edith; she is very unwell, and at present incapable of any enjoyment. It has been a heavy blow upon us. My own mind is active even to restlessness, and it has now been exerted to its force, — still the effect is deeper and will be more lasting than I expected. I cannot shut out the shooting recollections that flash upon me. If I yielded to my inclination, it would keep me sauntering in solitude — dreaming of the other world, and the state of the dead. I trust, however, to give you a good sum of my winter's work.

My baggage is arrived — as few books as possible, though enough for many a hard week's occupation. The Chronicle of K. Emanuel, in two great divisions, will alone be a long employment. You know I separate the European and Asiatic history. Look at Neufville or La Clide, where they are chronologically carried on cheek-by-jowl, and you will be satisfied of the necessity of unravelling the two clues. For primary authorities, I have Damian de Goes, and Castanheda in part — the two reprinted volumes. The whole work is so very costly, as to be quite out of my reach. Joam de Barros, from his opportunities and research, deserves also as much credit almost as a contemporary writer. Osorius may possibly elucidate and facilitate arrangement, but I do not expect to glean any facts from him. Mafæus Manoel Faria and San Roman I have left for after collation. It is my plan always to go first to the first sources, and compare my own narration with the compilers afterwards. Zurita is my best Castilian guide, from the period when Arragon lost its individual existence as a kingdom, and the tyranny of the throne and the priesthood were established. Besides these, I have the Chronicle of the Jesuits in Portugal, the life of S. Francisco Xavier, and sundry documents for the history of their mission in Abyssinia. The "Annual Review," too, will force me to work. I expect a cargo from that quarter shortly. Have you seen the first

volume? almost the whole of the statistic department is William Taylor's work, most of the Travels mine, but not all; and I hope the difference is manifest. Among sundry miscellaneous articles of my doing, there is an amusing one upon El Tesoro Español, and one of deeper interest upon the Baptist Mission in Hindostan, which I wrote with serious feeling. This subject I shall renew in the next volume, upon the Mission to Otaheite, and it is my intention to belabour the Methodists with a hearty goodwill.

I hope to hear a good account of Mrs. May and your little boy. You are a soldier by this time. I, too, shall fire away at Bonaparte, and perhaps hit him, for he reads the "Morning Post." God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Direct with S. T. Coleridge, Greta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland.

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*To John King, Esq.*

Keswick, Sept. 28. 1803.

DEAR KING,

A letter to Danvers is a letter to you, and *vice versâ*. This duality comprises all my correspondents, and indeed all with whom I have any business in Bristol, as I have no acquaintance with the master of my poor friend Cupid.*

Charles told me that Mrs. King was better, still I was in hopes that you would have told me so. You do not, sure, suppose that I am indifferent to news concerning her, because I have not written directly to solicit

* "I have accepted a little whelp, that he may not be drowned, of the rough, black-brindled, dandy-grey-russet colour, and his name is Cupid."—*MS. Letter to G. C. Bedford*, July 13. 1795.

it. In plain truth, King, the task of writing letters anywhere, and particularly to Bristol, is that of all others to which I am least equal. We are both of us as you would expect: Edith always thinking upon what we never speak of, and I, by hard work or active conversation, driving away recollections which get the better of me in my dreams. My eyes continue very troublesome. I have found relief by fomenting them with warm water,—but then only alleviation. Now I take the sulphate of iron, to put the whole machine in tone. Except for this, I may say that I am well.

What a country is this Land of Lakes, for a man who loves mountains as devoutly as though he were a true-born Swiss! I would try to give you the situation of this house if I could find words enough for the combination of beautiful sights in the panorama which it commands. One of its good effects on me will be to force me often to long walks. We purpose setting out for a three days' ramble, as soon as my eyes and Coleridge's flying gout will let us be tolerably comfortable. Sad news from Lisbon. In that unhappy packet I had, as I expected, a whole cargo of books, the very books most wanted, and for which I had been twelve months waiting. Poor Yescombe, the captain, had his thigh broke in the action, and the wound was supposed to be mortal. By the same letter I learn that Yescombe had sent off (it must be two months ago) a parcel of books for me from Falmouth, directed to me with the wise title of author of "Joan of Arc"—what devil put such an idea into his head the devil best knows—and that he addressed a letter to me, announcing their off-set, in like manner. I went repeatedly to the waggon-warehouse to inquire for this parcel, though, as you may suppose, by no such address. Now, do beg Danvers to lose no time in inquiring again; and if no tidings can be found let him write to the Falmouth waggoner, paying the postage.

The value of the books is about eleven guineas. No doubt they may be recovered by such application.

I may as well go on with commissions. Tell Charles to ship me off six dozen of port by a Liverpool vessel, directed here by way of Whitehaven. It will be forwarded as regularly as by a waggon. And in the hamper or box, let him put in a quarter of a pound or half a pound of the crystallised lemon-juice which you use, for no lemons are to be had here, and Edith is so fond of vegetable acids that I am sure they do her good.

Since our arrival, I have finished the book of "Madoc" whereof you saw the beginning: that which is to follow will be of less easy execution. I do not see the plan of it before me; but, however, faith does wonders. These things with me are like the Quaker's inspiration; when I sit down the thoughts come and flow fluently enow, if the state of the ink permit. I have also done some little history, about as much as will take a printer, travelling at his usual rate, the same time to imprint. My reading has been more assiduously pursued, somewhat extravagantly in regard to the winter stock of books before me. You would be pleased at seeing some of the odd things I fell in with in these excellent old Chroniclers, if I were near enough to avail myself of your ears. Poor young Emmet! I knew much of him from many conversations with his most intimate friend at Dublin. He was an admirable man. God Almighty seldom mixes up so much virtue and so much genius in one, or talents as ennobled. In the last rebellion he escaped by excavating a hiding-place under the study in his father's house. There he lived six weeks, having food, books, and a light, by night going out into the Park for exercise. And thus he continued till he found means for escaping. And now, —— the stony hearts and the leaden heads that manage this poor world! as if the fear of death ever

deterred any man from treason who could make treason dangerous! I would send Wm. Taylor this story of his hiding-place, for he, I know, will write his Eulogium in the "Iris;" but it must not be published lest some other poor fellow may now be in the same asylum. To have spared that young man's life would have indeed strengthened the government. Had they said to him, "Promise to plot no more and you shall be free," such a man would have been as safe under such a promise as in the grave. But so it is; the king has no heart for pardon: he wants goodness, and his counsellors want understanding. If they mean to extirpate disaffection in Ireland by the gallows, they must sow the whole island with hemp.

A relation of Wordsworth's here, a liquor-merchant, has applied to Coleridge for help, and he applies to you. By accident he has mixed two gallons of brandy with sixty gallons of gin, and so spoiled the colour as to render it unsaleable. God bless you, Sir Barrets! I once thought of a ballad wherein the personage was to be a little old man who had the power of extending any part of his body to any length. If I had that gift myself, I would crane out my neck over the three hundred miles between the Greta and the Avon, and look in at your window. But, upon calculation, it would be tedious work talking when the lungs were so far off the larynx! Remember me to Mrs. King, and write me a speedy letter. I wish to think of you as being once again at ease and happy. You, and I, and Danvers have had our share of evil since last March — one after the other. Vale.

R. S.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.*

Keswick, Sept. 28. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

I am thinking, or rather trying to think, about a song for you; and if I can make a good one you shall have it; but motions of the brain are not like motions of the bowels, though Dryden, by his remedy of stewed prunes, seemed to think them so.

My reviewing work lies before me, like a holyday's task; but an ugly job left till the very last. "Owen Cambridge," whom you so much admire, is among the prisoners, and a great volume of the "History of Maritime Discovery" by Stanier Clarke, which said Clarke I am breaking upon the wheel for the crimes of pedantry, stupidity, jackassness, and pickpooketry. "Madoc" goes on, and if my poor eyes allow, you shall have a good spell of books for a Christmas dish. But still, history suits me best. Do you know that the Portuguese got at Timbuctoo? Now, as they did get there, and yet say nothing particular about it, it is a very fair corollary that Timbuctoo is not very much better than the other collections of negro-sties which are called cities in Africa. The state of society in Negroland puzzles me. We read of cities, and courts, and palaces, and kings—and kings they are to all intents and purposes; yet when we think of one of these King Toms, with a captain's old coat, a pair of Monmouth-street red breeches, a tye-wig, playing with his brass buttons, or with a rattle, one wonders how the devil they came by the forms of a regular government. They look to me like a degraded race, as if they had been civilised once, and had sunk into the dotage, the second childhood, of society.

Your wine is ordered: as I gave no directions for the payment, the merchant has drawn upon the gentleman to whom it is assigned. I have had a grievous loss:

a whole cargo of books, for which I had been waiting and my uncle searching two years, taken in the King George packet. Among them was the oldest poem about the Cid, and the oldest Gothic codes. Surely, in time of war, our packets ought to be armed, vessels or frigates. We give our mail-coach a guard, and yet leave our foreign mails to the mercy of every French privateer.

My eyes are very bad again. This is a sore evil, and I fear it will cling to me. In other respects I am well, and should be sufficiently happy were it not for the stinging recollection how much happier I have been. In company, I am not less alive and cheerful than ever, but when alone, I feel myself sadly different from what I was. As if the roots which attach me to earth were all loosened my head does not teem with plans and hopes as it used to do. I go to "Madoc" and my History with a feeling that when I have finished them my work will be done. This feeling makes me regard them with deeper interest, and proceed more perseveringly, lest they should not be finished. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Keswick, Oct. 1803.

DEAR DANVERS,

Since my last I have taken very vigorous exercise, and am the better for it. One morning round the Lake, a ten or twelve miles' walk, — only disagreeable as being solitary. Yesterday with Coleridge to the top of Skiddaw, the work of four and a half hours, that is, there and back; but the descent is mere play. Up hill a man's wind would fail him, though his lungs were as capacious as a church-organ, and the legs would ache though the calves were full-grown bulls. The panorama

from the summit is very grand, — not indeed equal to what I have seen from Monchique, neither in height nor in its whole beauty, but in some certain features certainly of unequalled interest, — the Lakes Keswick and Bassenthwaite lying below us, and seeming each to fill its vale; for the shores are merged in the mountains, and quite lost as you look down, whereas the water, lying all in light, is seen in its full extent. The summit is covered with loose stones split by the frosts, and thus gradually are they reduced to a very rich soil, and washed down to the glens, so that, like old women, Skiddaw must grow shorter. For some little distance below, nothing but moss grows — for it is bitter bleak there, next-door to heaven. To-day I have been tracking the river Greta, which, instead of *Great A*, ought to have been called *Great S;* but its name hath a good and most apt meaning, "The loud Lamenter." It is a lovely stream. I have often forded such among the mountains of Algarve, and lingered to look at them with a wistful eye, — if I may so express myself, with a feeling that it was the only time I was ever to behold the scene before me, so beautiful! That feeling has often risen in me when gazing upon the permanent things of nature which I am beholding but for a time. God knows I often looked upon my poor child with the same melancholy, as though to impress more deeply in remembrance a face whose beauties were certainly to change, and perhaps to pass away. How glad shall I be to show you these things, and to make you confess that if he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb should brace me up to the climate, this is the best place for my sojourn! We had, indeed, a gloomy and comfortless parting. Your comforts had been more deeply rooted up than mine; and yet the axe cut deep at mine. Edith continues as you would expect — silently and deeply affected. I have not yet been able to get her out of the house, though our weather has been uncommonly fine; and

without exercise the tonics which she takes under Doctor Southey (!) will be of little avail. Last night, indeed, we went to see a set of strollers play "She stoops to conquer." Nothing could be worse,—and that, you know, was the merit we desired. But it made me melancholy to see such a set of wretches collected together,—one of them an old man, I am sure little short of fourscore, lean and lantern-jawed, and so ripe for the grave, that his face was as striking a *memento mori* as ever glared in gold letters under the skull and thigh bones of a tombstone.

Moses * grows up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. I am perfectly astonished at him; and his father has the same sentiment of wonder and the same forefeeling that it is a prodigious and an unnatural intellect,—and that he will not live to be a man. There is more, Danvers, in the old woman's saying, "he is too clever to live," than appears to a common observer. Diseases which ultimately destroy, in their early stages quicken and kindle the intellect like opium. It seems as if death looked out the most promising plants in this great nursery, to plant them in a better soil. The boy's great delight is to get his father to talk metaphysics to him,—few *men* understand him so perfectly;—and then his own incidental sayings are quite wonderful. "The pity is,"—said he one day to his father, who was expressing some wonder that he was not so pleased as he expected with riding in a wheelbarrow,—"the pity is that *I'se* always thinking of my thoughts." The child's imagination is equally surprising; he invents the wildest tales you ever heard,—a history of the Kings of England, who are to be. "How do you know that this is to come to pass, Hartley." "Why you know it must

* Poor Hartley Coleridge's nick-name.

be something, or it would not be in my head;" and so, because it had not been, did Moses conclude it must be, and away he prophesies of his King Thomas the Third. Then he has a tale of a monstrous beast called the Rabzeze Kallaton, whose skeleton is on the outside of his flesh; and he goes on with the oddest and most original inventions, till he sometimes actually terrifies himself, and says, "*I'se* afraid of my own thoughts." It may seem like superstition, but I have a feeling that such an intellect can never reach maturity. The springs are of too exquisite workmanship to last long. . . . . God bless you. I miss you, and King, and Cupid, and my books, and sometimes James the bookseller. Would to God that was all that I missed! but that God's will is best has been at all times present to my heart and reason.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.*

Keswick, Oct. 28. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

If a Lieutenant-Colonel, who has all the volunteers of two huge counties to command, can find leisure for those researches which entitle him to the degree of F. A. S., he may help out a poem, which certainly ought to entitle me to the Poet Laureatship of the Principality.

What was the dress of the Welsh? I have given Ririd at a venture a shirt of fine linen, a tunic, an embroidered girdle, a mantle bordered with fur, and a fur cap, and he looks very well in it. Supposing that they had assimilated to Saxon decency, I would have given him breeches; but neither breeches, small-clothes, indescribable pantaloons, nor galligaskins could be put in English verse. Stockings may have been in use then, but could not when the king *had* a *pedifer* to chafe his feet as he sat at table.

I am going to carry Madoc to Bardsey, if you have Powell or Warrington at hand to tell me which of the old kings were buried there. Owen Gwynedd and his father Gryffith were buried at Bangor. I could make a swelling and sonorous passage about the old gentlemen and their worthinesses, if I knew them. The extracts which I made at Wynnstay from the Royal Tribes and the Gwydir History are becoming very useful. It was unfortunate that we did not visit Bardsey; I feel it now. This Welsh part of the poem will be very Odyssey-like. I am weaving into it all the collectable circumstances of the time and manners of the people in this order:—Journey to Mathraval; the Hirlas Horn; the Grave of Jorwerth at Pennant Melangle; the Meeting of the Bards; Dinevawr and the Embassy of Gwgan* of Caer Einion from the Royal Tribes. Thus far is done. Then come Bardsey and Llewelyn; the Child of Hoel; the Excommunication of Owen Cyveilioc at Bangor for not crusading; and the Priest detected by Madoc in digging a hole from his father's grave through into the churchyard to eject his body, he having died under the censure of the church (from Giraldus and your friend Mr. Yorke). This will tell well; and Madoc shall carry over the bones of Owen to America. I shall then try my strength with Camoens and Valerius Flaccus (who was a man of far more genius) in the embarkation scene. I can find a place for only one picture, and that will be taken from the Llanberris scenery—about the village, not the lake. Dinevawr is such mere English scenery that I have but hinted at it, to contrast it with glens and mountains; but the Tivey† had beavers in the days of Giraldus; and I have shown Madoc one poor hermit,—one to put him in

* Or "Goagan." See note, Poems, p. 346. (one vol. edit.)

† So "*Teivi*" is written in Giraldus Cambrensis, for the Towy. See Poems, p. 345.

mind of his own countrymen. I wish your brother would colonise the Dee with some of the old Welshmen. There is something to me very affecting in the extirpation of so interesting an animal.

*Hei mihi!* that I have written no song! Whether it be that "Madoc" has monopolised my whole stock of ideas, or that my gift is in singing songs, not writing them, my feelings when I have been trying are either the contempt that would make "vile ballads of mockery," or a forefeeling of triumph ready to break out into prophetic hymns of victory. I begin to fear they will not attempt invasion.

This war with Portugal affects me in both senses of the word. Of course it will drive my uncle to England, and so somewhat influence my choice of an abiding place. It cuts off all supply of books, reducing me to feed upon the charity of great men's libraries, for I have no resource but in Lord Bute; and it ruins the pleasantest hope I entertained—that of speedily crossing over to the land I love. God-a-mercy, that a fellow whelped in Corsica, and living in France, should interfere with the studies of a poor historian by the side of Lake Derwentwater!

God bless you. I am well and active, both in body and mind. *Hæret lateri!* Yet am I the better for it. It seems to have connected me with the other world, given me new relations to it, and loosened my roots here.

R. S.

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*To John King, Esq.*

Keswick, Nov. 19. 1803.

DEAR KING,

I could find in my heart to begin this letter in hearty good anger, if there was not a good reason

for beginning it with something else. It will be delivered to you by Mr., once the Reverend Thomas, Clarkson, a man whose name will hold an honourable place in the history of England, who began * the discussions concerning the Slave Trade in this country, and who, by the indefatigable and prodigious exertions which he made, well nigh ruined his health as well as his fortunes. His wife is a woman of superior understanding, from the neighbourhood of Norwich. God grant that Beddoes may save her life. Clarkson has renounced his cloth from scruples of conscience, and now inclines to the Quaker principles: he is writing a book about them. Danyers gives me but sad accounts of Mrs. King, though they come with the word better. She has had a dreadful period of suffering, and yours must have been even worse, for one makes up a sort of comfort from enduring bodily pain bravely. The last news I saw of you was in Beddoes's pamphlet, how you have a new institution on the Quay. By this time you have probably seen and detected William Taylor's articles in the "Annual Review." I am hard at work for my next year's *quantum*, killing and slaying, or rather, in your way, anatomising the dead. One most complete scoundrel has been by God's judgment consigned over to my tribunal, some fellow who writes under the assumed name of Peter Bayley, Jun., Esq. He has stolen from Wordsworth in the most wholesale way and most artfully, and then at the end of his book thinks proper to abuse Wordsworth by name. I mean to prove his thefts one by one, and then call him rascal. Godwin's "Life of Chaucer," is to be sent me. A book of Bristol printing is come to me, which you should read,

* There is no need to jostle two good names one against the other, to the injury of either; but what is stated by Southey is strictly correct. The exertions of Clarkson preceded those of Wilberforce.

—Davis's "Travels in America." It should rather have been called, Memoirs of his Life in America. He is a vain man, and I should distrust his moral feelings, but most undoubtedly a man of great talents: by all means read his book; it will affect you in parts, and you will easily pardon the faults of a self-taught man, struggling with poverty, and consoling himself by pride. My brother Harry is removed to Edinburgh, where I suppose he will soon blaze as the comet of the Medical Society. He will be a shining man, having great talents and as much emulation as possible, — a very good thing in the way of the world and for making way in the world, but a very bad thing in every other point of view. I recollect nothing in the history of my own feelings with more satisfaction than the complacency with which I let many a dull fellow stand above me in my form, and the perfect resignation with which I wrote Latin worse than anybody who could not write Latin at all. A coxcomb Etonian was once fawning about Coleridge at Cambridge, on occasion of some prize, *blarneying* (Mrs. King will explain the word), and assuring him that he must get it, till Coleridge growled out at last, "No, Mr. F., the boot fits you; I can't get my leg in." Coleridge is now in bed with the lumbago. Never was poor fellow so tormented with such pantomimic complaints; his disorders are perpetually shifting, and he is never a week together without some one or other. He is arranging materials for what, if it be made, will be a most valuable work, under the title of "Consolations and Comforts," which will be the very essential oil of metaphysics, fragrant as otto of roses, and useful as wheat, rice, port wine, or any other necessary of human life. For my own proceedings, Danvers will have told you how "Madoc" comes on. I have since taken a spell of history, and shall now again return to the poem, and run my race. My last

labour has been the discovery of India, and the first proceedings of the Portuguese there, to the amount of about the quarter of a quarto volume. This is a very interesting period of history, and the facts related by the contemporary historians lead to some curious corollaries, which will justify a view of society in those ages somewhat different from what has heretofore been presented. I see prodigious mischief produced by the Portuguese conquests, much consequent barbarism, and perhaps the very preservation of earlier society thus wrought, and only thus possible. If it were not for my unhappy eyes I should have no bodily grievance to complain of: they tease me, though now better than when last I wrote. I have this day been staining paper with an infusion of tobacco, to render candlelight writing more tolerable. Remember me kindly to Mrs. King. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Nov. 24. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

I have received yours with its contents this evening.

Last night I finished my Bardsey book, and very much to my own satisfaction. With local and particularising scenery of course nothing could be done, for I have not been able to find any account whatever of the island. I have found out a fine description of a fine autumn day with shore objects, and made good use of my Catholic knowledge in a service for the dead. Then, too, Llewelyn is introduced in a coracle. My mountaineering recollections are to come in the next book; some images I learnt by Llanberris. The best

is one which came to me at Wynnstay,—there where the Dee has some outlandish name, — where we saw the French duke drawing after all the objects of sight. I shall turn to those of sound, which always affect me very much, and, having dwelt on them, add, "A blind man would have loved that lovely spot." Your Dee, certes, is a most lovely river between Llangollen and Corwen, — there where it rolls over amber-coloured rocks. But the finest river scenery we saw in Wales was before Llanrwst, in that wild valley where the river so often rested in dark dead pools; what the Spaniards call the *remansos* of the river. Oh, I could show you such a mountain river here in our Greta,—"the Loud Lamenter," which is the plain English of its Norse name! (by-the-by *gritar* is the Portuguese word to lament aloud)—and such a famous bridge, over which Peter Elmsley could no more pass, with his load of flesh and blood, than the heaviest can get over the razor-edged bridge leading to Paradise over Hell.

I am reviewing a history of the Methodists, a plain matter-of-fact book, which none but Methodists read now, but which will be consulted by the historians of England. I will blow the trumpet. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Dec. 1803.

DEAR WYNN,

My thanks to Lady Cunliffe. I shall try her prescription.

I have been writing an account of Methodism for the "Annual Review," which (pardon my modesty) is I think excellently done. Indeed, it almost tempted me to extend the thing to a pamphlet, and publish it under

some *nom de guerre*, with a dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and if A. Aikin should object to it as too pamphleteering for his works, I have desired him to return it for that purpose. The danger is of far greater extent than you are aware; they are, literally and precisely speaking, an Ecclesiastical Corresponding Society — a set of United Methodists. They have a system of confession, more fatal in its moral consequences than the Popish; and they have increased above 38,000 in the last ten years. I speak on the authority of one of their own writers. My aim has been to blow the trumpet and to turn alarmist; but if I ever enlarge upon the subject I should enter on the state of the Church Establishment also, and use the probe and the lancet with friendly severity. Wm. Taylor has reviewed "Thalaba" in the "Critical," which I wish to see; the poor book will now have had its full counterpoise of praise.

To-morrow I go for a day or two to Sir Wilfred Lawson's, induced by the fame of his library, of which he is Heberishly liberal; but, unlike Heber, he knows nothing about their contents. You ask me when you are to see me in London. *Dios es que sabe!* or, in plain English, God knows!—for I have neither wish, prospect, nor intention of that kind. Here I must of necessity stay for some months till Edith can travel; nor have we then any motive for removal to any place. If the printing "Madoc," should require my presence I shall prefer Edinburgh to London; but that will not take place for many months. I live cheaply here. I delight in the country (certainly my study commands *the finest view* in England), and society is to me like claret, a luxury which I enjoy when it falls in my way, but which I never want. As yet the climate has agreed quite marvellously with me; if a house to suit me were to offer, *almost* I think I should send for my books, and

look forward to a freehold resting-place in Crossthwaite Churchyard. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To H. Southey, Esq.*

Keswick, Jan. 23. 1804.

DEAR HARRY,

My last letter crost yours upon the road, and had noticed its most material contents. I look daily for letters from Lisbon, which will say something concerning you, and enable us to make your future supplies regular and certain.

T.'s pamphlet has this day reached Keswick, as a present to Coleridge. He has written very foolishly, and in a very foolish spirit, but the impression which the pamphlet leaves upon one's mind is that he is a blockhead. I see by it that my "Amadis" has been reviewed; tell me in your next in what manner, that is, whether so as by its tone to assist or depress the sale. Wm. Taylor wrote the reviewal of "Thalaba," which I have not yet seen. It gave me pleasure to learn by your letter, as indeed I have thought perceptible in the "Iris," that my abuse of his jaw-breakers, as Tom calls them, has not been without effect. He wants nothing but a purer style. No human being has more fancy, and scarcely any so much information. Coleridge and Rickman are the only two men in my knowledge who equal him, in the whole of their minds, each possessing something which he does not, and each in some respect his inferior. They make my Trinity of living greatness.

I have applied to Arthur Aikin to give you some employment in the third "Annual," with what success is yet to be seen. My work for the second is not yet over, another parcel being promised me by the next carrier.

The book has been very successful, 1200 of 2000 sold, and the demand still unabated; yet if Wm. Taylor's article had been withdrawn, it had been but a heavy piece of business! I take too little pleasure and too little pride in such work, to do it well; what there is good in my articles are the mere eructations from a full stomach. Their honesty is their best part.

There came a young man here, some months ago, who boasted of some connection with the "Edinburgh R.," after I had called J—— a few names, in the hope that they might reach him. He is a draftsman (artist, I believe, is the present title), —— his name. I thought him very dull, and, what was worse, intolerably envious of all merit; but he draws with admirable patience and accuracy.

As soon as this next batch is over, it is my design to give an undivided attention to "Madoc," the correction of which will be finished by the summer. I have offered it to Longman, on these terms, that, if he will publish it handsomely and with prints (for which I shall procure designs), I shall be content to share his eventual profits. As the printing must be under my own eye, it is not improbable that I may choose Edinburgh for the place, and pass my next winter there. Miss Barker (whom you saw in London) will make the drawings, to my own taste, for they will be under my own eye, as we expect her here in the spring. The main object is to assist the reader, by giving him distinct images of the costume — of the tools with which I am working.

You have, ere this, heard of Burnett's odd fortune, — odd rather than good, — for, knowing nothing of foreign literature, he will make but a bad librarian to a Polish count. I wrote to him in rather a dehortatory strain, applying the old proverb of the "bird in hand." A militia surgeoncy was no bad situation for him, as he

lived well and would have had practice enough to make him fit for something whenever he should be disbanded. Of Edward no news, which is good news: his aunt will, I guess, try to buy a commission for him; that he should ever be good for anything else is quite hopeless. To Tom you *should* write, and must now direct Galatea, Barbadoes, *or elsewhere*. The packets, go monthly, and no inland postage is to be paid.

A little volume of poems by Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, has excited some interest in me for the author, who is very young, and has published them in the hope of obtaining help to pursue his studies and graduate for orders. If you have interest enough with the Scotchmen (the Reviewers), and if they have hearts enough to do anything good, do recommend the book to their favourable consideration.

There is a wild little poem there to a Rosemary bush, which affected me. The poor boy is sickly, and will, I suppose, die of consumption. I hope not; but it would gratify me if I could anyways, directly or indirectly, serve him. In the "Annual" I have been his friend.

I have been three days at Sir Wilfred Lawson's, where company, late hours, and late drinking, though not hard drinking, somewhat hurt me; and I rejoiced to relapse into my old regularity, with which I speedily recovered. I brought home a few of his books; but his collection, though uncommonly expensive, is not valuable. It is more of prints than books. One of my ragged regiments have more "guts in their brains" than a whole army of his gentlemen in laced jackets. God bless you.

P. S.

Some years ago, I plucked a spray from the rosemary tree at Sloley House, Norfolk, which was a cutting from the original bush. It still thrives in my garden here, and is a memento of poor Henry Kirke, and of my excellent friend and host (since departed), Benjamin Cubitt, Esq.

*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, 1804.

SENHORA!

Either Mr.—— seriously expects Bonaparte to conquer England and you to be hung upon the same principle that Edward the First executed the old Bards, or else the man's a fool. By-the-by, that execution is finely narrated by old Sir John Wynne: — "He caused them all to be hanged by martial law as stirrers of the people to sedition!"

We go on pretty much as usual: Edith but ailing; Coleridge quacking himself for complaints that would teaze any body into quackery; I myself pretty well, I thank ye, bating eyes that, like Bonaparte, are always threatening mischief. Coleridge and I are the best companions possible, in almost all moods of mind, for all kinds of wisdom, and all kinds of nonsense, to the very heights and depths thereof.

I have a large room as a study, so large that, God help me, I look in it like a cock-robin in a church. The walls have only their first coat of plaister on (don't be frightened, 'tis quite dry, and has been so these two years). The ceiling has all the crosslines of the trowel. My furniture is about as much as a poor fellow has in the Fleet Prison,— two chairs and a little round table. The wind comes in so diabolically that I could sometimes fancy myself in the cold provinces of Luciferland, if it were not that the view from the window is as heavenly as those on earth can be; so that, from the mixture, you may set it down to be my purgatory, a state of torment with heaven in view. But I am going; as we used to do at Westminster, to string curtains across, and so partition myself up into a corner with the fireplace. Here I sit alone, Piggarell only being permitted to

enter. She passes about half her time here. Here I have worked like a negro. One cargo of the "killed and wounded" *i. e.* the reviewed books, is sent away. A damned regiment are still to be killed off,—all the trash that disgraces the English press, which is indeed at a miserable ebb; and I expect every day another batch, to include Godwin's "Life of Chaucer." Oh! do you know who is the man who has published a volume of poems under the assumed name of Peter Bayley, Jun. Esq.: he talks of his native Wever, which may be a sham; but that, you know, is in your part of the world. The Lord in heaven have mercy on that gentleman-scoundrel, whosoever he be! for I have got him upon my thumb-nail, and shall crack him, Senhora, for a *fidalgo*. He hath committed high treason against me in the first place; but what he is to be damned for is, first, having stolen by wholesale from the "Lyrical Ballads," and then abusing Wordsworth by name. I will break him upon the wheel, and then hook him up alive, *in terrorem*, and make his memory stink in the noses of all readers of English, present and to come. I wish he could know that his book has been sent to me to be reviewed, and that Wordsworth has now got it to claim his own whenever he finds it. Every peacock's feather shall be plucked out; and then his tail will be left in a very fit and inviting condition for a cat o' nine tails.

I believe Coleridge has made up his mind to go to Malta for change of climate, and will set out by the first ship. Remember you, that this not being a country of fine trees, summer and winter make a less difference to the painter than in the West of England, and as soon as the spring begins to make everything alive you must please to come and make us alive. Do, do, draw figures instead of kick-man-giggery, that you may make

some drawings for "Madoc," which, in good earnest, I do mean to publish as soon as ever I can get a decent number of subscribers. I have got on bravely with it, and, if my paper were larger, could find in my heart to send you a delicate morsel. I will try to publish it myself, for it is damned hard to spin out the very guts of one's brain, and after all get less than a London publisher, because his breeches-pocket is as full as my head, — heigh-ho! Senhora, — and my breeches-pocket as empty as his numskull.

Will you not rejoice to hear that I am going to blow the trumpet of alarm against the Evangelicals? having got a "History of the Methodists" to review. I will point out the precious effects of their Bands and Classes, the utter ignorance of human passion on which they are founded, and the utter destruction of all morals to which they tend. Is it not a happy hit to call them the Ecclesiastical Corresponding Society? Indeed it is an alarming evil. The Wesleyans have in thirty years increased more than fivefold; they are now, by their own statement, 110,000 persons, and certainly the Whitfield — the Calvinistic — branch must be more numerous. I write no more verses for the M. Post, too much disgusted with its cant, and folly, and abominable proposal of *giving no quarter*, since Stuart has sold it and given up the management. Harry is gone to Edinburgh, to commence his studies there. John Thelwall is expected to dinner here to-day, on his lecturing tour. John is thriving by lecturing upon elocution, and his name is in high odour. In spite of all old stories and prepossessions, he is a very honest-hearted man, a very excellent husband and fond father, and I am heartily glad he is doing well. What news more? only that Miss Bengay, or Benjay, or Bungay, or Bungy, tells everywhere the story of my playing at Pope Joan, and

how she was disappointed. There, Miss Maria, that's a sugar-plum for you! God bless you.

Yours very truly,
R. S.

P. S. My fraternal remembrances to Peter *, with a piece of the next pine-apple.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Feb. 1804.

Why do I write upon this paper? Better is half a loaf than no bread. The paper is good paper,—very substantial and good,—cost me seventeen shillings per ream. I could not get any letter paper here, and this, when folded in the true bachelorship form, will look very respectably at the post-office.

I like your "Stork" well, and doubt not you will like my motto for it, which is "Riddle-my-riddle-my-ree." I can find no better, but I can do what is better; for the device being a true emblem, I can make a poem upon it, which, being put in one volume, will serve instead of a motto for all the rest; and I can put you in the poem; so send me the drawing, and I will write in the very spirit of old honest Wither: God rest his

* "Peter was a name given by me to a little pig, who followed me in the garden of my father like a dog. Southey saw him eat some pine-apple after dinner, in our garden dining-room, and was much amused, as well as with the other gentlemanly habits of Peter, so different from common pigs that I hoped to have preserved him during many years. But, after an absence of some days, one of the first things I saw, on an inspection of my father's house, was a tubful of fine *newly salted bacon.* Alas! it was Peter! My rage was unabated. The effect from it was that I could not eat any bacon for twelve months afterwards."—Mary Slade, *née* Barker.

soul! He was a fine, sulky, stubborn, good-hearted, mutinous Puritan, and, though he was dull, his warm heart sometimes heated his imagination, and then he sang divinely. I wish you had seen as many storks as I have; it is the most picturesque of European birds in its habits, stalking in the marshes or flapping homeward at evening to the church-tower or the ruined castle. The nest would cover the top of a pillar completely.

And now about the "Madoc" drawings. I will get the book with the Mexican costume down here by the time you make your appearance hand in hand with May, or with April-day, if you think that would be coupling you suitably. Summer is not the season for this country. Coleridge says, and says well, that then it is like a theatre at noon. There are *no goings on* under a clear sky; but at all other seasons there is such shifting of shades, such islands of light, such columns and buttresses of sunshine, as might almost make a painter burn his brushes, as the sorcerers did their books of magic when they saw the divinity which rested upon the apostles. The very snow, which you would perhaps think must monotonise the mountains, gives new varieties; it brings out their recesses and designates all their inequalities, it impresses a better feeling of their height, and it reflects such tints of saffron, or fawn, or rose-colour to the evening sun. *O Maria Santissima!* Mount Horeb with the glory upon its summit might have been more glorious but not more beautiful than old Skiddaw in his winter pelisse of ermine. I will not quarrel with frost, though the fellow has the impudence to take me by the nose. The lake-side has such ten thousand charms: a fleece of snow or of the hoar frost lies on the fallen trees or large stones; the grass-points, that just peer above the water, are powdered with diamonds; the ice on

the margin with chains of crystal, and such veins and wavy lines of beauty as mock all art; and, to crown all, Coleridge and I have found out that stones thrown upon the lake, when frozen, made a noise like singing birds, and when you whirl on it a large flake of ice, away the shivers slide, chirping and warbling like a flight of finches.

But once more to the drawings. "Madoc" is not such a painter's poem as "Thalaba," though you doubtless will find out more in it than I can. But it will be possible to make very learned drawings which will be useful. Let me see what subjects seem practicable. The blind old man sitting on the smooth stone beside the brook, and feeling Madoc's face—that will surely do. The canoes rowing Madoc over the lake on a floating island. Coanocotzin showing Madoc where the dead Tepollomi stood up

> "Against the wall, by devilish art preserved,
> And from his black and shrivelled hand,
> The steady lamp hung down."

I cannot find any other passage as yet that is picture-fit. The interest is more internal than in "Thalaba" The intellect is more addressed than the eye; it has more to do with feeling than with fancy. However, I shall read it over with you, and then we will see with both our pairs of eyes at once. Senhora, I conceive two sets of eyes to see more clearly than one and a pair of spectacles.

If ever I write my Life, the family anecdotes will be exceedingly amusing—like the history of the plagues of Egypt to those who have no concern in them. I have made up a theory upon the process of family diseases, which will stand test, I think,—How all oddities are different appearances of some intellectual affection, some disease or disorganisation of the brain; and

that, if mine had not broken out in poetry, I should have been an evangelical in sad sober earnest, and perhaps have spouted prophecies in Moorfields.

Fare you well. You see I am in good spirits. In plain verity, I will not be cast down for what man can do. When God afflicts me, it is for wise purposes, and I bow, and suffer, and am the better. But whenever the folly or depravity of any person with whom it is my misfortune to be connected annoys me, I feel it is an insult, and permit resentment to prevail in me, as the best antidote to vexation. If you have never read Epictetus, get Miss Carter's translation, and become wiser and happier.

Tuesday night. Farewell.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Feb. 17. 1804.

WELL, Miss Michael Angelo, the prints for "Madoc" are to be vignettes, for sundry prudential reasons, and Longman will have them engraved in the very best style, some in copper, others in wood; as the subjects suit; but such as are in wood must be without human figures. Now, then, I offer these subjects to your consideration.

1. The old blind man seated on a stone by the brook feeling Madoc's face.

2. Madoc in the floating island drawn by four canoes.

3. The dry body of Tepollomi holding a lamp.

4. Llewelyn in a coracle by moonlight.

5. Madoc on the beach.

What think you of the capabilities here? When you

come here. I will get some Cumberland views from my neighbour, that will suit with little alteration my American landscapes, and will procure books of natural history that you may get the right trees. For tail-pieces, the natural history will suit admirably. I have a hermit beaver in one part of the poem, and you may make a study for his nest in the river-bank at Congreve; the great coltsfoot on that bank and the reeds will suit admirably. I have a tame elk for another; and for a third a huge snake, coil within coil, a fellow ten feet long, sitting at the entrance of a cavern-temple sunning himself, and waiting for his breakfast, a young child, to be brought him. Humming-birds and fireflies are out of the engraver's reach. For another, I would have the cross planted upon a rock, something as you remember it by the Cork Convent; and if you can devise any emblem of faith, hope, or truth, to accompany it, so much the better. Plant a palm by it for victory. Oh, I wish you were here! it is slow work to talk with the pen, and there is no explaining what is not clearly expressed. You must come as soon as our hullabaloo is over, which will be in less than two months, God willing, to a christening; for, you see, I must be brought to bed of this poem at last, after fifteen years' labour! I shall feel strangely when it is done, and indeed, if I could afford to lose the sale, would far rather leave it for publication after my death than lose the pleasurable object of thoughts which it would always be to me so long as it remained my own, and only my own.

You will be glad to hear me report progress. The first part (about 3600 lines) is clean, corrected, and fit to be read to Spenser himself if he were upon earth; for whom, between you and me, I have more veneration and love than for Milton. The second, commencing with Madoc's return to America, is to be begun to-morrow, and if no accident interrupt me, I shall run a raging race before

I am out of breath, for my second-sight is very delightful.

It is very possible, and very likely, that I may go to London this spring upon business, that is, you know, my own sort of business, — to finish a book, which I have projected to make money, and of which you shall hear more, if I and my Paternoster Row partners strike the bargain. In that case, it may not be a bad scheme to go during Piggarel's confinement, and call for you at Congreve on my way back.

These vignettes still run in my head, and you must endure a letter full of nothing else. The wooden tail-pieces had better be patches of natural history where they can. A few cocoas growing close to the sea will make one very beautifully. The waterspout in Nicholson's Journal shall be copied for another. Some of the ugly gods shall sit for their pictures. You see I want to give a broad hint to the readers of what they ought to see. So I will have Queen Emma in her Saxon dress, copying that dress from Strutt; and a Welshman in his dress; and Madoc in complete armour fighting King Coanocotzin; and Coatel in her Mexican dress, which you may find in ——: but I have that book; and I think what you had better do till we meet is to make your sketch for the beaver, leaving a place for the beast till you catch him; and the cross on the rock; and the great serpent at the mouth of the cavern. Make the length about that of your longest finger, if that seem a fit proportion for a quarto page. I am to have Wynn's arms in the dedication, and am sure you will like my invention for introducing them. Owen, Madoc's father, is the head of his family; and, to show this and give the dedication-print a peculiar reference to the volume in which it is to be placed, I design to have a monument of Owen invented, and show the arms upon the shield.

Farewell! It is time for the post; and I must go to work, and give Madoc a speedy passage over the Atlantic.

"Now go your way, ye gallant company,
God and good angels guard ye as ye go!"

I wish you were here! God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, Feb. 23. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Thank you for your last brief letter, which relieved me from a good deal of uneasiness. I wrote to Lisbon fully upon the subject. My uncle's long intervals of silence would surprise me if I did not know him well, and, even as it is, at times make me anxious for his health.

If Edith, by God's blessing, gets well through her confinement, you will perhaps see me in town towards the end of April, upon this business. You probably have seen Ellis's "Specimens of the early English Poets." The book has sold very successfully, and I am about to publish a supplementary or companion work. There will be a preliminary essay on the state of our Literature at the Restoration, referring more particularly to poetry, as affected by that event; then, upon Ellis's plan; and beginning where he leaves off, a brief biographical notice of every English poet from that time, with the best or most characteristic specimen of his works, arranging the authors chronologically, and bringing them down to the present time, exclusive only of living authors. I include every poet, good, bad, and indifferent, who had any reputation, or produced any effect in

his day. A sort of estimate of the present state of our poetry will conclude it. And this work, with Ellis's, will contain accounts and specimens of all the English poets, so that, reckoning upon the notoriety of his book, and the market value of my name, this bids fair to be a profitable speculation. My bargain is to share the mutual profits, being at no risk, and advancing nothing. This is all easy work, and more matter of amusement than labour, for the copying part shall all be done by some bookseller's amanuensis. The brief biographies I shall make as full of matter as I can. The greatest part may be done here, but it will cost me a journey to London to get at the forgotten books, which perhaps are only to be found in Stationers' Hall.

I informed you of my design to publish "Madoc" as soon as that design was formed,—at that time rather in conformity with the advice of others than to my own opinion. I tried how far it would be advisable to adopt the mode of subscription, and, after feeling the ground safely and certainly, was convinced that any public attempt would be equally unwise and unsuccessful. I therefore applied to Longman, and have agreed that he shall publish it in quarto, with engravings, and share the profits with me. The vignettes are wanted to elucidate an outlandish costume, and give broad hints to dull imaginations, and are therefore not mere ornaments. My reasons for preferring this agreement to a prompt payment were, that they might advance the whole capital in giving the book these eye-catching utilities, which are always hearty shoves to a heavy quarto; and that I might receive large interest, instead of paying large discount; for, in fact, that is the clear mode of stating it. I have hopes that this volume will do well, being certain that it will please those of whose approbation I am desirous. It will be ready for the press by midsummer.

You here have my plan of operations for the ensuing campaign; and to show you with how steady a face I march on, it is my constant practice, when there is no reviewing upon hand, to write three pages of history every day, before I do anything else; that if any interruption occur that may not suffer; so that, if neither illness nor accident thwart me, I shall, notwithstanding the mass of other matter, have completely exhausted all my materials in the course of two years, or very probably in less time. I am far advanced in Emanuel's reign, but here sadly miss Castanheda, who is a far more honest historian than Barros, and on many accounts more to be trusted.

I have the two volumes which were reprinted — the same which you possess — and those I have got through; but the original work is too expensive to be purchased by me or my uncle, being one of the dearest books in the language. My uncle sent me an Italian version of the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh books, so that I am still in want of the second and third, and of the three last, and moreover do not like to trust a translation, because very often much depends upon a particular word. My only method, therefore, is to follow Albuquerque as far as he goes, and then make out my first narration from Barros and Diojo de Couto, and correct that by Castanheda, either at the museum, if the book be there, or from Lord Bute's copy, to which he would very readily, I know, give me access.

Barros is very faithless. I detect him by the evidence of Castanheda and Damian de Goes, and sometimes by Osorius. He always varnishes his tale, and always writes so *fidalgomente* that his praise is generally proportioned to the rank of the actor instead of his merits. When the fault is well understood, he becomes a most valuable writer for his great learning.

I find reason to believe, monstrous and incredible

as it may appear, that the Mendicants did at one time act with a design of superseding Christ as Mohammed had done, and setting up St. Francisco in his stead. You know enough of his life to know that he was in his lifetime averred to be the living pattern and parallel of the Redeeming God; and I know where to find proofs that this blasphemy was sanctioned and abetted by the popes. The Franciscans at one time *dated* from the infliction of his five wounds,—in the year of our Lord and of St Francis; and it was attempted to substitute the Evangelium *Sempiternum*, upon the direct principle that the old Gospels were now no longer necessary. These facts justify the inference—in fact, it was palpable—that what those wretches taught was not what our Saviour taught. I think I can explain how it failed through the malice of the Dominicans, who set up their founder in opposition. The Evangelium *Sempiternum* was at last condemned; and I know not whether it exsits in MSS., nor whether the prophecies of the Abbot Joaquim are to be found; but if I can get one or both of those, with an answer to that Evangelium preserved in MSS. in the museum, and S. Brigida's revelations, I shall bring some very curious points of ecclesiastical history to daylight. Edith continues tolerably well, and joins me in remembrances to Mrs. May. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, March 3. 1804.

FIRST, as of most consequence, about the Hussar. *You* can have no accounts before the Admiralty, and must therefore make yourself easy till those accounts

arrive. Moreover, shipwrecks of that kind are more disagreeable than dangerous; the crew of a frigate know how to bestir themselves, and are enough to help themselves. Fatal wrecks usually happen from want of hands, that is, they become fatal because the men cannot help themselves.

I do not like your sketch, because I abhor the allegorical in painting, and think it ought for ever to continue, as it now is, appropriated to magazine frontispieces. Owen's monument must be designed by an antiquarian draftsman — by little Underwood if he be to be found; or it may be formed after that which exists in Pennant Melangle church-yard, having the armed figure recumbent with the shield, just as I would have this.

The more I think of these points, the less am I disposed to tolerate anything that would interfere with the province of poetry. Therefore, I will have no striking part of the poem represented, because the artist must either exceed or weaken the idea. The vignettes must all be to elucidate. For the first, I wish to get a view of Holyhead from the water. Then, the ship of Madoc, copied from William the Conqueror's tapestry, may head the second part. A view of Dinevawr also: there is one engraved in Sotheby's descriptive poem about Wales. About the natural history I have written before; only you may add the bison and the crocodile to the list. If you can lay hold of Picart's "Religious Ceremonies," copy the likenesses of Tezealipaca and Vitzliputzli, as I suppose they call the Mexitli of my poem. These ugly devils will look well. A Mexican temple will furnish a good vignette — two indeed, one of the cuneiform or pyramidal platform on which they were erected, and another of the building of skulls. If you go to London, I shall see you there; if not, I shall call for you on my return; and then we can

talk about these things far more expeditiously than pen and ink will permit. Go I must, to finish these specimens. Try you, meantime, at the floating island drawn by four canoes over the lake; but remember that in canoes the men *paddle* instead of rowing, and sit *face forward* therefore. You may make this very beautiful. The sea may be very nearly as broad as this paper.

"A floating islet waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my feet
Upon green-growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embowered in odorous shrubs. Four long, light boats,
Yoked to the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake."

You may give six or eight such horses to his water-coach if you like better. This is a good subject, and, as the figures are the least prominent part, will not much puzzle you. The blind man feeling Madoc's face is a subject too good for a vignette, and must suffer; it must therefore be given up. The conclusion of the book will form a finer picture, and show the dress well,—Cadwallon and Madoc on the beach at evening. Cadwallon raises his head to the sea, as if saying,

"Oh, what a nobler conquest might be won
There upon that wide field!"

Put in plenty of sea, to give the sea-feeling.

Not to lose a post, "I write in haste, and hasten to conclude." I am busy as usual — as it was in the beginning and will be — doing more things at once, or at least as many, as ever man did before me: compiling these specimens; correcting the second part of "Madoc;" copying and correcting the first for the press; and daily going on with a voluminous history; — enough in conscience! The first job takes time and trouble in making the biographical notices, but is not unpleasant, and will

probably be the most profitable of all my jobs; for, to the honour and encouragement of what we poets call genius, be it known to you that this compilation is to be published upon the same terms as the poem whereon I have bestowed so much thought, research, and feeling, and you will see that I shall be better paid for it in the end. My fraternal love to Peter. Take him to Ealing as your pet pig, or he will be made bacon, brawn, black-puddings, and the deuce knows what, in your absence.

"Amadis" is an extraordinary book; and now the job is done, I am glad that I undertook it. "God knows," says Sir Philip Sydney, "that it wanteth much of a perfect poesy;" but he says, "he had known men made better and braver by its perusal." For me, I have a sort of family love for Vasco Lobeira, more than for Ariosto or Milton, approaching to what I feel for Spenser; and certainly when I get to heaven, he will be one of the very first persons to whom I shall desire to be introduced. What he must have been his book tells, and I am therefore prepared to recognise him and talk Portuguese. But what shall I do if I find Madoc a carroty-headed fellow with a broad face, and muddy brains in a thick skull, speaking nothing but Welsh? if my own Joan of Arc should turn out a crazy papist upon nearer acquaintance! But when I saw her in a dream, if it was she herself who visited me, she was what she ought to be. I have neither room nor time to send you a poem upon "Amadis," which I have written in Coleridge's copy, but you may take the first stanza.

King Lisuarte
Made a supper so hearty,
That it gave him a sad belly-ache.
Helisaboa the master
Spread him a plaister,
And gave him a potion to take.

There being no reason for this to be found in the book, you may guess why it was made. So fare you *vale*, Senhora—and, by the by, never spell *Senhor* again as if you meant to call me an Italian, for *Sig*nor is as abominable to me as Monsieur would be. Edith's love.

A Dios!

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, April 3. 1804.

PERHAPS you may be anxious to hear of our goings on, and therefore, having nothing to say, I take up a very short and ugly pen to tell you so. In a fortnight's time, by God's good will, I may have better occasion to write.

I have within this last week received a pleasure of the highest possible terrestrial nature, the arrival of some Portuguese and Spanish books. No monk ever contemplated with more devotion a chest of relics piping hot, than I did the happy deal box that contained the long-expected treasures. But let us leave these books alone, and talk of my manufactory. Did you ever see Ellis's "Specimens of the early English Poets"? It is a very useful collection, though not to my judgment made with due knowledge or taste,—but still a good book, and which has sold wonderously well, George Ellis being a parliament man, and of fashionable fame. Heber helped him in the business well. He ends with the reign of Charles II. Now am I going to begin where he ends, and give specimens of all the poets and rhymesters from that time to the present, exclusive of the living jockeys; whereby I expect to get some money; for, be it known to you in due confidence, that though

this will really be a pleasant and useful book, I have undertaken it purely for the lucre of gain. For if this should sell as a sequel and companion to Ellis's book, for which I design it, and shall advertise it, the profits will be considerable. Some little notice of each author is to be prefixed to the pieces, sometimes being only a list of his works, sometimes a brief biography, if he be at all an odd fish, and sometimes such odd thing as may flow from the quaintness of my heart. This costs me a journey to London, as at least half these gentlemen are not included in the common collections of the poets, and must be resurrectionised at Stationers' Hall, where they have long since been confined to the spiders. A journey will stir my stumps, and perhaps do me good; yet I do not like it—it disturbs me, and puts me out of my way. However, I shall be very glad to see Rickman, whom Coleridge calls a sterling man, and with whom I shall guest. And then there are half a score whom I regard more than acquaintances—Carlisle, Duppa, &c. &c., not to mention all the oddities in my knowledge whom I love to shake hands with now and then, and hug myself at the consciousness of knowing such an unequalled assortment. Oh, if some Boswell would but save me the trouble of recording the unbelievable anecdotes I could tell! stories which would be worth their weight in gold, when gold will be of no use to me.

Coleridge is gone for Malta, and his departure affects me more than I let be seen. Let what will trouble me, I bear a calm face; and if the Boiling Well * could be drawn (which, however it heaves and is agitated below, presents a smooth, undisturbed surface), that should

* He used the same illustration, in writing to his brother Tom, on the death of Margaret Edith, his first child. "I was never so overset before — never saw so little hope before me. Yet, Tom, I am like the Boiling Well,—however agitated at bottom, the surface is calm."—*August* 20. 1803.

be my emblem.. It is now almost ten years since he and I first met, in my rooms at Oxford, which meeting decided the destiny of both; and now when, after so many ups and downs, I am, for a time, settled under his roof, he is driven abroad in search of health. Ill he is, certainly and sorely ill; yet I believe if his mind was as well regulated as mine, the body would be quite as manageable. I am perpetually pained and mortified by thinking what he ought to be, for mine is an eye of microscopic discernment to the faults of my friends; but the tidings of his death would come upon me more like a stroke of lightning than any evil I have ever yet endured; almost it would make me superstitious, for we were two ships that left port in company.

He has been sitting to Northcote for Sir George Beaumont. There is a finely painted, but dismal picture of him here, with a companion of Wordsworth. I enjoy the thought of your emotion when you will see that portrait of Wordsworth. It looks as if he had been a month in the condemned hole, dieted upon bread and water, and debarred the use of soap, water, razor, and combs, then taken out of prison, placed in a cart, carried to the usual place of execution, and had just suffered Jack Ketch to take off his cravat. The best of this good joke is, that the Wordsworths are proud of the picture, and that his face is the painter's ideal of excellence; and how the devil the painter has contrived to make a likeness of so well-looking a man so ridiculously ugly puzzles everybody.

I am expecting with pleasurable anticipation the beavers back. Farewell.

Yours,

R. SOUTHEY.

*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, April 18. 1804.

First and foremost, no news of Edith. You shall hear the first.

Next to your drawing. It is exceedingly beautiful, and almost induces me to say that you who manage a pencil in so masterly, or mistressly a way, ought never to use a brush. It is exceedingly beautiful. Don't wonder that I write a phrase twice, which I have ejaculated about twenty times. But there is a fault in the drawing with reference to its purport, which I did not discover for full half an hour, and that is, that if large trees are introduced, the scale of proportions will reduce the poor beaver to a very diminutive personage indeed; in fact, he will look as a portrait of a man would look taken in, *and taken in* the inside of St. Paul's. I will make something to fit this beautiful bank, and you must make another bank to fit the beaver, where you may have as many reeds, flags, coltsfoot, and stumps of trees as you please — but no tree. And for the beaver himself, I will bring you down a portrait from London. The animal is a beautiful animal, and his tail so ridiculously convenient, that it looks exactly as if he had bespoken it.

I thought to have been in London by this time, and am vexed to be thus delayed in daily expectation. It keeps one on the fret or the fidgets, and half unfits me for doing anything.

You will grieve and groan for a *burro* here. We have fine things enough from the windows, but to get at them a long way and not a pleasant one. In one direction I can shorten the disagreeable, in a way which would not be quite so convenient for you,—by doffing shoe and stocking, and fording the Greta at the bottom of the

orchard. To boat it is dearer than coaching in London, and less convenient. However, by good fortune, the finest river scenery lies within two miles of the house, and not a tourist has ever heard of it. You will delight in the Greta, and curse the Bishop of Llandaff for cutting down its woods.

What you say of the difficulty or impossibility of getting decent designs, if you bespeak them of a trade artist, I know well; and that makes me the more desirous to have as little to do with them as possible. If you can manage the scenery, we may trust a Londoner to insert a figure, introduced solely to exhibit dress, or armour, or arms, not for any passion or interesting part of the poem, for that would inevitably be ruined; and the scenery it is very certain you can manage.

I am now transcribing the first part of "Madoc," to take to London and leave with the printer. This and the specimen will keep me hard at work till my departure; which I trust will soon take place, or we shall all be out of patience. Edith is well, bating her old grievance. I overwalked myself yesterday, and have a headache; so you must excuse a cheating letter, for half a letter is cheating; nor would I send it, but for the supposition that, if I were silent, you would be uneasy. You shall hear as soon as there is anything to say. God bless you.

R. S.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, April 29. 1804.

THE Grand Consul may be Emperor of the Gauls, but I say that the Grand Parleur is Emperor of the Franks.

I have waited too long to tell you that I am not coming yet; and yet you will excuse me for having so

long waited, when it was probable that every day would give me cause to write. Indoors we are just as we were a month ago, save that the cursed March winds are over, and we can be very comfortable by the fireside at night, and at the window by day. However, I give you quite notice enough to prorogue my coming, should it not be convenient; for my delay amounts to a fair forfeiture, and when you offered me a bed in April you may have needed the reversion for somebody else in May.

Meantime I have transcribed the first part of "Madoc" for the press, and done as much towards my specimens as can be done from accessible materials. At this I have been working hard, and, having now finished, return to my old monks.

I conceived of a book the other day; the main and sole object of it is utility;—nothing more than to collect what I can remember, and what I shall read that can be of any practical use, or is fit subject for experiment or speculation; to arrange the facts under different heads, and comment upon them when they require any comment that I can bestow, and so furnish hints to cooks and chemists, physicians and philosophers; taking, however, due care that some wiser eye than my own oversee the manuscript, and hunt out such gross blunders as would be very likely to creep in.

Alexander the Great went down into the sea in a glass case to see the wonders of the deep. I have found this in an old Spanish romance; and Coleridge found it before me in an old German one; and in all probability it will be found in Adam Davies' poem, for all old fictions are cosmopolitan. But is this only mere fiction, or had they in the romancean days any "second sight" of the diving bell? Roger Bacon * can answer the question, either by his brazen head, or his *Opus Majus*.

* His friend Mr. Rickman contemplated an edition of Bacon's Works; and, as Mr. Forster has shown in his "Mohammetanism Unveiled," Roger Bacon gave many a hint to his great namesake.

My eyes continue weak, I suspect from general debility; for when I take steel they mend, and when I leave it off they become bloodshot, and the lids discharge. The sight of one is certainly much weaker than the other; objects which are distinct to the other become quite dim to that. Carlisle must put me in tune or in tone. Man is an *organic* being, and as long as the bellows are not out of order, I shall not mind a little relaxation of the strings. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, May-day, 1804.

I HAD a daughter Edith hatched last night; for she came into the world with not much more preparation than a chicken, and no more beauty than a young dodo. Edith went to sleep at four after dinner, rose uneasy at half after five, retired to her room at half after eight, and before ten she and her child were two. They are doing well, thank God, but the young one is very, very ugly; so ugly that, if I did not remember tales of my own deformity, how both mother and grandmother cried out against me, notwithstanding my present pulchritude, I should verily think the Edithling would look better in a bottle than on a white sheet. She may mend, and in about three months I may begin to like her, and by and by I suppose shall love her; but it shall be with a reasonable love, that will hang loosely upon me, like all second loves. *Make you no comment upon this.*

As soon as Rickman answers my letter of to-day I move for London, and will of course apprise you of all my movements. Your pencils I will buy if you repeat

the order after the hearing that this place is famous for pencils, the lead mine being in this neighbourhood, and that certain *chalk* pencils once your own are here, and may be your own again.

I never heard of Price's book concerning Spain, nor knew that he had written upon any subject connected with it. I will make inquiry in town, and then answer Sir Edward's question concerning the plagiarism.

As I am writing circulars, excuse me. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, May 7, 1804.

You will have discovered ere this, Miss Mooncalf, that the theory of the tides has nothing to do with lying-in. If your moon-gazing prediction had been true, it would have been exceedingly inconvenient to us; it is bad enough to leave Keswick now, when spring has just put on his seven-leagued boots, and set out upon a race as if he meant to overtake summer. I move to-morrow, but only thirteen miles, to sleep at Grasmere. The next day foot it sixteen to Kendal, in time to step into a long coach, which will convey me that night to Lancaster, and the next to Liverpool. There I purchase and send off a stock of writing paper, and there I mean to see the Kosters; so that possibly I may remain there the whole of Thursday, and not make my entry into London before Sunday night or Monday morning. It is a tremendous journey! look at your map and see what a figure it makes there.

I will be (God willing and if all go on well) with you at Congreve about the 4th of June. You must tell me

what coach will convey me from London to the nearest town, that is, the most convenient; for, as I shall be on my return incumbered with nothing but a knapsack, a twenty miles' walk will go for nothing in the account. Direct to me with John Rickman, Esq., New Palace Yard, Westminster, and lay on me what commissions you want; and, if I can do anything for your friend Mrs. Lewis, you may command me.

You may do what you please here, and dress as you please, in boots and buckskin if you think proper. Where you will go to draw nobody will see you, and you may "prink and prank," and put on your "power," and your "tussocks" for our visitors, if you choose to defy the ghost of old Bishop Latimer. There is no camera here. I would have you send off your trunk by waggon some fortnight before you stir yourself, and take only what is immediately necessary for your road-accommodation with you; which, you being a woman, will be more than a reasonable man's wardrobe for a journey to Jerusalem.

And, moreover, I have a commission for you. In this land there is no eatable bacon, and Edith is a great eater of green peas and I am longing for veal pie. So, if you will send off per waggon a stock of *gammons* (for lean bacon is what the pies require you know), we shall be very glad. Thirty or forty shillings' worth will not be too much. And then, Senhora, you and I will eat garlic; and I will be sure and lay in jack-ass-sausages in London for a *bonne-bouche;* for, between you and I, there is no feasting for anything but the eyes in this country, there being a cruel scarcity of fruits and flowers, not a sweet violet in Cumberland, not a cowslip near Keswick.

All well, both Edith and the Edithling. The elder sends her love. God bless you.

R. S.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, June 16. 1804.

DEAR WYNN,

I begin to feel like myself again. In London, the perpetual bustle and stir, and walking and talking, had almost worn me out; and, in addition, I had a cruel cold, which affected head and chest, eyes and nose. Here I am at last, thank God, safe and sound, and refreshed, though I still think that it would be but right and proper to take out in afternoon naps the ninety-nine hours of sleep lost upon the journey and by late hours in town.

I did not see you after I had read three tales of the Mabinogion. Owen has translated them admirably, in so Welsh a syntax and idiom, that they convey the full manner of the original. The tales themselves resemble the Arabian Nights in the character of their fictions most remarkably. It is perfectly unaccountable to me whence this resemblance can have originated. If the others be at all equal to these, which there should seem no reason to doubt, you Celts will be able to produce a specimen of far greater genius than we Goths have been willing to give you credit for. Yet it is idle in an Englishman to call himself Goth; we are a mongrel breed, and all the better for the various crosses. I suspect that all dark hair, dark eyes, and dark complexions indicate a southern origin, that is in general a Roman one, for the Cimbric race were all fair *, and so also were all the Northern invaders, flaxen or carroty, and our climate is not hot enough to ripen a Dane's complexion. In two or three generations we should probably bleach a

* *Tacit. Germ.* c. iv.: Truces et cærulei oculi, rutilæ comæ." And *Juv. Sat.* xiii. 164.:

"Cærula quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
Cæsariem," &c.

Spaniard! but a red-headed Irishman will propagate rankness from generation to generation, unless the breed be crossed. If this theory be true, we are more of us Romans than has been suspected, or than our language indicates.

If you have an opportunity, I wish you would introduce Bedford to Heber as my lieutenant-deputy, or viceroy in the specimens, that Heber may lend him what we may want, which will not, I think, be much. I thought of inclosing to you a note of introduction, but probably Bedford will like a personal introduction better. Or I will write the note, and you can tell Heber to expect it.

The little Edithling goes on well, and has a profile as like mine as an infant's can be. We hear that Coleridge has got some appointment at Malta through Sheridan. This does not sound likely; and yet Sharp says it is true.

I wish you success in your campaigns against the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Emperor of the French; but I wish also that some cessation of hostilities may enable you to escape from Westminster and Welsh campaigning, that, as you introduced me to Snowdon, I may in my turn introduce you to Skiddaw. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, June 30. 1804.

DEAR RICKMAN,

Herewith comes the key. The desk might pass safely through the Inquisition, but what is to be done about the *Irishness* of Bruce's Travels? which I am afraid renders it liable to confiscation, unless Mr. Abbott's bill for extending literary property to Ireland render that statute obsolete *now*, as it of course must be here-

after. Perhaps this plea with the help of a well-applied five shillings, may avail. Olaus Magnus must pay sixpence per pound weight, and will still be a cheap purchase.

Bruce is not to be depended upon for any point of history; though he understood Portuguese, it is plain that he did not write from Portuguese books, by his misnomers. Vasco de Gama he calls Vasques de Gama. Now, the *es* is a patronymic ending, equivalent to the ιδης of the Greeks; the son of Vasco would be called Joan or Antonio Vasques. This was sheer indolence in Bruce; but he sometimes, from the same trick of writing without authorities, asserts what is absolutely false. I make a critical biography as I go on, which will be found useful by those who come after me.

I am just finishing the life of Albuquerque, the founder of the Portuguese empire in the east, a man who was indeed fit to found empire. His son was his historian: a very honest one. He tells you that Albuquerque, finding the Tamorina continued to evade a disadvantageous treaty by perpetual delays, advised his brother to poison him, and succeed to the throne, as then the business might be settled. And so he did. Bras d'Albuquerque relates it in this cool way, and it authenticates his whole history. Barros conceals the fact. I have caught out Barros in so many dishonesties, that I now begin to feel a pleasure in detecting more, that his character may be settled.

Thank you for some parliamentary papers yesterday. I perceive an equal number of both sexes among the negroes, contrary to what I had understood to be the case.

Yours truly,

R. S.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, July 28. 1804.

DEAR WYNN,

I was uneasy till your letter arrived, because Bunbury here had heard that your brother was dangerously ill with a white swelling, and I had attributed your silence to that cause. It is, however, clear that nothing is the matter, as you mention nothing; probably the gout has been converted by some blunder into this worse disease. I see also, by the non-contents of your letter, that you have forgotten what I am reminded of by an empty exchequer.

You are right about the necessity of Anglicising my scene, and have set me right about it; for my ideas are so accustomed to run in narrative, that I have everything to learn for the drama. I have a love of foreign costume, and had not thought that what was excellent in a poem would be faulty in a play.

Ellis' book is coming to me to be reviewed, so also is Roscoe's. I shall be very civil — civil, of course, I should be in any case; but I must be less of the critic than strict justice may require, because my footmarks are usually to be traced.

A periodical paper! I am so very much obliged to the world for totally forgetting the "Flagellant," and for never discovering any of the circumstances therewith connected, that I feel no disposition whatever to trespass again with a similar undertaking, however dissimilar in everything but form. It seems to me that I do great things better than little ones. Substitute long and short for great and little, and the sentence cannot be construed into vanity. There are no thoughts afloat in my head which are adapted for such a vehicle. I will not affect any fear of losing reputation by such a trial, but do not see that much reputation could be gained,

nor should I much like to write one of those works, which I think have an evil tendency; for the desultory reading which such essays encourage leave little or no impression upon the mind, and render it impatient of any continuous study, as made-dishes indispose the palate for plain meats.

Besides, I must tell you what I am doing, though I had firmly resolved to let you find it out. I am writing letters from England by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, in which will be introduced all I know and much of what I think respecting this country and these times. The character personified that of an able man, bigoted to his religion, and willing to discover such faults and such symptoms of declining power here as may soothe or gratify the national inferiority, which he cannot but feel. Keep my secret close from everybody but Elmsley. I have done about a fourth. The book will be very amusing, and may very possibly pass awhile for a translation. It will certainly excite attention and curiosity, and I calculate upon greater profits than anything has ever yet brought me in. That saying of Porson's has sterling merit. You must not tell Lady Cunliffe that her receipt was never tried. My complaint was, *hei mihi!* is I must say, in the *lids*, not the eye; only in the eye when the inflammation extends. The last report of Madoc was that a *good* many were sold. This phrase I believe implies less than a *great* many; but, as half were gone six weeks before, it is very well.

I have not yet got my Annual, to see what of my articles are as they were written; there should be one upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice, with a few stings in the tail. My bill, if there be no error in the account, is longer much than I expected, 78*l.* 18*s.*; which sets me clear with Longimanus, and leaves the profits of the Metrical Tales and "Madoc" unanticipated. These, with the specimens (which, had I been near

London, would have been sold by this time, instead of loitering still in the first volume), and with the Spaniard, will, by the Christmas of next year, amount to as much as will enable me to remove, if Tom's money should not come to hand before, or to pay it off if it should. I hope and believe that I am in a fair way of getting beforehand with the world. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, August 5. 1804.

WHERE are you? what are you about? when are you coming? — are you in Wales? are you in England? are you at Cardiff? are you at Tredegar? are you at Merthyr Tydvil? I have a few questions to ask you, Senhora. How is Mr. Maber? How is Mrs. Maber? Are there any Master Mabers? Are there any Miss Mabers? Are they like their father? How is your uncle Jerry? How is your aunt Jerry? How are all your uncles? How are all your aunts? How are all your cousins? Are the walls in Wales as good as they are at Cintra? Why have you not set out for Keswick? Why have you not told us when you mean to set out? Do you mean to set out at all? Do you ever mean to come? Do you never mean to come? This is the last time of asking? Are you in Staffordshire? Is this letter directed right? Is it directed wrong? How ought it to be directed? How can I tell how to direct it? Do you like to be asked questions? Do you admire the catechistical form of epistolising? Are you sensible of the beauty of the?? Do you not see the line of beauty in the note of interrogation? Where is the bacon? Is it set off? Is it not set off? Is it

gone by waggon? Is it gone by canal? Is it gone to the d——? Do you not know that bacon is the lawful spouse of beans? How then shall man or woman presume to put them asunder? Have you forgotten that beans wax old? yea, and peas also? or is the bacon coming with you? or are we never to see either you or the bacon? Shall I ask any more questions? or shall I have done querying? Yea or nay?

Come to Keswick. *Come!* COME!! COME!!! COME!!!! Half the calling would bring Dapper * up-stairs, though this be forbidden ground, and shall a dog be thus obedient, and you still disobey?

*Come!* here is an artistic chair just arrived. Where is the artist who is to sit in it?

COME!! here is a whole bed, make haste lest there should be only half-a-one.

COME!!! I want to have my child christened; and would you let her continue a heathen?

COME!!!! and see Skiddaw, and walk over the bridge of my own making, and be introduced to my dog Dapper, my most particular and intimate friend.

COME!

R. S.

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*To H. Southey, Esq.*

Old Brathay, Wednesday, Nov. 21. 1804.

DEAR HASSON,

Your prize question seems oddly worded, for, in the common acceptation of civilisation, Hindostan is a highly civilised country. Who proposes the question,

* His then favourite dog. He thus writes of him to his friend C. Danvers: "My dog Dapper is the veriest coward that ever carried a tail,—the very sucking pigs frighten him; but he is a good fellow for all that."—*July* 2. 1804.

and to whom is it proposed? If to men of only your standing, it will be your own fault if you do not win it. Send me the official language of the question. The more I think of it the less intelligible does it appear. If it means, how are the Hindoos to be brought to the standard of European civilisation?—that is, how are they to be converted?—I can furnish you with some valuable facts on such a subject, and shall probably, in the necessary course of my reading, meet with more. The Hindoos can never advance till the system of castes be destroyed; and that system can only be destroyed by introducing a new religion; in other words, by converting them. You should first describe the system and its consequences; then show that the common opinion of the unconvertability of this people is ill-founded, because they have heretofore been converted in great numbers; and, lastly, inquire what is the best method of attempting it. The more of anecdote you can introduce the better; and I can supply some of exceeding importance which it is not likely any of your competitors should have met with.

I do beseech you mend your uglyography. As a proof how rascally a hand you write, every proper name in the Ballad which you transcribed for the "Iris" was misprinted, except Coimbra, which William Taylor's geography enabled him to understand. You use but three characters; one for all those letters that are of the middle size, another for all the tall ones, and the third for all that have tails to them. Whenever you print a book you will find this unpardonable carelessness considerably expensive; the printer must compose by guess, and you will be obliged to pay for the time spent in correcting their mistakes, perhaps even to doubling the cost. I believe no man who ever wrote to any good purpose wrote a bad hand. The trouble of understanding your own MSS. will seriously

impede you, if ever they should multiply, and, moreover, N.B, Mr. H. H. H. H. H, I have weak eyes, and it better behoves you to mend them than to make them worse.

Frost spoils potatoes by making them sweet; is there, then, a formation of sugar? If this have not been investigated, it may be worth while to make some experiments, to see what quantity of sugar can be obtained from equal quantities of the same root in its sound state and when frost-bitten. The *modus operandi* might involve some important discovery, and it is not impossible but some practical utility might arise from it. Perhaps, as in malt, the sweetness is produced by destroying the life — the germinating power of the root. It should be tried also upon the more saccharine roots.

I write from Lloyd's, where we have been some days. Kenyon is gone. Edridge has written me a letter of thanks, in which he mentions that Colonel and Mrs. Peachey had called on him in London. I sent off one cargo of books before we left home, and wish myself back again, that I might drill off another. Your "Aubrey" will do well. The sooner you let Ballantine have the note from the "Cambrian Register" the better.

Here I have read Lady Wortley's letters with exceeding delight; a real and valuable acquisition to English literature. For excellent good sense and exquisite purity of language they are almost unequalled. Here too I have looked through Richardson's papers. The letters of Klopstock's wife are very interesting; nor do I ever remember having been more deeply affected than by the termination of that correspondence. As for the rest of the book, it is quite as worthless as ——'s prefatory prittle-prattle; in other words, as bad as bad can be. I pray you look at what that Presbyterian in petticoats has the modesty to say

of Sidney's "Arcadia" in a sentence containing three *thats* instead of one *which*, and asserting a plump lie into the bargain. She calls my "Amadis" *elegant*. Happy epithet! Lloyd takes in the "British Critic." A precious review; its praise is milk-and-water, and its censure sour small beer. My uncle thinks the Annual too severe. I begin to think so too; and shall mend upon William Taylor's model; always excepting Malthus and the Methodists, if they come in my way.

We left John well. He would, I am sure, desire his fraternal remembrance if he knew I were writing to you. Mr. Worgan and I pun against one another with great glory. Alas! What will not the world lose for want of a Boswell? I think I should outshine Mr. Miller if I had but an honest character. Why is Sir Cloudesly Shovel like Werter? Because he was *felo-de-se(a)*.

I was accurate about the Galatea. No official accounts have yet arrived, but Bedford saw a long letter at the Admiralty from one who had been in the action; it was very particular, and Tom's name never occurred in it. We have therefore reason to hope he may have escaped, but the loss has been very serious.

As soon as you tell me more about this prize question I will write to you upon the subject, give you all my materials to think upon, and direct you to the books which may most instruct you. You have no right to calculate that the *best* essay will win, but you may be sure the most amusing will. It will lead you to old travels, which are very delightful and very instructive. I am thoroughly acquainted with the subject, not only as my history has led me to it, but also from the quantity which I have read for the sake of "Kehama." God bless you.

R. S.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, Nov. 27. 1804.

DEAR WYNN,

Returning last night from the neighbourhood of Ambleside, where we have been the guests of Charles Lloyd for the last fortnight, I found your letter and your three franks. The church is beautifully situated, and would, by a good artist, be made a most picturesque scene. I wish I had seen it with my own eyes, it would certainly have supplied a good subject for description, which, connected with the feeling of the story, might have made that very ornamented which is now very bald. Bedford's pamphlet has pretty accurately answered my expectations; it is respectable, but unimpressive; not general enough in its scope of thought to be of permanent value; not close or poignant enough upon its particular subject to produce any immediate effect. It should have been more logical and fitting to convince, more diffuse and ornamented to persuade. Still it is a respectable pamphlet.

"Madoc" is now beyond the reach of accident; the whole poem is printed, and I daily expect the first proof of the notes, which would have been far more amusing, had I had my books about me and access to sundry others. The exordium runs thus: —

"Come, listen to a tale of times of old;
Come, for ye know me. I am he who sung
The Maid of Arc, and I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean ways,
And quelled barbarian power and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And on their ruins raised triumphantly
The cross of Christ. Come, listen to my lay!"

This was written in consequence of Lord Carysfort's advice: the plan of the lines is good, and they have cost me more time than the execution will give you any cause to suspect. Uniformly, the worst parts of the poem have cost me the most labour.

I have been reading Lady Wortley's letters with great delight: they are a valuable acquisition to English literature, as much superior to M. Sevigné's as an English woman is better than a French woman. The last series in particular are full of every kind of merit. Richardson's correspondence I should think worse than anything of any celebrity that ever was published, if the life prefixed did not happen to be quite as bad. The few letters of Klopstock's Wife must be excepted from this censure: they are very interesting and very affecting; indeed the notice of her death, coming, as it does, after that sweet letter in which she dwells upon her hopes of happiness from that child whose birth destroyed her, came upon me like an electric shock. The costume and prints are excellent. Is it possible that half a century can have so totally altered the appearance of the people of England? Greeks and Romans are not more unlike us than our grandfathers were.

I have met a very odd person, by name Worgan, whom if you have not seen, you will, for he is going to Acton this Christmas. He does wonders upon the pianoforte. Oddly enough, he played and sung the Old Man's Comforts in a large company; and after praising the music, they fell to praising the poetry, which nobody knew to be mine. He himself fancied it was Bowles's; so I set him right.

Longman told me he had purchased Wilkes' letters, and asked if I could recommend him a fit editor. I named Rough, on account of his wife, and have heard nothing of the matter since. How is Elmsley's

mother? I hope in less peril than he imagined, as you have never mentioned her.

Good news!—the bargain about our house is broken off, and I shall be lord of Greta Hall as long as it suits me.

Are you a liker of conundrums? I manufactured a brace while dressing myself the other morning, tolerably bad. Why is Sir Cloudesley Shovel like Werter? Because he was *felo-de-sea.* Why might you say of the shores of Schaffhausen, that they resemble a chamber-pot? Because you might say to the river, is it *not you Rhine?* God bless you.

R. S.

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*To H. H. Southey, Esq.*

Friday, Dec. 7. 1804.

DEAR HARRY,

Buy for me the "Whole Prophecies of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and Denmark, prophesied by Thomas Rymer, Marvellous Meeting," &c., which may at present be purchased in the Horse Wynd for fourpence, says David Irving,—whom, if you know, you may thank in my name for having made a very laborious and good book, *i. e.* good *quoad* laborious. Buy for me also, when you can meet with them, Patrick Gordon's "Famous History of the Valiant Bruce," a poem (the 12mo edition cannot be rare or dear), and John Harvey's "Life of Robert Bruce," a poem, in 4to, if it be to be got for five or six shillings,—*not the Bruciad in 8vo*, for that I have, and Ross's pastoral tale entitled "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," and the "Ghost," a periodical paper, of which Dr. Constancio was editor, and which I would have for that reason. Pick up these at your leisure, as opportunity

may offer, and keep them till there be occasion to make a parcel, or opportunity of sending them.

Your letter has just brought me the welcome intelligence that my notes have at last reached Edinburgh. I had given them up for lost, and was reconciling myself to the necessity of publishing the poem without them. The numberless inaccuracies and inelegancies of language which might be weeded out are not of sufficient consequence to make me very solicitous of seeing the proofs; only the first I must see, on account of the Portuguese in it, which would grievously offend a learned eye if misprinted. As you cannot get the "Cambrian Register," I will desire Wynn to frank the extract to you. The passage in Lafitean should be translated.

Concerning the venereal disease, I know no historical facts but what are generally known; such as John of Gaunt's death; and the law which mentions the pestilent infirmity. Possibly I may find some mention in my notes, if the Spaniards really did find the disease in the islands. At any rate, it is certain, that if not then imported, it then first became general. Dr. Geddes, in his translation, which always debases the Bible, and frequently seems intended to burlesque it, has thought proper to give King David a gonorrhœa.

It is very unfortunate that you have lost my letter, with the reference; the two authors were Gervase of Tilbury, in his "Otia Imperialia," concerning King Arthur and his family of apparitions, and Ordericus Vitalis, something about Arthur also. I had told you in what collections these letters were to be found, and whereabouts the respective passages would be; but the little scrap of paper whereon the memorandum had been made, God knows when or where, was thrown into the fire as useless, after I had copied it to you. Gervase, I think, is in the "Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium."

In correcting the notes, you can always distinguish such as are mere extracts, which they mostly are, from those translated by myself. In the former you will have only to correct the printer's oversight; in the latter mine, if you find occasion. If Sharon does not speedily furnish me with the Hirlas Horn poem, I must omit it for the sake of time; and, at any rate, will send off a second parcel containing, if not all, the greater part of what remains, in a few days. Let me have a proof of the preface, with the exordial lines, that I may keep it a few days.

I have no news yet to send you of poor Tom; and no reason to expect any but what will be a confirmation of ill. In all such calamities—and I have had my share of them—I always apply myself with intenser application to study. To me it is a heavier loss than you or any one else can imagine. There is now no human being left who can talk with me of old times,—not one who nursed me in infancy, or played with me in my father's house. It makes the heart grow old before its time, when so many of its dearest feelings and recollections are thus cut off, never again to be participated with any one on earth. God bless you, Harry.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Dec. 7. 1804.

DEAR WYNN,

I fear I have lost my brother in this unhappy affair of the Galatea; indeed, it seems so certain that there is barely hope enough left to torment me, and to give me a second shock, when it shall be destroyed. When you were here, we were talking how time draws closer the natural ties: I have been very unfortunate in mine. There is now not one person left who can talk

with me of my childhood,—not one who nursed me in infancy, or played with me in my father's house. What a desolating thought is this,—to have so many feelings and recollections which no being on earth can participate!

No man was ever more contented with his lot than I am, for few have ever had more enjoyments, and none had ever better or worthier hopes. Life, therefore, is sufficiently dear to me, and long life desirable, that I may accomplish all which I design. But yet, I could be well content that the next century were over, and my part fairly at an end, having been gone well through. Just as at school one wished the school days over, though we were happy enough there, because we expected more happiness and more liberty when we were to be our own masters, might lie as much later in the morning as we pleased, have no bounds, and do no exercise,—just so do I wish that my exercises were over,—that that ugly chrysalis state were passed through to which we must all come, and that I had fairly burst my shell, and got into the new world, with wings upon my shoulders, or some inherent power like the wishing-cap *, which should annihilate all the inconveniences of space.

* The *Tarnkappe*, or the *Nibelkappe* of the *Nibelungen Lied*, was a sort of invisible cloak or mantle; but one naturally sees in the *Tarnkappe* and the *Wishing-cap* one form of ancient superstition. The following lines are from the "Sixth Adventure" of that curious remnant of antiquity:—

"Von wilden getwergen han ich gehöret sagen,
Si sin in holen bergen, und das si ze scherme tragen
Einez, heizet *tarn-chappe*, von wonderlicher art:
Swer'z hat an sime libe, der sol vil gar wol sin bewart.

Vor slegen unt vor stichen, immuge ouch niemen sehen,
Swenn' er si dar-inne, beide, horn unt spehen
Macht er nach sinem willen, daz in doch niemen siht,
Er si ouch verre sterchen: als uns dia aventare giht."
v. 1356. Ed. Von der Hagen. Breslau: 1820.

Restoration of all that was ever beloved is to form one of the main blessings of final happiness in heaven, according to your bards, — or mine I may say, for I have a claim to be affiliated by them. I do think it very probable that their system, as it appears in the Triads, is the patriarchal belief; in other words, the real and true faith either revealed to the first inhabitants of this orb, if there were a new creation, or brought with them from some other, if they were exploded, to colonise this. I have made too little use of this in "Madoc," not having then thought of it or felt it enough. The system of progressive existence seems, of all others, the most benevolent; and all that we do understand is so wise and so good, and all that we do or do not so perfectly and overwhelmingly wonderful, that the most benevolent system is the most probable.

I could write you a long letter upon this; but I did not begin to write with this object. Whenever anything distresses me, I fly to hard employment, as many fly to the bottle. What I meant to write about was to trouble you as thus :—in the first volume of the "Cambrian Register" is that poem which Gray has rhymed, and I have versified, the battle of Tally —— God knows what. I want to print the literal translation in the notes, and trusted that the book might be found at Edinburgh; where, however, it is not, nor do I know where my own copy is. My only alternative is, to beg that you will have the goodness to employ ten minutes in transcribing it, adding the author's name, and direct it to H. H. Southey, to the care of Mr. Guthrie, bookseller, Edinburgh — for the press is waiting for it. It is at the end of the volume; and you will know it, if by nothing else, by the remarkable phrase "long burthens of the flood," applied to ships. God bless you.

R. S.

*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, Dec. 30. 1804.

DEAR WYNN,

I thank you very truly for your offer respecting my brother, and have written to him to draw for the sum on Danvers. If he should get appointed soon enough not to need it, I know he will not draw; if he does, I will apply to you as soon as his draught arrives. Poor Lord Proby! the first thing which struck me, on reading his death in your letter, was the recollection why he was sent on that station, and indignation against St. Vincent for transporting him there as a punishment for his vote. It is a heavy calamity to his father. In more superstitious days the dreadful mortality on board the Carysfort would have been thought ominous of this. Two thirds of her crew died in ten days, including the captain and most of the officers.

A. Aikin once proposed Constantine Palæologus to me as the subject for an epic poem, and we had an hour's talk upon the story, so that I am curious to see Miss Baillie's tragedy, — it will suit dramatic better than epic narration. What I felt was, that the Greeks were so bad, and the Turks have been so bad ever since, that neither for the victors nor the vanquished could a worthy interest be raised. A dramatic writer would find this no obstacle, because his business is with individual character.

I wish I could find an English story for a poem, it would make me feel like a cock on his own dunghill, — all the necessary or desirable knowledge would be so completely within my reach. Edmund Ironsides, whom William Taylor recommends in the "Annual Review," is the best hero; but though the event is of first-rate importance, being no less than the amalgamation of the Danes and Saxons, it is not of sufficient popular interest;

no national string could be touched. The poet must everywhere say Saxon, when all our associations belong to the words Englishman or Briton. I have great drawings of mind, as a mystic would say, towards King Arthur, if his history were not such a chaos; but if we take the Arthur of romance, he is eclipsed by his own knights,—of the historical Arthur, his actions are of no consequential importance. Something might be made of the tale of Brutus, were it not for that unhappy name which would always remind the reader of a greater hero than I could possibly create. Besides, the legend is not Welsh, and will not coalesce with Welsh traditions and Bardic philosophy. I am afraid there cannot be any worthier hero found for an English poem than Robin Hood, and that lowers the key too much; so I shall go on with "Kehama."

I have not a poem which you have not seen, not having written a line for the last year, except in "Madoc," which monopolised me. The last parcel of notes goes off to-night to the printer. If there be no delay on the road, I suppose the whole may now be done in a fortnight; but it will take some time to get the sheets to London, and make them ready for delivery. Your eaglets, I think, look as well as such monsters can look. I have put them on Madoc's shield, so that they are strictly proper. The ship is to have its colours altered. The title-page will be in *classical* black letter, if such a term be allowable, like Duppa's title-page drawn by Mr. Tomkins, who is an amateur of Gothic kalography. It bids fair to be the handsomest I ever saw: the writing was sent down to me before it went to the engraver. You shall have the other two vignettes when they are done.

One more week clears off my reviewing, which is much less this year than it was last. I then turn hungrily to history. God bless you!

R. S.

*To H. H. Southey, Esq.*

Keswick, 1804.

DEAR HARRY,

A letter from May informs me that he is in Hampshire.

I wish you to make your friend Thomson understand that the motives for my refusal were simply and seriously what I stated to him. As the friend of Burns he is entitled to my respect, had he no other claims; it would have given me great pleasure to have assisted him, but I could as easily dance a hornpipe on the tea-table as move within the limits of a song.

It would gratify my curiosity if you could discover for what possible cause Jeffrey (if it be indeed he who wrote the reviewal of Charles Lamb's play) can have conceived so unaccountable a hatred for Coleridge (a man whom he never saw), and in consequence have so unjustifiably attacked him. That play, which Jeffrey chose to consider as being ushered into the world with Coleridge's *imprimatur* and *probatur*, was sent to him for perusal in 1799, when I was with him at Stowey; and we both dissuaded Lamb from the publication, in consequence of which it was deferred for four years. You may, if you think proper, give him one hint, which may be of service to his Review. In one instance I knew it discontinued, in consequence of the wanton and hard-hearted indecency manifested in the account of a case of extra-uterine gestation, and also of the abominable allusion in the attack upon Young, both in the second number.

Who wrote the reviewal of Mounier? the first in the first number; it is the best in the book. Who that of Kant? which is from beginning to end impudent babble, —perfect Scotch bold-faced impudence.

If you have easy access to the large libraries, and are

disposed to look after a little obsolete learning in your own profession, you may be of some use to me;—as thus,—by drawing up, as briefly as may be, from some of the Histories of Medicine, an account of the Arabian school. Some good old German wrote such a history in several folios of excellent bulk—a Latin book—but I do not know its title. There are some curious circumstances connected with the medical knowledge of the middle ages, which I must investigate; and you may, by sketching the outline of a map (which I have not here the opportunity of doing), facilitate my travels among the Moors and Jews. I think I shall throw some light upon the practice of that period historically and philosophically.

Coleridge being absent, my society is very limited. A clergyman who draws well, and an East Indian general, constitute at present the whole.

I go to-morrow to Sir Wilfred Lawson's, eighteen miles from here, to pass one or two days; induced by the love of his library, which is very rich, and of which he is very liberal. But I never was more independent of society: thank God, the dead are more to me than the living,—if they should be called the dead, whose works will live and act for ever. I thought my reviewing all over, except the task of extinguishing Mr. Malthus's reputation, when another parcel has arrived. That said "Annual Review," is of very unequal merit. In my conscience, if William Taylor and I were to forsake it, Mr. Longman might as well think of living without his liver and lungs, as of keeping his Review alive without us. Your Scotch literati are mere children to William Taylor. Talents are common enough, but knowledge is very uncommon, and hardly to be met with in this generation. Good soil abounds, but good fruits require care and culture, and are therefore scarce. I know but three men in the world of knowledge com-

mensurate to their talent, being of the first-rate,—William Taylor, Rickman, and Coleridge. All else whom I have seen are children to these. *But* three, was a phrase of false import,—the wonder is, that there should be so many.

R. S.

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*To H. H. Southey, Esq.*

Keswick, 1804.

THE best mode of promoting the civilisation of Hindostan, would be by permitting Europeans to colonise there. If you prove this, you will lose the prize, inasmuch as to prove it would be to convict the East India Company of impolicy. The first question, therefore, must be answered by resolving it into the second, and showing, as is in truth the fact, that the best way of promoting the civilisation of the Hindoos is by converting them. The phrasing of the question may thus conveniently be altered without any violence; only one query remains to be solved.

It is affirmed by many writers, and by many English East Indians, that it is impossible to convert a Hindoo. If any religious body be incapable of conversion to Christianity, it is the Moslem; because they believe exactly all that is reasonable of our belief, and only choose to have the unreasonable part of their own instead of ours; that is, speaking of doctrinals, and doctrinals are all that are attended to in the business of conversion, as it has hitherto been managed. But the Hindoos did submit to be sprinkled in great numbers by the Jesuits, when they found it their interest. On the Mohammedan conquest, many became Mohammedans, because it broke the fetters of their caste system; so Barros says expressly, who is, for the history of Hindostan, the

very first authority; and he says likewise, that Albuquerque became exceedingly popular among the Hindoo women, because he would not suffer the widows to burn themselves with their dead husbands. In proof that interest will bear down superstition, take two instances. On the Malabar coast it was the custom that a Rajah should reign no longer than his predecessor lived, who was a sort of priest in a pagoda. As soon as he died the Rajah took his place in the temple, and his nephew (for such was the mode of succession, for a very singular reason) reigned in his stead. The first Rajah of Cochin, whom the Portuguese found, obeyed this law. The second preferred keeping the throne: he did so under protection of the Portuguese; and, what makes as much to your argument, the people made no opposition to this breach of a religious custom.

The *Poleas* of the Malabar coast are the most degraded of all their castes: in Dalrymple's "Oriental Repertory" you will find some account of the wretched state to which this damnable superstition has condemned them. A body of these men were at work in the woods near Cochin, when a party of *Naires* in the Tamorim's service effected the passage of the river. It was during the war, when Duarte Pacheco, with a handful of Portuguese, defeated the whole power of Calicut, and laid the foundation of the Portuguese empire in India. But his efforts, almost miraculous as they were, would have been frustrated that day, if the Poleas had not been driven to despair at the approach of the Naires. They turned upon them like stags at bay, though at other times, they would have deemed it blasphemy to lift up their eyes towards so superior a caste. The Naires, however, were palsied by their superstition, and actually fled before a handful of wood-cutters, suffering themselves, though tenfold in number, well armed, and excellent soldiers, to be cut down by these woodmen without resistance: and thus Cochin was saved.

Superstition, therefore, even among the Hindoos, will yield to interest; but it is the interest of all the oppressed castes to become Christians, and the oppressors are everywhere the few. As for the Brahmins, let them alone; convert those who pay the Brahmins, and who support them, and the business is done. Christianity would increase the temporal comforts of all. Prove this by detailing the inconveniences of the Brahminical ritual,—spiritually considered, it is a better bargain. In my review of the Baptist Periodical Accounts you will see a case in point, wherein a penitent (in the Hindoo sense I use the word) confessed this and acted upon it.

Read the Institutes of Menu, by Sir William Jones, and look into the "Asiatic Researches," at such papers as touch upon your subjects. The best travels are those of Bernier, and of Pietro della Valle. The latter are translated in one folio volume, and Sir Thomas Roe's account will be found in the same volume. Look, too, in Picart for accounts of the Brahminical system by Abraham Roger and by Lord, and in Lentot and Osborn's collection (which I believe is called Churchill) for Baldæus: all good books. Of modern writers Sonnerat contains most; but he is a systematic traveller, *i. e.* a man without eyes, ears, or heart. Craufurd's "Sketches of the Hindoos" contain something; Tennant's "Indian Recreations" almost nothing at all. Hodges is worth reading; I learnt many images from his book. Grandpré a French dog, Stavorinus an honest Dutchman, to me exceedingly useful, but not worth consulting on your particular subject. So long a list will not terrify you, if you have the true Southey pace in reading. As the prize is to be written for by older men than yourself, they will carry it by palaver; for in these things the matter goes for little, if I may judge by Oxford prize essays; but you may as well try, for you will be well paid for the labour, by the quan-

tity of knowledge which you will gain in the research, and may very likely win at Edinburgh, which will be some credit.

Soldiers are the worst missionaries,— priests indispensable, but not the best,— the civil government should be the great agent. Admit a converted Hindoo to the privilege of an Englishman, and the whole system will crumble like snow in the sunshine. Never mind *his* sincerity, for you can make sure of his children. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Dec. 24. 1804.

Lovest thou a joke, Mary Barker?
Lovest thou a joke like me?
If thou lovest not a joke,
By the Lord be it spoke,
Never more will I love thee!

Look what is going to the Review, if Arthur Aikin will put it in.

Mr. Dalhas has prefixed to this novel an engraving of the Labrador stone, which represents the profile of Louis XVI.: perhaps the following paragraph, from a provincial newspaper, may furnish him with a companion print, equally extraordinary, for his next publication:—"The mountain commonly called Causey Pike, near Keswick, having been observed to present in its outline the exact profile of his present Majesty, the Pike forming the nose, a party of gentlemen on Thursday last, ascended this difficult eminence, and breaking a bottle of wine upon the summit, as is the custom when a ship is named, they gave it the classical name of Georgris (Greek for George's nose), in comme-

moration of this eternal likeness, executed by the hand of Nature herself. They then drank another bottle to his Majesty's health, and sang 'God save the King,' while all the mountain echoes joined in the chorus of loyalty." The Labrador stone is nothing to this. Pyrrhus's ring and the head of Chaucer in the Museum are of the same description as the French wonder; but what king's head was ever like a mountain before? and, "how admirably," says the paragraph writer, "has nature typified the greatness of his character, the elevation of his rank, the immoveableness of his resolutions, and that exalted piety which *always looks up to Heaven!*" What newspaper? you ask. I made it.

I do not know that Price has written any book about Spain, and should be very glad to see the book if he has. His essays on the picturesque are very satisfactory, and quite as good as they could be for their given purpose. Beckford's tale is called "Vathek," an *Arabian* name, Senhora. He wrote it in French; and the English translation is by Mr. Henley, who has added some of the most learned notes that ever appeared in any book whatever!

I *did* tell you that the secret history of the persons tried for returning from transportation is, that they never were transported at all, having, by dint of money, evaded the execution of the sentence. If Sir Edward will consider the almost impossibility of getting from Botany Bay to England, and also how much less public, and less attended to, the shipping off a gang of transported convicts is than any other sentence of the law whatsoever, he will perceive that this is not very unlikely; and I was told so by the man in the world who, of all my acquaintance, is the least likely to believe anything upon light grounds; and he added, that he had, by accident, received full proof of what he was affirming, saying, "It is a thing one does not like to say, because

it will not be believed." I do not believe that he has told any person but myself.

My brother has been providentially preserved in a strange way. He and his captain quarrelled; he was brought to a court-martial for neglect of duty, disobedience of orders, and contempt of his superior officer. On the two first charges he was acquitted, but found guilty of having said to his captain, when accused of these offences, "I beg your pardon, Sir; I must contradict you." This is "contempt," in the court-martial sense,—contempt is a crime, and he is sentenced to be dismissed the ship. While he was under arrest, the attempt upon the Lily took place, and the lieutenant who went in his stead fell! I do not wonder that sailors are predestinarians. Wynn is alive and well.

"Madoc" has four vignettes, thus disposed. One in the title-page, a group of all sorts of things, Welsh and Aztecan; among them Madoc's shield, bearing three eaglets, displayed, which Wynn quarters, being descended lineally from Madoc's brother Rhodri; the palm tree and cross engraved above the exordial lines; and two others from the poem, placed on the blank titles to the first and second parts of the poem; the one a ship in full sail, the other the Great Snake at the Cavern Mouth. If the poem sells, we will do as you say; but I am not sanguine in my expectations. This night I expect to finish and send off the last parcel of notes; and, if they be not delayed on the road, a fortnight will complete the printing.

The Edithling has had neither illness nor inconvenience from vaccination.

I also have seen Richardson's letters, and was more pleased at finding him a good man than disappointed by finding him a dull correspondent. It is a most worthless book, more worthless than anything I ever saw, expect Mrs. Barbauld's essay prefixed.

From all I know, or rather suppose, Count Burnitski yawns at his leisure in Poland, where he has nothing to do but to say what is English for this thing and that thing, when they ask him. John seems to have got the better of his unfortunate attachment. He is a good ass, and I am very fond of him, for he is as fond of me as a dog could be. Come with the first spring weather. Edith is poorly, and I do not know what is the matter with her; she is being physicked for it, however. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, Jan. 10. 1805.

DEAR WYNN,

I have letters from my brother this evening; he is appointed first Lieutenant of poor Lord Proby's ship. I am sorry to add that the vessel is in the most dreadful state: in the last twenty-four hours before he wrote they had buried four, and Tom himself had experienced some alarming symptoms the evening before, which, however, had left him. As he has had one attack of the fever before, I hope he is in less danger of a second. Were it not for this new danger, the affair of the court-martial might be considered as very fortunate for him. The commodore, to whom it was the means of introducing him, speaks of him in very high terms, and has even said that he was fitter to command the Galatea than his captain. It seems, too, that he has got some credit for his defence; which is very likely, as he had not prepared one till he was called upon for it, and allowed half an hour. On subjects which have affected him I have known him write very affectingly, and this short time would be advantageous, as it gave him no leisure to think of *how* he should say what he had to say, which

would have puzzled him, and made him curse his stars for not being able to write like Robert. He tells me there are hardly officers to make in the West Indies, and asks if I have not interest enough to get his name mentioned at the Admiralty.

For this story-telling business —*inopem me copia fecit* — I have ten thousand stories; but it is ten to one that whatever I send may come to you like a twice-told tale, and to take a story out of its fit place is like tooth-drawing, or like putting a picture in a bad light. Richest I am in stories of Catholic mythology. I could tell you how, when Adam fell sick, he sent Shem to the gate of Paradise to beg a branch of the Tree of Life, in hopes thereby to escape the penalty of death; that Shem got the bough, but returned with it too late; that he planted it upon the grave of Adam, where it took root; that Noah took the tree, with Adam's bones, into the ark; that Adam was buried at Golgotha, so called in consequence; that the tree, which was a Trinitarian tree, being at once a palm, a cypress, and a cedar, was cut down for Solomon's Temple; but, being by accident, or rather especial Providence, not used in the building, was the actual cross, which was planted upon Adam's skull; so that, as it had at first grown upon his grave, it attracted his whole nature. Much, too, I could tell you of the Virgin Mary; how she must be bodily in heaven, because no reliques of her have ever been found on earth, which, whatever you may think of it, is sound logic to a Papist. I could tell you, too, how St. Peter had a daughter called Petronilla, who was very ill; that one evening, when he had company, he said to her, "Get up, and wait upon my friends," when her disease left her, and she arose in health; and that, when they were gone, he said, "Now, Petronilla, go to-bed and be sick again;" and so he let her die. But these are not tales for a Christmas fireside.

Some such as these might make ballads, if they do not find a worthier occupation. St. Eucherius, Bishop of Orleans, being rapt in a vision to the other world, saw Charles Martel tormented bodily for the sin of sacrilege. When he recovered from his trance he called to St. Boniface, King Pepin's chaplain, and told him what he had seen, requesting that the tomb of Charles Martel might be opened, to verify what he affirmed; they opened it accordingly, and out came a large dragon. There was no body to be found, and the inside of the tomb was black, as if a fire had been burning there. When St. John the Almsgiver was in his last illness, a woman came to him for absolution; but so overpowered was she with shame for her sinfulness, that she could not articulate the confession. He therefore bade her write it down, and promised that none should ever see the writing. Before she could return to take back the paper and be forgiven, he was dead and buried, and her confession with him. She went to his grave and complained, fearing that her secrets would now be made known, and for three days and nights continued to weep by the tomb, and to upbraid the dead patriarch. At length all the inhabitants of the grave arose, St. John at their head for foreman, who told her that she disturbed the dead, and wetted them with her tears; however, he gave her her confession sealed. Her own writing was obliterated, and in its place these words appeared: "Thy great sin is forgiven thee because of my servant John!" True stories these. The next is equally true, and more comprehensible. Frey Antonio de Santarem once knocked a devil's eye out (Martin Luther once did the same thing with an inkstand). A poor rogue of a shepherd, by name Domingos, fell in with this one-eyed devil, and made a bargain with him that he would make him pass for a saint. Accordingly Domingos began to work miracles with great success.

The affair, however, was managed clumsily; they stole a cross containing certain relics, buried it, and then made a miraculous discovery of the treasure. The knight to whom it had belonged claimed it; but the mob hooted, and fell upon him, and Domingos went on triumphantly, till Brother Antonio, who had darkened one of the devil's daylights, fell upon him, got him into his church, and exorcised him; upon which he confessed all his tricks, and laid them all to the devil's account. This being a first offence, and Domingos having given up his accomplice, he was forgiven. But it was not long before he drove certain cows to Badajos for sale, where they were unluckily claimed by the owners. Domingos peached again, and said that his friend the devil had met him in disguise, and desired him to sell the cows on his account, promising to pay him well. No doubt was entertained of the truth of this story; and, that the latter part might be fulfilled to the letter, they hung Domingos. "Father," said a Franciscan to Frey Gill, "I have overcome a terrible temptation; a woman was behind me in the streets, and the Devil assaulted me furiously; the nearer she came the stronger the temptation grew; at last I stood still, and determined to look her full in the face and brave the old enemy; and so I conquered." "What sort of a woman was she?" said Gill. He replied, "Very old, and abominably ugly."

The story of St. Magnus' dance is in Matthew of Westminster; who hath sundry good stories, which are much curtailed and mutilated in the Nuremberg Chronicle. Matthew Paris, too, is very rich in these things. I have got scent of a tremendous story about King Arthur, to be found in Gervase of Tilbury, concerning his *family of apparitions*. God bless you.

R. S.

*To Charles Danvers, Esq. Bristol.*

Keswick, Jan. 15. 1805.

DEAR DANVERS,

It is so long since you have written, that I begin to look with some anxiety for tidings of you. I have letters from Tom twice since my last. The first to say that he had been brought to a court-martial by his captain for disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, and contempt of his superior officer. The two first charges were not proved; but it was proved that, when Captain Heathcote had accused him of these offences, he had replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, I must contradict you." This was contempt in the court-martial sense of the word, and for this he was sentenced to be dismissed the ship. He now writes me word that Commodore Hood, having seen the minutes of the trial, and spoken with some of the captains who were on it, has made him first lieutenant of the Amelia, a much finer frigate than the one he has left, and speaks so highly of him, that his present captain says he expects to see him a commander in six months. The commodore has even said he was fitter to command the Galatea than Heathcote.

As soon as his first letter arrived I wrote hastily to bid him draw on you for 30*l*. While I was writing the second letter, after some days, lest the first should have miscarried, Wynn, to whom I had told the story, very unexpectedly, wrote to say that, if 50*l*. would be of any help to Tom, it was at my disposal for him. As things now stand I take it for granted he will not draw; but, if he should, do you honour his drafts, and the money shall be remitted to you as speedily as the post will admit. This prevented him from being in the affair of the Lilly; he was under arrest, and could not go; and

the lieutenant who went in his place fell. Still I am uneasy about him, for the yellow fever was raging on board his ship, having killed Lord Proby (a cousin of Wynn's), the first lieutenant, whose stead Tom now supplies.

No news of Coleridge for so very long a time, that I am really very anxious about him, though I remember how long you often were without letters from the Mediterranean. We go on well. The Edithling thrives as we could wish; she has as yet only two teeth, which came without inconvenience, and we daily expect the two upper ones to make their appearance. Edith is very well, and fatter than ever you saw her, and I myself just as usual; or, as to the eyes better than usual

The printer lags with "Madoc;" six sheets of the notes are done, and there are about six more to do, which he unwarrantably loiters about. When you write tell me how your copy is to be directed? I will send King's with it, and one which I will beg you to ship for Tom to Barbadoes, directed to the care of Mr. Nathan Jackson Will you believe that Tom has actually eat some land-crabs, and thinks them most excellently good?—miracles will never cease. He has promised to bring me home a brace, which I shall keep in a cage, like singing birds, for the amusement of all my acquaintance.

I am still annualising; more work coming on just as I fancy it is over. Hamilton the Critical is broke, and in my debt; something from 10*l.* to 30*l.*, which I could not make him settle, and which is now gone to the dogs. It is provoking to recollect how much more pleasantly the hours bestowed upon him ought to have been employed. It seems —— has bought the Review, which is rather a good thing for, though that fellow is the most complete and perfect rascal this day existing,

he takes the right side in politics, and is likely to keep it.

Hartley is from home, visiting Mr. Wordsworth's sisters near Penrith. It is impossible to give you any adequate idea of his oddities; for he is the oddest of all God's creatures, and becomes quainter and quainter every day. It is not easy to conceive, what is perfectly true, that he is totally destitute of anything like modesty, yet without the slightest tinge of impudence in his nature. His religion makes one of the most humorous parts of his character. "I'm a boy of a very religious turn," he says; for he always talks of himself, and examines his own character, just as if he was speaking of another person, and as impartially. Every night he makes an extempore prayer aloud; but it is always in bed, and not till he is comfortable there and got into the mood. When he is ready he touches Mrs. Wilson, who sleeps with him, and says, "Now listen!" and off he sets like a preacher. If he has been behaving amiss, away he goes for the Bible, and looks out for something appropriate to his case in the Psalms or the Book of Job. The other day, after he had been in a violent passion, he chose out a chapter against wrath. "Ah! that suits me!" The Bible also is resorted to whenever he ails anything, or else the Prayer-book. He once made a pun upon occasion of the bellyache, though I will not say that he designed it. "Oh, Mrs. Wilson, *I'se* got the *colic!* read me the Epistle and Gospel for the day." In one part of his character he seems to me strikingly to resemble his father,—in the affection he has for those who are present with him, and the little he cares about them when he is out of their sight. It is not possible for one human being to love another more dearly than Mrs. Wilson loves him, and he is as fond of her as it is in his nature to be of anything, and probably loves her better than he does anybody else. Last summer she

was dangerously ill, and Hartley in consequence came and lived at home. He never manifested the slightest uneasiness or concern about her, nor ever would go near her. I do not know whether I should wish to have such a child or not. There is not the slightest evil in his disposition, but it wants something to make it steadily good; physically and morally there is a defect of courage. He is afraid of receiving pain to such a degree that, if any person begins to read a newspaper, he will leave the room, lest there should be anything shocking in it. This is the explication of his conduct during Mrs. Wilson's illness. He would not see her because it would give him pain, and when he was out of sight he contrived to forget her. I fear that, if he lives, he will dream away life like his father, too much delighted with his own ideas ever to embody them, or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed.* I gave him Robinson Crusoe two years ago. He never has read, nor will read, beyond Robinson's departure from the island. "'No,' he says; he does not care about him afterwards, and never will know. You will find infinite amusement from him when you come to visit us. I have a noble jackass, which you will find of use, for you must not fatigue yourself; and, by John's help, twelve or sixteen miles may be accomplished without exertion. Edith's love. How are my friends Cupid and Joe? You abuse Richardson's Correspondence properly; but how delightful are the letters of Klopstock's wife there! God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

* Those who remember Hartley Coleridge will at once call to mind the truth of these long-sighted remarks. Poor Hartley! most tractable in all his careless and erratic ways! And then, besides his talents, He had a heart.

*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Jan. 26. 1805.

I AM to acknowledge the receipt of a ham, *who* arrived well on Wednesday last, and is at present the great ornament of our kitchen.

Sir Edward may well excuse me for not recognising Udal-ap-Rhys by the name of Price; the gentleman put his Welsh name in the title-page, and I all along concluded that you meant the present man, never recollecting that Uvedale Price is the English of what had appeared to me very uncouth for a title-page not above fifty years old. I have seen the book, and cursorily looked it through; only cursorily, because it is my intention to buy it whenever it falls in my way, as a part of my collection. You asked if it was the work of a plagiarist. It is one of those books which does not pretend to much originality, like many old travels, being chiefly an account of what such and such towns had been, what had happened there, &c.,—things which must be compiled from other authors. It is a part of my plan to give an account of all the books which have been written concerning Portugal, and of their respective authors; and, as this gentleman seems to have been a very odd fellow, I pray you remember for me all the odd things you may hear of him, and give me a list of his other works, and an account of them.

I see the stupid advertisement, about which I most expressly cautioned Longman and Rees, has taken you in. When we talked about the *re*publication and settled it, I bade them be sure and advertise it as such. It made me swear bitterly when I saw that they had neglected this, and I wrote immediately to desire it might be altered for the future, that people in the

country might not be deceived. It was stupid in you; as if you would not have known if I had been publishing anything new! As for "Madoc," you and I may both whistle for it. It is a very common thing, Senhora, for authors to be out in their reckoning. The Scotch Presbyterian printers have got as drunk at Christmas as if they were becoming right-orthodox churchmen. There are still six or seven sheets of notes unprinted, of which I have been expecting one or two every day for this week.

Can you bring with you the Welshman's book about the fairies? I am going to make a book for the lucre of gain, in which you can help me, — "Letters from England by a Spaniard,"— which I mean to pass off as a translation; so mind you keep the secret, for my name is not to appear. In this all that I know of England is to appear; and such a collection of stories and odd things it will be as will very likely be a profitable — certainly a very amusing and curious — book. Now, you have some odd things which will help me — some Welsh anecdotes — also about Joanna Southcote, the county rovers, &c., — all which we will talk over when we meet. I want to give a complete picture of the actual state of England, such as it would appear to a foreigner indefatigable in looking about him, who had keen eyes of his own, and intelligent friends to aid his curiosity. When this stupid reviewing is over, and the last book but one is now in hand, I shall begin this, as the Ways and Means extraordinary for the year.

Mrs. *Barebald's* Essay (so Coleridge always calls her, saying the name is a pleonasm of nakedness) is abominable for manifold reasons. So ignorant and so conceited, that one might swear the authoress was not only a school-mistress, but a Presbyterian school-mistress. She ventures to talk about the history of romance, of which she knows no more than the living *John* or the

dead *Peter* *; and she speaks of Sir Philip Sidney in a manner which shows that she hath neither eye to see, nor heart to feel, nor understanding to comprehend what is beautiful in invention or exquisite in language. When you come down you shall read the "Arcadia;" it is the one book in our language which has most of Shakspeare in its manner. The life and the death of that man were equally lovely. I do not think that there ever existed a more perfect human being. The remark of Mrs. Barbauld upon the works of such a man can be compared to nothing but the blasphemies of a Jew dealer in old clothes, or the criticisms of a French barber upon Shakspeare.

Edith is quite recovered. We go on as usual, one day like another; and the happiest lives are those which have the least variety. My daughter tries to walk and talk; she is too forward, but, thank God, all seems well as yet; she has rare stout legs of her own, and is very strong. Of her beauty the less we say the better; but she is the best-tempered little creature in the world. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Lieutenant Southey, H.M.S. Amelia.*

Keswick, Feb. 11. 1805.

DEAR TOM,

If is not possible that my letters can give you more pleasure than yours give me. You have always reason to suppose that all is well with me, when you hear nothing to the contrary. I am only exposed to the common accidents of life, but you are in the way of battle and slaughter, pestilence and hurricanes,

* *John, i. e.* the jackass. *Peter*, the pig before mentioned.

and every letter that arrives from you relieves me from a certain kind of apprehension. I have written twice after the receipt of your first letter about the court-martial, and before the arrival of your two which contain the sequel of the history. My first was very short, written the instant I had read yours, to bid you draw on Danvers for 60*l.*; my second to repeat what the first had said, lest it should not reach you; but, while I was writing it, Wynn put at my disposal for you 50*l.* Thank Heaven you are reinstated; but that account of the fever struck a damp over me, and I shall not be comfortable till I hear from you again. You have never told me a word about the hurricane. My ballification surprised you, though you could not suspect me of dancing there; but I assure you you have surprised me more by saying you have eaten a land-crab. Your stomach is more courageous than I had believed it to be. "Madoc" still sticks in the press; they loiter with the notes, and will probably delay its publication till March. I am now working at the Review, and have some ten days' job on hand to complete the annual quotum. Then, what time is not devoted to the History will go to the Spaniard's Letters, which are destined to furnish the extraordinary supplies for the year. Since this war with Spain, however, I began to have a sort of hope that you might fall in with a good prize, and be able to lend me a couple of hundreds for furniture, if I should stand in need; that is, if I should not get it before, or should not be able, on account of political troubles, to go to Lisbon before my final settling, which last question will very speedily be determined.

My volume selected from the "Anthology" is published under the title of "Metrical Tales, and other Poems." It contains only three pieces in addition, which are smuggled in, without any notice on my part,

under their respective heads, the one an inscription, the other two blank-verse odes upon Indian manners, like the Huron's Address to the Dead. Five hundred only are printed. Perhaps, as it is a single volume, and its contents very various, it may sell well.

*Feb.* 21*st.* — As this letter was not finished at a heat, it has lain two or three weeks; to own the truth fairly, I had such a fear about me of the yellow fever because you mentioned indisposition on the night preceding the date of your last, that I had not heart to go on with it. Once I received a letter from a poor fellow three months after he was dead; it excited a most painful feeling; and it is little less unpleasant to address one to a person who you fear may not be among the living. However your's of December 4th has just come to hand. You do not tell me whether the fever is out of the ship; but I conclude that it must almost have done its work, and will go out like a fire, when it no longer finds anything that it can destroy. I have a sort of theory about such diseases, which I do not understand myself, — but somebody or other will one of these days. They are so far analogous to vegetables, as that they take root, grow, ripen, and decay. Those which are eruptive blossom and seed; for the pustules of the smallpox is, to all intents and purposes, the flower of the disease, or the fructification by which it is perpetuated. Now, these diseases, like vegetables, choose their own soil; as some plants like clay, others sand, others chalk, so the yellow fever will not take root in a negro, nor the yaws in a white man. Here is a noble hint for a theory; you will see the truth of the analogy at once, and I can no more explain it than you can, but so it is.

I shall send you the Review with "Madoc," which is finished, but not yet published. It will be out early

in March, and Danvers will ship the parcel for you from Bristol. The "Iris" is at an end; the printer was embarrassed, and sold it to the other party just as it had established its sale.

We have been dreadfully shocked here by the fate of Wordsworth's brother, captain of the Abergavenny East Indiaman, which has just been lost in Portland Bay; almost as shockingly as the Halsewell, 300 lives! There has not been such a shock since the Halsewell. You will learn the particulars from the papers, if any reach you; and if not, I will not employ what little of the sheet is left on a subject which makes my very flesh quiver. Buonaparte wants peace; a continental war is a far more probable event. What will become of Portugal Heaven knows; and, till that be decided, I can as little tell what will become of me. Meantime I shall continue to work hard and economise. The Spaniard's Letters are begun and promise well. I want you to help me in the part about our navy and sailors. Send me any good stories which you think can possibly fit in, and any remarks upon *the discipline*, martial laws, and, in short, anything that comes uppermost; for, however insignificant it may appear to you, it will most likely appear to me in a very different light.

I could not but laugh at your purchase of the swab. Oh Tom, if you did but know as experimently as I do how many things fall between the cup and the lip! However, if death do not come in the way, I have made up my mind to see you an admiral yet — and very possibly Sir Thomas into the bargain. Harry, too, will rise in the world.

Joe is in good health, and is your dog still, as I pay the tax for him, by way of continuing your right and title. So that, when you have made your fortune, you may return and take possession. The Bristol news you hear

better from Danvers than I can give it, and at this place we have none. Edith and the Edithling both go on well, and the matter of next importance is, that all my old trousers, old pantaloons, and my silk breeches into the bargain, are going at once, and so of necessity I must be new-rigged in the spring. We have had a delightful winter. The snow has never lain a single hour in the valley; a circumstance perhaps unexampled. I want nothing here but to have my books about me, being wholly careless about other society. But it is not convenient to be so far from libraries, booksellers, and bookstalls, and I must remove nearer London as soon as I have the means. Take a galleon I beseech you! and come home in it, for I want you to write the black-letters on some parchment books. Edith's love. God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

R. S.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

May 1. 1805.

If my brother Tom were not in the West Indies the French or the Devil might go there without costing me a single oath or a single uneasy thought. I hate the planters and the creoles, and have no love for the sugar and rum merchants; and, moreover, one good lesson is wanting to teach this country, that the main use of going to war is to be securely in peace at last. Nothing can be so absurd as the restitution of the enemy's strongholds when once you have been at the trouble and expense of conquering them. Damnation! at what a price were the French islands purchased last war! Thousands and thousands of fine fellows thrown over-

board to the sharks, or buried to be dug up by the land-crabs? And at what a waste of life have we kept this miserable squadron under Sir Samuel Hood! paid to pick up prizes and send them into harbour, for the French fleet to come and take them out again. The Romans were the only people who ever went wisely to work.

I am very uncomfortable about poor Tom; it had been so long my inclination to see him an admiral at last, that I don't like any of these cursed interruptions, which are so likely to put an end to his best prospects, and to him too. He had just sent prizes into St. Vincent's which would have paid him 1000*l.*; and these of course are gone with everything else.

The grandest of all parleurs has parleyed to some purpose for his own credit; but it is sickening to see how that knot of boobies called the administration are going through thick and thin to shelter an old rogue. My hope is, that they will so irretrievably implicate themselves with him in the general odium, as to damn themselves for ever and ever; Amen. Oh, Señor Juan Manrique! there are a number of good heads in this island of ours; but there are also a number of great men who would be a great deal better if they had a little brains in their heads, or else no heads at all!

I am correcting "Joan of Arc" for a third edition, — merely weeding out a thousand mean and miserable parts, which provoke me when I see them; but this is trouble. I have nothing but my trouble for my pains, the copyright having been sold when I had no other means of getting bread to eat. However, the book has paid me well in setting me up in the world, and I owe it the amends. My quarto, it is to be feared, will not sell because it is a quarto. I am got into a good humour with it since it has been published; yet, if I did not play the boy very often, and the fool quite often

enough, that poem would make me think I had grown old before my time; it is in so sober a tone of thought, and thoughtful feeling, and its brightest parts have the colouring of an evening sunshine. The best omen I have heard of its well-doing, is that Martin Burney likes it.

You were quite mistaken about the Abergavenny there was no misconduct whatever, except in the pilot for running her aground. I can positively and undeniably convince you of this.

Sir George Beaumont has sent me down a print of Coleridge, which, if it resembles any one, has a distant likeness to Count Burmetski, having exactly his eyes and hair.

A Frenchman's prize essay on the Reformation has come here to be reviewed. He has been schooled in Germany, and has written better than I thought a Frenchman would have written, or the French Institute have ventured to approve, upon such a subject. These reviewals, which have any bearing towards any historical subjects, I like well enough, and regard them as a good way of getting at my own opinions, and bringing them into some order in a first sketch,—and being paid for it. Villiers has not fairly stated the evils of the Reformation; he forgets the death-stop which it put to the spread of Christianity, which I regard as the greatest and best means of civilising the savage world. I have also —

I. A. "Life of Sir Walter *Ralegh*," as the name is spelt, which ought to be cut down from two quartos, as thin as himself, into an article for the Biog. Brit.

II. Philip's "Present State of Peru," of which I knew the history before the book reached me. It is exactly such as a Present State of England would be, made up, in Peru, from a stray volume of the "Monthly Magazine," and a print of the King's procession to St.

Paul's after his recovery, or of the Lord Mayor's Show.

III. Lindley's "Narrative of his Imprisonment at Bahia," not very much to the credit of my friends the Portuguese; but Mr. Lindley should not go smuggling. In my history I am coming to a splendid period,—the great struggle with the Turks in India, at the siege of Dio,—one of the most extraordinary on record. D. Manuel gets on with his Letters, some of which are under transcription to be sent to you. If I be not very much deceived, this will be the most profitable of all my labours, which it well may be, and yet not be overpaid.

Lord Holland has, through my uncle, offered me the use of his library, which, as he has laid in an excellent store of books in Spain, would be of great advantage to me, were I within reach of it. I am in want of sundry books, yet will not send for them for awhile,—waiting to see what may turn up with regard to Portugal and to my own destination.

I am as much obliged to Carlisle for his lecture as if I understood it, which I do sufficiently to see that he is going the right way to work. Does he, or do you know that if any deformity happen to the human nails, it is perpetuated?—or am I reasoning from my own individual experience too generally; for I have the proof at my *fingers' end*?

The proofs are coming, and the pamphlet may be consigned to rest among my other books, as I have seen it. There has been a smart earthquake in Staffordshire. Farewell.

R. S.

## *To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, May 11, 1805.

If I do not answer a letter as soon as it is received, it is likely to remain long unanswered; and that is the history of my long silence. Just as the thing is fresh, there is a disposition to talk in reply; but if this be suffered to go off, the whole evaporates like the life of a glass of bottled ale. Besides, be pleased always to take it for granted, when you do not hear from us, that all is going on well, and just as usual. Any calamity — any good fortune — if an earthquake were to shake down the house, or the sky were to fall, the tidings would reach you quite soon enough.

Should my little girl live, which, God knows, is of all dreams the one which I least venture to indulge, I mean that she shall be taught to draw — chiefly, I hope, by your Senhoraship — as soon as she can hold a pencil I mean to make it subservient to useful purposes: for instance, I will have the whole history of a tree in a series of drawings; the first appearance of the seed above ground, and so on through all its stages; the various appearances of its foliage from the first bud to the fall, — its flower, fruit, &c.; and thus through all the English trees. But I will talk of something else; for to lay up hopes, is to lay up evil for oneself if they be frustrated.

My great book, Wynn tells me, is almost as universally admired as he would wish, and that, he says, is as much as I can desire. The great admirers of "Thalaba" will probably prefer "Madoc;" the difference is, as between the "Tempest" and the "Coriolanus" or the "Timon;" — the one poem relates to fancy, the other to human character. I have just been saying, in another letter, that "Madoc" looks as if I had grown old before my time — the tone of thought and feeling is so sober, and the whole colouring so like that of an

evening sunshine; but the whole character was given it before "Thalaba" was written; it was *pitched* seven years ago. I am satisfied with it; and, die when I may, my monument is made. Senhora, that I shall one day have a monument in St. Paul's is more certain than I should choose to say to everybody; but it was a strange feeling which I had, when I was last in St. Paul's, and thought so. How think you I shall look in marble? They will wrap me, I suppose, in some outlandish dress, —such as Edith would not let me wear, and indeed such as I should not choose to wear in this cold climate. But if my own opinion may be taken, I beg leave to inform posterity that I am at this present dressed in corduroy pantaloons, a waistcoat after the fashion of the year of our Lord 1804, and a brown jacket which once was a brown coat; all which I should like better than a fancy dress; though perhaps trowsers, which I wear quite as often, are better than tighter clothing. I am never for sacrificing *costume* to *beauty*. Whoever should paint Queen Elizabeth without her ruff and stomacher, or Harry VIII. with his hat straight upon his head, ought to be whipped at the cart's tail.

We have no sweet-scented violets in this country, nor any cowslips near Keswick. Bring some seeds with you, and let us leave them as a legacy to Cumberland. There is a stone, or rock it may be called, some three and a half miles from hence, fretted by the weather in such regular lines, that they appear like cornices, and the whole looks like an architectural ruin. It is exquisitely overhung by little trees, and I had remarked it long before I had discovered that Gilpin had remarked it before me. He just mentions it enough to show that its singularity had struck him. It has escaped all other tourists and guides. I have named it Gilpin's Stone, in honour of a good man, and should like to sow round it the first violets which have ever grown in Cumberland.

This stone you are to draw, for it is as beautiful as it is extraordinary.

I am correcting "Joan of Arc" for a new edition. The property is not my own, so that the trouble is as unprofitable as it is unpleasant.

Get me, I beseech you, the Welsh parson's book about the Fairies; it will be of infinite use for my Spaniard; and collect for me anecdotes of Joanna Southcote. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, June. 11. 1805.

DEAR RICKMAN,

The birthday is over, and I looked for a letter from you in the joy of your heart: it has not arrived, and so I will write to you in the sorrow of mine — for my eyes are out of order, and nothing so much oppresses my spirits as this grievance, for nothing else renders me so perfectly helpless.

I have references to certain statutes which perhaps you can with little trouble verify for me at your leisure. A statute made at Kilkenny, 3rd of Edward II. A. D. 1310, mentions the shells of cocoa-nuts for drinking-cups. This implies more intercourse with the East than is consistent with other facts. Boccacio tells you of a parrot's feather which was shown by a friar for one from the Angel Gabriel's wing; but cocoa shells are so bulky and so little worth that they seem odd articles to be imported into Ireland by the Frescobald Society at Florence.

The law against ravishment makes it felony to commit a rape upon a lay woman, and only a trespass upon a nun, 3rd of Edward I. cap. 13. and 33. The latter is

omitted in the statute book. This I copied from a magazine. Where is the omitted part to be found? If the law be accurately stated, it was designed to afford an excuse to the nuns for incontinence. If at your leisure you can send me the authorities I shall be glad: if you are over busy, as most likely you are, I will ask Wynn to refer to the statute for me.

The papers which Turner spoke of must mean his new volume. At your leisure send it me with the volume and odd numbers of the "Beauties of England," and the "Theatro-Critic" of Feyjoo; indeed all of Feyjoo that you have. The quartos are in parchment, and sore sufferers by the sea. I want both books, heterogeneous as they are, for the same purpose; the one for D. Manuel's journey, the other for his allusions. Much as I want other books, I will not have them down, in the hope that I may be ere long able to effect a removal. There is reason to hope that the best of Tom's prizes have escaped, and if so he will be able to lend me 250*l.* to furnish a house; in that case I will remove in the autumn. I begin to grow impatient of the discomforts of an unsettled life; the want of my own books, and of access to others, becomes daily more and more grievous; and it is time to have done with procrastination. I am older in habits and in constitution than in years, and have enough in hand for a longer life than mine is likely to be. That I should ever be better able or better willing to work than at present is not very probable; and I am now working to disadvantage, for want of materials at hand. In short, my resolution is made up; and as soon as Tom remits me a bill of exchange I shall write to John May to look me out a house near Richmond, as soon as may be, and will remove to it in the winter. My expenses will be increased a clear hundred a year by this change: if need be, I will rise two hours earlier, and supply the additional charge;

but I shall soon have a right to expect some little incomings from old labour, and also shall be in the way of becoming known to persons who may serve me hereafter, for my eye is fixed upon the consulship at Lisbon, and what between my own friends and my uncle's, I think it an attainable object.

Since this letter was begun, I have heard from Tom, stating that his prizes are safe, so that that danger is over, and I can calculate, as far as the mainspring is concerned, with tolerable certainty upon my own movements. He desires me to get him an introduction to Tobin's brother, who is Admiral Cochrane's captain. Say this to Tobin for me when you see him. Tom thinks Captain Tobin could be of service to him. I know not whether this be the case; but if it be, James Tobin I think will give him his good word. He is in the Amelia frigate, still in the way of prize money, but his hopes of promotion destroyed by Cochrane's arrival, for Sir Samuel Hood was his friend.

A Mr. Allen, of high reputation at Edinburgh, who has been travelling with Lord Holland in a medical capacity, is busy upon Spanish history. This is likely enough to render much of my preliminary matter superfluous. My uncle speaks very highly of him; and as my acquaintance is bespoke by him and for him, I shall of course avoid trespassing upon his ground, and we shall, I suppose, agree to a line of partition like the kings of whom we are to treat. Lord H. has made a noble collection of Spanish books, and has offered me the use of them; this will in all likelihood be of great advantage to me, and save me much expense of time in going backward and forward to the Museum, even if those which I want should happen to be there. There is a Madeira merchant now settled in Tavistock Square, a friend of my uncle's, on whom I am engaged to call, and from whom I am taught to expect much valuable

information, as he has all his life lived among the Portuguese, and is a man of understanding and research. You see there are additional motives for my removal.

If you have ever travelled between Salisbury and London, tell me the stages and such hints of the country as may enable me to travel it on paper,— simply what part is over the plain, if any,— what cultivated,— what over heaths! Don Manuel cannot get on for want of such knowledge and of a book of the roads; and in this place there is no resource when I am at a loss for the commonest book or the most trivial information. Do not forget the election reports.

My uncle tells me his shelves are filled with books for me if he could get them over; but they are not worth the duties, though all would be of some use. Is not this a hard case? Some few I can smuggle by way of Liverpool, and could also land them at Falmouth; but to get them from Falmouth would be as difficult as from Lisbon. This damned tax will one day or other be repealed as insignificant and directly impeding literature. It is intolerably vexatious to pay duty as much as the prime cost of the books.

Bedford works well: he tells me Horace is likely to get a berth at the Museum. There is a fitness that he should, inasmuch as I can then get books at extra hours, and sit by the fire and examine them.

How is Martin the Cat? God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, June 27. 1805.

You will find no house-room at the Wordsworths', Mrs. W. being in the straw, as the phrase is for being in bed on a certain occasion; and the house fuller than it can hold at all times. However, if you are deter-

mined to take the views in that part before you come here, you had better get lodgings, if possible, at Grasmere for a week, than at Ambleside, as being nearer many fine things, which W. will show you. I recommend a week there, and another at Buttermere and Scale Hill, and certainly a day in Wastdale, if you can compass thirty-six miles, of which about five are to be passed on foot in crossing the worst mountain pass in this country. You shall have my company and Harry's, if not more, upon this hard day's work; and we will start with the sun, that you may have some hours there. Perhaps too we may find means of lodging you there with some good statesman and his wife. From Scale Hill you command Loweswater, and can easily ride to Ennerdale.

Senhora, I am not sure that a set of your drawings might not accompany a parting poem of mine upon this place, which it has just come into my head that I could write, and so make a magnificent and thin book, at the publisher's risk; they, you, and I sharing the profits, if any there should be. Come and talk of it.

My rich uncle is dead, and I not a penny the richer. He has left nothing to either of his nephews. In my case, who was his heir-at-law, this is leaving it *from* me. Another uncle has a main part, with whom I am on hopeful terms; but his life is in all probability as good a one as mine, for I am not of lasting materials. They talk, when people have done amiss, of hauling them over the coals. I hope Beelzebub will not serve old John so upon my account. Brothers are nearer than nephews. Only inasmuch as he has left one good estate to one almost a stranger, he has done me wrong; not otherwise. It is likely that by the time you make your appearance I may have finished some odd lines upon this affair, which may not displease you. Senhora, I shall never get as much, nor one tenth as

much, by all my writings, as this old man has deprived me of by what he has written upon one rascally skin of parchment. If you know any kind-hearted gentleman who has money to leave, and is in want of a nephew, pray convince him that it is easier to adopt nephews than sons — and tell him that I am disengaged.

We expect Tom in England, God bless him! He hopes to get a month's leave of absence, and gallop down to us; and if he should come, he, and I, and Sir Domine will sing the following glee upon yonder Lake.

Three merry men,
And three merry men,
And three merry men, are we,
As ever did float
In one little boat,
Old Derwentwater, on thee

A true glee, Senhora; and happy woman be her dole who shall hear it, while every rock, hill, and mountain sound *rimbombas* to our voice. The word is famous, Senhora, in Tasso's Italian, where it is applied to the re-echoing either of the devil's voice or his trumpet — I forget which. Flattering myself that I am fit to sing second as to my powers of voice, I thought it more applicable than the common word *echo*.

Another improvement in discriminating the masculine and feminine genders in English. I believe I sent you some specimens before, such as *he*-mises and *she*-mises, *he* pistles and *she* pistles, pen*man*ship and pen-*woman*ship, &c. What think you now of —

Agrea*beau*
and
Agrea*belle*?

and have not I right to sign myself,

Your agrea*beau* correspondent,
as well as heartily and truly yours,
R. S.

*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, July 6, 1805.

You do well to read Travels, which are almost the only modern books worth reading. You speak of Pallas just as I have spoken, for it fell to my lot to review his first volume in the first Annual; the second was sent to another *hand*, because, I suppose, mine did not quite please the publishers of a dull and dear book. I have not seen the other Travels which you mention. My own letters I dislike, because they would have been so infinitely better had I kept them unpublished till this time. There are materials enough in this very room for another such a volume, which would cost me little more trouble than the mere manual labour of writing. I shall wait till I have been once more to Portugal, and then melt down the former volume, and make a good book. Perhaps you may make the drawings, — at least, more unlikely things have taken place, for you have the inclination, and if ever Edith should accompany me, she would wish and want a female friend. Now, gentle Jupiter, do, I beseech thee, just entertain the Senhora with such a shower as you did Danae; or, gentle Apollo, do, I beseech thee, endue one of my hands with the virtue of Midas, — and I will actually and truly be very willing to take his ears into the bargain.

I begged and besought you to borrow or steal for me the Welshman's book about the Fairies, and I do again intreat and implore you so to do. It will be a treasure to Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella, to whom I shall be very happy to have the honour of introducing you. Forget not to pack up with you whatever you think may be of use to the Señor (mark you how his title is spelt, he being a Spaniard); in particular, all the documents about Joanna Southcote, and if she has published

any pamphlets, &c., buy them for me; for, doubtless, they will be to be had at Wolverhampton. About your coming: — Danvers is now on the road, to occupy the bed which is to be your's; he will stay a month, so I conceive, — not longer. As soon as he is gone, and of the time fixed for his departure, you shall have early notice; and the sooner you make your appearance the better, — not on account of seasons, for till Christmas all will be in the best order, but because it is always foolish to lose time: delays are dangerous in making a visit, as well as in making love.

"Madoc" flourishes more than I had expected. It is a good poem, and on its present plan could not have been better; still I feel in myself powers which could have produced a better. Madoc himself is of too philosophic a character to be quite fit for poetry; he may be admired and loved, but cannot be sympathised with, because he is never in that state of feeling and passion which excites sympathy. Here is the advantage which "Thalaba" possesses, amid all that bustle of incident, that pantomimic change of scenery, that world of wonders. Thalaba is for ever present, the single figure to whom everything relates; at first, the object of curiosity, then of hope, lastly of pity. The two poems are not subjects of comparison, but it is possible to give these advantages to the hero of a poem as dramatically true in its structure as "Madoc," and this I have not done. I want you here, because I want to talk over a story which seems as if it would come to something — that of Pelayo, the restorer or founder of the Spanish monarchy. I want to talk it over, and to decide whether that or the Deluge be the better subject for a poem, to be pitched in a higher key than "Madoc." Oh Senhora! if I were but rich enough to write nothing but what I liked, what a set of poems would I leave behind me! I almost think that after this present year I shall give

over reviewing altogether, and try whether the world will oblige me so much as to buy such a poem as "Thalaba" once in eighteen months; which, if they would do it, would supersede the necessity. A year's reviewing certainly does not occupy so much thought, but it nearly employs as much time, as such a poem would do.

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I should have sent this off some days ago, had not some visitors interrupted me. Among the tribe came a certain Mr. Smith, of *Brummejam*, who knew you; he is the gentleman for whom a lady has just died for love, leaving him 7000*l.* — all that she could! Senhora, the more I know of this world, the odder sort of a place does it seem to me; and the more I hear of women, the more I am convinced of the truth of an assertion which I often make in this family, — "That men are scarce and valuable."

You are to make sundry drawings of this house, which in four or five different situations forms admirable subjects, as you vary the background of mountains. We have an artist's chair for you, and the Fores's pencils which you commissioned me to buy last year; though the best pencils in the world are made here at Keswick. Bring a good stock of drawing-paper, for you can get none here.

I am studying Swedenborgianism for Don Manuel. Edith's love. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, 1805.

She that will not when she may,
When she will she shall have nay,
*You* chose last summer to delay,
Next spring *we* must go away; —
Mary Barker, so I say
She that will not when she may,
When she will she shall have nay.
Will you come here while you may,
Ere the winter pass away?
Mary Barker, yea, or nay?

THE plain prose matter of fact is, that our house has been sold over our head to one — a fellow all paunch, whom I therefore compare to Buonaparte as being the great *belly-gerent;* and at Whitsuntide we must turn out for this moving mass of blubber, who being for sundry reasons sure of going to the devil, is now laying in a stock of suet which is to rise again with him, and supply fuel for the wick of his soul to all eternity. Whereby you see the fitness of a bodily resurrection for him.

Where we shall go, or what we shall do, God knows. I am thoroughly puzzled. That, however, is nothing to the purport of this letter, which is to tell you that, if you do not forthwith set off for the Lakes, you must find somebody else to show you the country, and some other head-quarters than Greta Hall. As for the season, it is your fault if it be gone by; but the country as yet has only gained, and will not lose anything by winter this month to come; and then you are to remember that this country suffers less than any other in its grand and peculiar features — or rather, suffers nothing in them. I shall say no more, being more than half angry with you, and Edith more than three quarters.

A mail, which leaves Manchester about two hours after your mail arrives there, will carry you to Kendal, from

whence it is two stages to Keswick of good road. You may reach us before the second night sets in.

This is the last time of asking, Madam Spinster. So no more at present from

Yours, as you deserve,
R. S.

I opened this letter to see if he had given you a most terrible scolding. Pray don't fancy he is jesting, for his anger is sheer and downright earnest; and if you could but behold my two sisters and myself when we are talking about your behaviour, you would certainly have an admirable subject for a drawing of the Three Furies. My indignation is not to be expressed in this place; but appear and tremble!—the leg-twirl is mercy to what you must undergo. To be short, don't write unless in the *affirmative*: in that case write immediately, for my sister Coleridge is going to pay a visit, but will not fix any time until your answer arrives.

Yours, in great rage,
EDITH SOUTHEY.

P. S. I forgot to tell you the dear delightful George Dyer left us this morning; he passed a few days with us. So I find you have opened a correspondence with him, and he has in his pocket a letter for you! O brave!

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, August 5. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am much gratified with your praise of "Madoc, and disposed to acquiesce in some of your censure. It was my intention, at one time, to have made Erillyab arrive during the contest, and put Amalahta to death

with her own hands, — an action of savage heroism which might have been made sufficiently consistent with her character. Why this was altered I cannot very clearly explain. This much is certain, that the part, as it now stands, after the Hoamen are driven out from the hut, offends me more than anything else in the volume, and is therefore most likely to be altered. What you say of the earlier termination of the poem is not founded so well, as you will probably perceive if you reconsider the story. The historical foundation of the story is the emigration of the Aztecas, which gives, by the concluding lines, that same probability to the second part which historical names and facts have given to the first; and there are many characters of the drama to be disposed of, who must not be killed and married off too precipitately. It pleased me that you had selected for praise the quieter passages, those in an under key, with which the feeling has the most, and the fancy the least to do. The names are uncouth only to the eye, and were all selected for their euphony.

My articles in the third Annual are Percival's Cape; Barrow's Africa and China; M'Kinnin's West Indies (the passage quoted from a letter is one of Tom's, and I quoted it with pride); Johnes' Froissart; Heriot's Canada; Address from the Society for the Suppression of Vice; Ledwiche's Antiquities of Ireland; Correspondence of Rousseau; Seward's Life of Darwin; Irvine's Lives of the Scotch Poets; Scott's Sir Tristrim, Numbers 3. 5, 6, 7. 9, 10, 11. 13, 14, 15. 17, 18, 19. 21, 22. 25. 27. and 37. of the Poetry; Missionary Transactions; Davies' Celtic Researches; No Slaves, no Sugar; Tennant's Indian Recreations; Gardiner's Essays; Duppa's Heads. This present year's list is likely to be longer; and with the present year's, if possible, I will take leave of reviewing, because the

same time which a year's reviewing employs would produce such a poem as "Thalaba," of which the present profit would not be less and the future would be something; whereas, in reviewing, all the labour is sunk, and as I have been a reviewer now since the beginning of 1798, I do not think it can be of any further use to me now, than merely as a matter of pecuniary profit. I shall just keep my foot in the review in order to let Harry in when he shall be at leisure to take the place. I can certainly be better employed in writing good books than in criticising bad ones.

My History would go to press this winter if my uncle were in England, and probably will not till he and I have met either in that country or this. I paused about five weeks ago, on finishing the first siege of Dio, not from any wish to pause, but this is my season for interruption, when I walk for the rest of the year. Danvers is with me, and, with him and Harry, I am, in short and frequent excursions, exploring the whole of a country which I hope at no great distance to leave. Believe me, it is an act of forbearance to keep back what has cost me so many hours of labour. The day when I receive the first proof sheet will be one of the happiest of my life. The work may or may not succeed; it may make me comfortably independent, or obtain no credit till I am in a world where its credit will be of no effect; but that it will be a good book, and one which sooner or later shall justify me in having chosen literature for my life's pursuit, I have a sure and certain faith. If I complained of anything it would be of the necessity of working at employments so worthless in comparison with this great subject. However, the reputation which I am making, and which, thank God, strengthens every year, will secure a sale for these volumes whenever they appear.

Roscoe's Leo * is on the table, *sub judice*. One great advantage in my subject is, that it excites no expectations: the reader will be surprised to find in me a splendour of story which he will be surprised not to find in the miserable politics of Italian princelings.

I cannot answer your question concerning the contemporary English historians; Bishop Nicholson will be your best guide. Of English history we have little that is good; I speak of modern compilers, being ignorant, for the most part, of the monkish annalists. Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons ought to be upon your shelves; the style is the worst possible, but so much new information was probably never laid before the public in any one historical publication. Lord Lyttelton's Henry II. is a learned and honest book. Having particularised these two, "the only faithful found," it may safely be said that of all the others those which are the oldest are probably the best. What Milton and Bacon have left have, of course, peculiar and first-rate excellencies.

Here is a Mr. Awdry visiting near us, the cousin of your brother-in-law; we knocked him up on the mountains Saturday last. You probably know him: his wife is like poor Nancy Tonkin, only with a face less interesting, because less intelligent. No news of Coleridge. Little Edith grows and does well; she attempts to say everything, and is thought wondrous wise sometimes. I wish her less forward—in fear; but, God be thanked, she is well. My cold has left me at last.

I will beg you to thank young Walpole for his book,

* "Roscoe's Leo rises much in my estimation upon a second perusal. If it disappointed my curiosity or expectation, it satisfies my reasonable judgment, and I shall be able most truly to speak of it in terms of decided praise."—*MS. Letter to H. H. Southey, Esq.*, Jan. 11. 1806.

which, if it be left with Longman, will take its place in the next parcel. I wish he were to travel anywhere rather than in Greece; there is too much hazard and too little reward; nor do I think much can be gleaned after the excellent Chandler. Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, are the countries for an able and inquisitive traveller. I should, for myself, prefer a tour in Ireland to a tour in Greece, as productive of more novelty. Should he touch at Malta, it might not be amiss to take letters to Coleridge, in case he should be there; with them I will furnish him, if you think it worth while; or you may do it yourself, for your name will be a valued draft for any attention or service in his power.

I should be much obliged if you could procure for me Beausobre's "Histoire de Manicheisme," which, for want of catalogues, I cannot get at by any other channel. The book is said to be of sterling value; and the subject so connected with Christian and Oriental superstitions, that my knowledge of both is very imperfect till I have read it; besides, I think I have discovered that one of the great Oriental Mythologies was borrowed from Christianity, — that of Budda, the Fo of the Chinese. If so, what becomes of their chronology? God bless you.

R. S

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, Oct. 8. 1805.

DEAR WYNN,

I shall take your advice respecting Madoc and confine myself to correcting the parts as they are. About the catastrophe, when my thoughts acquire any thing like a definite form, you shall be consulted.

To-day I start, with Elmsley, for Edinburgh, and shall be home within three weeks. I have a world of reviewing to do, which, with "Espriella," will keep me hard at work till April; and then, as soon as I have cleared off these incumbrances, I design once more to cross the seas and pay my last visit to Portugal. Concerning this, I will write at large hereafter. Now, of course, we are in haste, and I have besides something to say which you will be glad to hear.

Froude, a clergyman of Devonshire, happened, some little time ago, to tell me that a lady in Nottinghamshire had an old MS. volume of poems, which nobody could make out. I expressed a wish to see it—and, in short, have it now lying on my desk. It contains all sorts of things; and among others three metrical romances, Sir Ysumbras, Sir Gwether, and Sir Amadas. The first you will recollect by the title of Isembras: whether that was known to exist or not I cannot tell. The two latter are discoveries, I believe; and Amadas being known to Walter Scott only by name, was suspected by him, in the "Edinburgh Review," as being possibly the original of "Amadis." The copy of this is imperfect at the beginning, but nothing of any importance is lost. The story this:—Amadas has spent all his property, except 40*l.*; with this he sets out to seek his fortune. He finds a widow sitting by a bier, in a lonely chapel, with two tapers burning, and her husband's body, which was rotting above ground, because a cruel creditor would not permit it to be buried. Amadas pays 30*l.* to redeem it, and spends the other ten upon the funeral. As he rides on alone through a forest, bewailing his poverty aloud, a knight in white armour, upon a white horse, overtakes and overhears him; and then advises him to go and marry the Emperor's daughter, by his help, covenanting to have half of whatever he shall choose for this assistance. Accordingly, he supplies him

with clothes from a wreck, and bids him say that his retinue have perished in the storm. Amadas marries the princess, and has a child. The White Knight comes, and sends up word of his arrival in a suspicious way, as if he doubted whether the promise would be kept. He is most joyfully and gratefully received; but he demands to have the princess and the child cut in half. The lady on no account will permit her husband to break his promise, and prove a false knight, and lays down on a table to submit to the operation. It then appears that the White Knight is the spirit of the merchant, who does this only to prove Sir Amadas.

Sir Gwother, *the son of the Devil*, is equally wild in story—but I have no time now for more. Each is about 800 lines long; the rest of the volume contains many curious things, with much devotional poetry. I shall show it to Walter Scott*, and get the owner's permission to take measures for publishing such of its contents as are worthy. God bless you.

R. S

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## *To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq. M.P.*

Keswick, Oct. 20. 1805.

My dear Wynn,

I reached home yesterday, just as your letter, with the draught, had arrived.

We found a week at Edinburgh quite enough, and both I and Elmsley were willing to get home again. It is certainly a magnificent city. The New Town resembles Bath in the regularity, the cleanliness, and the silence of its streets, and in the colour of the buildings; but the houses, being only of ordinary height, are

* See Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. ii. p. 278., 2nd edit.

dwarfed by the old city. There they are commonly six, seven, or eight stories on the one side; ten, twelve, or thirteen on the other; and this height increased by the chimneys, which rise like a sort of turret from the front of the house, instead of the gable-end. The famous view of Leith and the river, which the Scotch boast of so loudly, is nothing to one who has seen Lisbon. I did not even think it of the second-best order; but that from Princes Street is truly surprising. You cross a valley (once a loch) by a high bridge, and the back of the old city appears on the edge of this depth — so vast, so irregular — with such an outline of roofs and chimneys, that it looks like the ruins of a giant's palace. I never saw anything so impressive as the first sight of this; there was a wild red sunset slanting along it.

Of Edinburgh society I think very little. Elmsley very justly observed that, of the three faculties of the mind, judgment is the only one which they cultivate, or value. Jeffrey is amusing from his wit; in taste, he is a mere child; and he affects to despise learning, because he has none. Perhaps I am not a fair judge, having been accustomed to live with Coleridge and Wordsworth; but the plain truth is that, compared with such men as these, the Scotch *literatuli* are very low, indeed. Brougham was not in good health, and did not open much. I had, however, conversation enough with him to see that he never regarded any thing in the broad moral point of view. As for Jeffrey, I really cannot feel angry with anything so diminutive; he is a mere *homunculus*, and would do for a major in Gog and Magog's army, were they twice as little.

We were three days at Scott's, a much superior man, whom it is impossible not to like. He was delighted with the MS., and has commissioned me to offer fifteen guineas for it, for the Advocates' library. Were

there any sale for such things, I would willingly add three more volumes to Ritson's; but this must be left to be done by future academies. Perhaps the London Institution may bestow some of its funds on our national literature.

Longman sent me the "Censura Literaria." You seem to appreciate it accurately, yet, execrable as it is, it is, like Duppa's story of the bad weather, better than none.

Dr. Aikin has written to me for the article "Lobeira," for his Biographical Dictionary, requesting me to contribute all that relates to Spanish and Portuguese literature. I have promised to do this. It is only printing what I should else be accumulating in manuscript, and I may as well get paid for my first drafts. My busy season is setting in, and there is a world of work before me, which might appal an indolent man; —this engagement for one thing; the preface to the specimens, to supply the gap made in the second volume of poems by the omission of the Vision, which must be done by tinkering the Retrospect; Rosamund, &c.; a full sixth of the Annual, which shall be my last work of the kind; and Espriella's Letters to complete and transcribe. Of the play I shall think. To do more than think will be impossible, till this mass is cleared off. By April I expect, if no sickness or sorrow interrupt, to have got through the campaign, and then I hope to sail for Lisbon.

I have heard, at second-hand, that "Thalaba" is selling with increased rapidity: Rees told Ballantyne. It is very likely "Madoc," in spite of all attacks and all prejudices, will push himself and his brethren. Success, in these cases, is slow but sure.

Elmsley and I parted yesterday morning at Carlisle. When we shall see so much of each other again heaven knows, though I know that it will be long before I

shall have so pleasant a companion. I know few men who approach to his learning, not one who judges so sanely upon all subjects. We have been very serious together, and very merry; and, I believe, no two travellers were ever more disposed to take things quietly, and laugh at inconveniences.*

Home is very comfortable, after even a short absence. I am glad winter is come, that I may be once more fairly at work; and yet wish it were over, that the work were done. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq.*

Nov. 7. 1805.

DEAR DANVERS,

It is very long since I have written to you: meantime, you have heard of my intention to visit Portugal, next year, and of my journey to Edinburgh. Of both these subjects I have something to say.

My uncle advised me to go over this winter with my family. This was impossible, as there is a pretty hard winter's work before me. I shall go in the spring if Edith does not choose to accompany me; most likely in the autumn if she does, which indeed I expect. It would then be advisable, or at least pleasant, to pass one more summer here, and to have the young one a few months older. My uncle advises us to come by Carvalho's ship from Bristol. At any rate we shall come to Bristol, if not to go by him, on our way to Falmouth. In case of Edith's going, I

* I regret exceedingly that none of Southey's letters to Elmsley have been recovered. They were few and far between, but must have been interesting.

shall make up my mind to, at least, a two years' residence, and of course leave Mrs. Lovell in England. Edith does not like going; but she ought to go, and I believe will. At all events, my going is so resolved a thing, that I have desired Longman and King Arthur to fill up my place in the fifth "Annual Review," and after this year shall have done with that sort of work for ever and ever; Amen.

Elmsley and I spent three days with Walter Scott on our way to Edinburgh. He inquired for you, and desired to be remembered when I wrote. Camp is in good health, and put up a hare, which Percy and Douglas, the two greyhounds*, caught in a minute, and which made part of our next day's dinner.

I saw Newark, and Branksome, and Melrose, the Tiviot and the Yarrow, and went salmon-spearing upon the Tweed. When we reached the great city Jeffrey was invited by a friend of Elmsley's to meet me at supper. As his review of "Madoc" was then printed though not published, he thought proper to send it me first, that I might meet him or not, as I felt disposed. This was gentlemanly conduct. Having been reviewed now above three-score times, it is not very likely that I should feel much affected by praise or censure. I met him in good humour, which, if I had not been disposed so to do, I could not have helped, on seeing an *homuncúlus* of five-foot one, with a face which upon a larger scale would be handsome, but can now only be called pretty; ēēnunciating his words as if he had studied *eelocution* under John Thelwall, of whom indeed he is an Elzevir edition in better binding. After supper we got upon the general question of taste. You would have been amused to have seen how he flourished about, endeavouring to imply an apology without

* See Life of Sir Walter Scott, vol. ii. p. 265.

making one, and talking *at* what he did not talk of,—and how I on my part, without mentioning his review quoted its phrases occasionally, took up his principles of criticism without once referring to their application, and in the best-natured way in the world; made him fully sensible that he was—but five foot one! Upon my soul, I cannot feel offended with a thing so insignificant. He has wit and readiness, but in taste and learning so mere a child, and so utterly feeble in intellect, that I was actually astonished. Indeed the whole corps of Edinburgh reviewers appear miserably puny to me, who have been accustomed to live with strong men. Jeffrey came back in the stage with us, to visit the Lakes, and supped here; so you see we are good friends. What I condemn in him is, a habit of speaking of books worse than he thinks of them,—because ill-natured things are said with better effect than good-natured ones, and liked better; and for the sake of selling his Reviews he often abuses books in print which he makes no scruple to praise in conversation. But his praise and his censure are alike haphazard and worthless.*

Edith instructed me to rig myself anew at Edinburgh, with coat, hat, pantaloons, and boots, which I meant to do; but considering that cash was low with me, and that if learning was better than house and land, it certainly must be much better than fine apparel, which is but vanity, I resolved to make the old clothes last till next summer, and accordingly laid out the money at the bookseller's instead of the tailor's! And a good boxfull did I send home, which it does my heart good to look at now that they are arranged in due order upon the shelves.

I have just begun my reviewing—and, alas! my

* I have left these passages concerning Jeffrey, as showing Southey's opinion of his intellectual powers.

eyes this very day begin to ail again. Dr. Aikin has applied to me for Spanish and Portuguese literary lives in his Biography, which I have undertaken. What with this and with Don Manuel, my winter will be fully and laboriously employed; but it will set me even with the world, and leave me the Spaniard over and above. At Christmas I will send you a draft. Of the sale of "Madoc" I know nothing, and expect little; of its ultimate effect on my reputation, and thereby on my well-doing, I have no doubt. Almost I am tempted to trouble you to hunt for the books about the Cid, that I might make a volume sure of popularity and of sale, which could be done almost without labour.

No letter from Tom of a later date than the last of July, and then he had the fever worse than at any former attack. I am uneasy, but have been recollecting that ill news always travels fast*, and that in silence therefore there is nothing which ought to alarm me. For politics, I am quite sick at heart: the worst news of all is the Duke of York's appointment, the most infamous and shameless acquiescence on the part of Pitt, for the sake of keeping his place! Oh, for a day of reckoning! The Peacheys went yesterday. Edith's remembrances. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Nov. 27. 1805.

I SHOULD have written sooner to you, but for the daily expectation of hearing further tidings, and the uncomfortable uncertainty which the disappointment

* "For evil news rides post, while good news baits."
*Samson Agonistes*, v. 1358.

occasions. However, it is a wise practical maxim, that no news is good news, and I shall write in that belief.

First and foremost, we have to thank you for a pine-apple and a side of venison, which was very good, and, indeed, is so still, for there is a good hash remaining. If these things come from Sir Edward himself, I beg you will make my acknowledgments in suitable phrase.

Secondly, I have to request help for D. Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Have you a Cookery Book? There is at the end of Mrs. Glass, and all her succession, an admirable course of lessons in carving, from which I want the appropriate terms of winging, thighing, lifting, displaying, &c. It would be a woeful blunder if I were to *lift* what I ought to *unlace, and vice versâ.** In the next place, I am going to write a letter about English music and the fugues. This will reach you on Sunday; and it is well you are not going to church, or you would laugh at this during the sermon. But, Senhora, you must give me the criticism and the comparison, and I will give you the seasoning; and when they who know me come to a wise dissertation upon the state of our music, they will never suspect me, that's pretty clear. Besides, I have an anecdote or two, and something to say about musical misses, and the villainous words of the songs, — so do you supply what I really do not understand, and we will have a very good letter between us.

What do you suppose poor Tom has taken it into his head to send me, from the West Indies, by way of a useful present? A turtle! The inconceivable absurdity of sending me a turtle, and the utter dismay of the women to think what was to be done with it, kept me full half an hour laughing. Yes, — he tells me a pas-

* See Letter LXXIII., vol. iii. p. 305., 3rd edit.

senger has promised to look to it on the voyage, and see it shipped on board the coach from London to Keswick. I wrote immediately to Wynn, begging him to look after the beast, and eat him out of my way, — if, indeed, the captain has not done it already. Upon my word, when I see how venison, and turtle, and pine-apple come in upon me, I begin to think I am not in my proper situation, and that I really ought to be Lord Mayor of London.

There is a monthly review of "Madoc," in which envy, hatred, and malice are exhibited, stark mad and stark naked, — the work of some unsuccessful author who fancies that I have reviewed him severely.

My campaign is now fairly begun, and to-day the first parcel has been packed off for King Arthur. In this the makeweights for the second volume of Poems are gone. By the by, this puts me in mind to say that, in giving the list of my Operas to Sir Edward, you should make him understand that the Poems should not be purchased till this new edition comes out, — else the Vision will be had twice over. I say this, because any person thus paying twice for the same thing might very naturally blame me for an arrangement which is not mine, and which is really a good one. So, you see I am clearing off; — and the work goes on with more good will, because it is to be the last of the kind. Something has been done to Espriella since you went. It seems quite certain that Bedford's delays will compel me to go to London as soon as the reviewing is over. The journey will be very unpleasant, and attended with some expense; though, when in town, I shall find enough business, — meaning, certainly, to show my Spanish friend everything, that he may relate what he has himself seen. Besides this, my resolution is made up about the Cid. Anything which can be spared from my History should be spared for the sake of reducing its bulk, and this

story will be the better for having room. I am writing to Bristol for the two Chronicles, and a book of Ballads, —shall do here all that can be done from the chief documents, and hunt in the museum and in Lord Holland's library for additional notes. This little volume will, like "Amadis," be praised by the Reviews, who are graciously pleased to allow that I do understand Spanish, and can translate very well. This hurts nobody: what anybody could do, anybody may do without incurring the displeasure of the world. Common readers are the worst of all levellers.

I repented that I had not accompanied you to Kendal, and seen you into the mail; and the uncertainty whether you found room in it or not was my punishment. You are missed still more in my study than below stairs. Your litter was become part of the furniture of the room, and I never like to lose what is become familiar. My daughter talks of you usually every morning: it is one of her first operations to talk over all her acquaintance, —what they gave her, and where they are, with sometimes a trait of their characters, and an eulogium. She also talks of you when she looks at the [illegible] on the screen, or the black sealing-wax on her box. In addition to her love for the fine arts she has learnt to love story-telling; and now the first thing in the morning is, "Tell the Sultan of the Indies to call upon her bedfellows for one of his pretty stories;" and I am obliged to talk to her and sing to her till I am thoroughly awake. Take my last new song.

"Over the water, and over the water,
Together we go, Papa and his daughter.
Where do we go-a? where do we go-a?
Over the water, to pretty Lisboa.
Over the water, together we go,
To the land where the grapes and the oranges grow."

And so God bless you.

R. S.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, Jan. 6. 1806.

DEAR RICKMAN,

I find two letters from you unnoticed in my desk, which have remained so while you have been Christmassing in the country. ..

What you say of pugilism *, as preventing murder, has made its due impression upon me. I should like to see the pamphlet you mention, though, as for bull-baiting, I do not foresee any possible ground of defence or extenuation. The former point I concede fairly and fully,—Don Manuel must not. It will be more in character for the translator to contradict in a note, and speak of assassinations.

Carlisle's tortoise reminds me of one which I caught in Algarve, and meant to have brought to England, but it was forgotten in the hurry of embarkation. He was about the size of two female's hands. We saw him in the bottom of a little pond or spring, where, as soon as alarmed, he concealed himself so well in the muddy bottom, that, though the pond was very small, we were half an hour groping him out, with our arms naked to the shoulder. I meant to eat him for my supper, being in a land of starvation, but he had such an odd look with him when he put his head out of his own window, and trailed his ridiculous tail along the ground, that I resolved to bring him to England. By day he travelled in a brass pan of the muleteers, and every night made efforts really surprising for such an animal, regularly getting out of the basin in which he was placed, and down from the table, I cannot tell how, and attempting to burrow in the corner of the room. I kept him

* See Letter LXXI., vol. iii. p. 280.

about three months without food, as they are commonly kept at Lisbon, in the large water-jar of the house, the people having a notion that they purify the water—a very Irish sort of an idea. Perhaps they eat the insects which may be there.

Mine was of a small breed. There are large ones in the river which divides Algarve from Alentejo, on the coast-side, and the people eat them. I confess that the physiognomy of my poor fellow did not excite any appetite in me: he was just like a lizard, without any beauty of colour, and had a rank smell.

My turtle died at Cork, during quarantine, as did every one in the ship,—so the captain tells me. If turtles are to be made to perform quarantine, it is time for the court of aldermen to interfere. It savours of a popish scheme for making them keep Lent.

Don Manuel, and every thing else as well, has been standing still for this long time, the influenza having completely laid me up. I am not yet myself—sickly appetite, head aching, or inclined to ache, and that uncomfortable feeling of having a body, that sense of one's material part, which always shows that there is something wrong the matter. However, there is enough transcribed to send off, when I hear that you are in town to intercept it. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Jan. 31. 1806.

Both your letters are arrived, and my sole motive for writing is, in the manner of business, to acknowledge their receipt. Edith will send you an account of the disbursement.

Of course you take your sketches to Bath. I shall, therefore, beg leave to send Danvers to look at them, when I know where I can find you. It will delight him to recollect the places, and to talk about the Lakes. I suppose, if the fair balance were struck in my own mind, Danvers is, of all men living, the one whom I most heartily and entirely esteem and love. I pray you remember this, if you should be disposed at first sight to think him only an odd-looking, good-natured little man.

I shall certainly not pass through Penkridge, you being gone, but either go in the mail from Penrith, or travel slowly, as I find stage-coaches to suit me, through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, for the sake of seeing the country. It was my intention to have picked up "Espriella" on my way; you can take it with you to Bath; and send it to me to London when I get there; *but neither show it nor speak of it to anybody* except Sir E., for I consider its success and sale as almost depending upon secrecy. Remember the *fugues*, and write me a letter about the rooms, and the form of government under the master of the ceremonies—in fact, as much about the place as you please, which I will knead up with my own knowledge. There is no place in England, except Bristol, with which I am so well acquainted, and none anywhere I think so beautiful; though it is much injured within my remembrance, as well as much improved. Senhora, if these things are done at all, it must be within the next three weeks, and the sooner the better. Think of the vignettes, and do not procrastinate till it be too late.

If Barker recollects me, as probably he will do, Wynn having introduced me to him when I went to see his picture from Mary the Maid of the Inn, give my compliments to him. I wish he would paint a picture from Henry the Hermit. Am I right in thinking that the

dead man, with the chapel bell-rope in his hand, is one of the best subjects to be found in all my operas?

There is much beautiful scenery towards Bradford, and on the course of the Avon that way,—at Claverton, at Freshford, and by Tarley Castle,—if you can get at it. Were I at Bath, I could show you many interesting things, both as wholes, and in details; indeed, I know no part of England which has supplied me with more interesting recollections of scenery, and the feeling it produces, than the immediate neighbourhood of Bath. It was my home till I was six years old, and from '91 to '98 I was occasionally there at my mother's. At no place have I been so happy, at none so miserable; and there is scarcely any place where I should so well like to settle, in spite of its visitors.

My reviewing will be finished next Monday three weeks—admire my precision!—if no new interruption prevent. Then for a month's steady work at "Esprella," and then my journey. The death of Pitt is a great event; the best thing he ever did was to die out of the way. It is possible that the new arrangements may ultimately affect me; but blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. However, my journey to London becomes more expedient, as I have a special invitation to call at Holland House; and what I want is only to be had through that channel. Not a syllable of this to any human ear.

My daughter, who is at the table, increases in wisdom as in days. God bless you.

R. S.

*To Charles Danvers, Esq. Bristol.*

Keswick, Feb. 3. 1806.

DEAR DANVERS,

I ought, before this, to have acknowledged the receipt of the parcel, and thanked you for it; but my indisposition threw me behind-hand with my work, and this again has run me in arrears with all my correspondents. Now, however, I hope the end of the journey is in sight; if no new interruption prevent, my reviewing will be finished on Monday three weeks.

Little Edith is delighted with her books, and Hartley with his paints. I have re-read the "Bank of Faith," and have, in consequence, altered my opinion of its author. You will wonder at this; and yet if it were not for the too frequent good luck he had of picking up fish and fowl, I should very readily acquit him of anything more than common Methodist trade roguery. It is very practicable for a preacher to live by faith, if he can but convince his congregation of it. The book will supply me with a good letter; it is a very curious production, and certainly has merit of its own. Did I tell you that, when last in London, I went with Duppa to hear him? He is a fat, dew-lapped *, velvet-voiced man, who, instead of straining himself by speaking loud, enforces what he has to say more easily by a significant nod of the head. His congregation had quite a physiognomy of their own,—sallow, dismal people, looking as if they were already so near the fire and brimstone that it had coloured their complexions. I mean to go to all the curious meeting-houses in London, when next there, in company with D. Manuel; in fact, as I get on,

* "He is a fat, little-eyed man, with a dew-lap at his chin, and a velvet voice."—*Espriella's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 366., Letter LIII., WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S., i. e. *Sinner Saved.*

and see what I know myself, it almost surprises me to perceive what a strange age we live in; if it be to be called the age of anything, it should be the age of credulity.

Certainly the best thing Pitt ever did, was to die out of the way. I am, however, doubtful how far it be desirable that Fox should come into administration, for the sake of his own character. He comes in sadly shackled. Catholic Emancipation they may, perhaps, effect, and the repeal of the Test Act may follow as a necessary consequence; but there will be no parliamentary reform. The Grenvilles will never suffer that; it would shear them of their strength, like Samson. There will be no repeal of the Income Tax, for how can the war be carried on without money? The truth is, that the diseases of the state are quite incurable, and nothing can be done effectually to relieve the people with such a load of debt, and the power in the hands of a few families. Whether these new arrangements be they what they will, may bring with them any advantage to me as an individual, Heaven knows. I thought it very likely, before there was any likelihood of their taking place, and now begin to think otherwise. However, I shall try what can be done for Tom. If Gray be made first Lord of the Admiralty, Losh will have interest with him, and I shall not scruple to write to him upon the subject. We live in an age when nothing is to be had without asking for it; and though I shall be very well content to go without anything myself, one feels very differently about asking for anybody else,—and Tom shall lose nothing for want of application on my part. Did I tell you that the turtle died at Cork, as did all his fellow-passengers?

Miss Barker is going to Bath in about a fortnight, on a visit to a Mrs. Matthewes, I think: however, I shall send you her address, that when you go over you may

call on her, and see her sketches of Greta Hall, Gilpin's Stone, &c. She is that sort of woman that you will not feel yourself in the least awkward for want of an introducer. The Colonel has sent me half a collar of brawn and a little barrel of pickled sturgeon. This cost me a letter of thanks, which again produced such an answer! I wish you had seen it: he writes just as he talks, — world without end, Amen! However he is a good natured *homo*, if ever there was one.

The parcel came very well packed. I shall begin upon the "Cid" this day three weeks, — the very day the reviewing is off my hands, — and expect to make quick work with it. You sent me, in your last, some useful facts for Don Manuel; do not let anything of this kind escape you. I have some little hope, from what George says in a letter to his sister, that we may meet in London, which would be as useful to my book as it would be agreeable to me. No man knows what he has in his memory till it is asked for; and the MSS. would needs put you in mind of many things which you would never else think of. I shall start either the last week in March or the first in April, and, had I a companion, would go half footing and half coaching, by way of the Caves and the Peak.

Still no tidings of Coleridge: it is some consolation to know that no letters have been received for many weeks from that part of the Austrian dominions which is occupied by the French. It is not unlikely that he has returned, either to Naples or Malta, and may be waiting there for a ship. There is also this comfort, that ill news always travels fast; and letters to say he were dead would arrive as soon as those he should write himself. You may, however, well think that I am far from being easy about him. As for foreign politics, they do not seem to me to bear a bad aspect. Anything which tends still further to dislocate the

German Empire and prepare Germany for revolution is to be regarded as favourable to the ultimate improvement of Europe. Anything which weakens Austria is also desirable, and anything which strengthens the new kingdom of Italy. Bonaparte will hold all together while he lives; and thinks, by family connections, to keep afterwards in alliance what he cannot consolidate with France. His successors will be upon a par with common princes; his generals will die off; Germany and Spain, in their turn, will be regenerated by revolutions, and France be again what it was under the latter Bourbons. The great French generals are children of the Revolution, which will have no grandchildren; under an empire there will be the same system of family connections, interest, and corruption which has reduced this country and all the old governments of Europe to their present state. At home here, Danvers, what I ardently wished fourteen years ago from feeling, I now think inevitable, though at greater distance, and desirable, without wishing it. For myself, it is best that things should last out my time, so I suppose they may: being a tenant of an old house, I would rather suffer its inconveniences and its vermin, than be at the trouble and expense of repairs. But, for the country, I have only to say that the fable of the Phœnix looks like a political emblem, and that old governments must be cut up and put into Medea's cauldron. At present, however, there is a chance that the war may be carried on vigorously by sea, the people be armed, the enemy's colonies taken, and a good peace made at last.

Of "Madoc," I can tell you nothing more than that Windham has become a great admirer of it, from seeing the passages quoted for censure in the hostile reviews; and this, perhaps, I told you before. I have made up my mind to alter the catastrophe, and formed what I

think a good plan for it, which will make "Madoc" the object of the reader's hopes and fears till the last. Of more consequence, in a pecuniary view, is this, that I seriously am thinking of writing a tragedy, of which Llewelyn is to be the hero,—for the young Roscius: but this is a secret. Edith's love. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To H. H. Southey, Esq.*

Keswick, Feb. 25. 1806.

MY DEAR HARRY,

. . . . I am very happily employed upon "Espriella," and reading, as relaxation, the Italian "History of Heresies" by Bernino, which I bought in Edinburgh, —a book highly useful to one who knows how to arrange what new ideas it may present, and how to discriminate between truth and falsehood. Beausobre, for which I have been groaning these many years, is on the road to me; John May has procured it from Paris. I had no notion that it was so scarce a book. Without this, I felt myself very deficient in that part of religious history which relates to the connection between the superstitions of Europe and the East.

The "History of Heresies" is, in other words, that of the corruptions of Christianity,—every addition to the system being opposed as it was introduced. This is a key to Church History. But among the earlier sects who sprang up before the mythology was added, some rejected Christ, as an unfit nucleus to encrust with their fables, and endeavoured to substitute Moses or Melchisedek, as the philosophers did Apollonius Tyaneus and Pythagoras. Others more boldly set up for the Paraclete, in which, as you know, Mohammed followed them, and succeeded. The Church triumphed over all,

sometimes by a silent absorption. Thus Manichæism is fairly taken in into the faith; and John Calvin and John Wesley only repeated what they believed Manes was damned for bringing into Europe—the belief in Two Principles.

You may, perhaps, remember a speculation of mine that Buddha is not older than the third century of our æra, which would, if true, destroy the whole fabric of Eastern chronology. I am confirmed in it, by finding that the teachers of new sects branched off into the East as well as the West in those days, and that the Cedam, whose foot-mark is venerated in Ceylon, was one of the Twelve Masters instituted by Manes. But you are hardly old enough to take an interest in these things. The great blessing of such pursuits as mine is, that the appetite for them heightens every day, literally growing by what it feeds on. At your age I used to think of the Fathers as probably you do now. They now appear to me to be such men as modern metaphysicians, with this difference, that they had tenfold the genius of any of the class, and that the subject on which they employed themselves, being of infinitely greater imaginary importance, affords a better excuse for the perversion of their powers of mind. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. "Amelia."*

Keswick, March 5. 1806.

DEAR TOM

You remember my boards between which my notes and other manuscripts were tied up. I have extended this admirable invention to my letters, and all those which come from the West Indies go in their order

between two specimens of yew. Now, if there come any sort of wood in your way, as I think there may sometimes, which has any variety of grain or colour sufficiently distinguishable, do let your carpenter make some precisely the size of this page whereon I now write, only that this page, by measurement with the pattern board, exceeds it in just as much as the right hand side is not straight; and get some yourself, as the best possible way of keeping your letters. You will bring what you get for me home with you, whenever it please God that we shall meet again.

Yours from Martinique of Christmas Day arrived this evening, the box with the book eight days ago. Thank you for it; it will be of much use, whenever you and I sit down to put together your letters and my gleanings from the history of the islands; and if you had got the other volumes, the work would have been valuable as well. I read the papers with much interest and due anger; —— is a malignant scoundrel, and the whole business thoroughly disgraceful to him, and to him only. The newspaper amused me, and I value the song. All are arranged between the yew boards. Your feeling about Nelson is the right one. It was his proper death, the fit and worthy finish of such a life. Once I felt inclined to write an ode: perhaps you may remember a few lines written three years ago, which would have made a suitable beginning: —

"Oh dear, dear England! Oh, my mother Isle!
There was a time when, woe the while!
In all thy triumphs I partook no part;
And even the tale of thy defeat,
In those unhappy days, was doomed to meet
Unnatural welcome in an English heart:
For thou wert leagued in an accursed cause,
O dear, dear, England! and thy holiest laws
Were trampled underfoot by insolent Power.
Dear as my own life-blood wert thou to me,
But even thou less dear than Liberty!"

The transition would have been easy to this war, to the tyranny of Bonaparte; and so the whole would have made a triumphant funeral hymn for Nelson. But I had other fish to fry at the time; and besides, Tom, as I have made up my mind to seeing you an Admiral, and having every bell in England rung to your honour and glory one day or other, my poem shall be kept for your victory; and a right noble poem it shall be, if ever that day comes, and my right hand has not forgot its cunning — So help me God!

What you said about serving against the negroes brought tears into my eyes. There is no danger now of such an alternation; but if there were, I would sell my books for you, to help you on, more joyfully than I ever collected them together. It will grate your gall to think that Pitt should have the same parliamentary honours as Nelson; but remember that his are parliamentary and Nelson's national, — the one the trick of a party, the other the feelings of the whole people.

My last letters have been all directed to St. Kitts; some things had therefore better be repeated here, in case of delay or accident. I go to Lisbon in September, and Harry with me, but have some reason to think that Edith will remain here of necessity, as perhaps she might otherwise choose to do; for I shall take a three or four months' journey through the northern provinces. I have also reason to hope that I may stay at Lisbon, that is, that I may have an appointment there, whenever the place shall be vacated. Indeed at present there is little reason to doubt this, my interest is so strong just in the right place. In that case, Edith will follow me when she is able to travel, and when I have made ready to receive her. Do you, if you continue on the same station, which I hope you will not, still direct here; she will open your letters and forward them, and send you in return the home news. The turn which

our politics have taken is very fortunate; it puts me in the road to fortune and makes my prospects very bright, far brighter indeed than they ever could have been had I stuck either to divinity or law. Wynn is one of the Under-secretaries of State, and will one day, if he lives, be higher. He is a rising man in the country, both by his family connections, and still more by his talents and application. I have written to my uncle to get at the Admiralty for you, through the Duke of Bedford, whose brother is one of the new lords; and I shall look after James Losh, to see if he can do anything with Gray himself. Only have hope and patience, and be sure that both you and I shall one day hold our heads as high as the highest, if we live; and if we do not live, why, then it is no matter. But I have a sneaking sort of notion that we shall have monuments side by side in St. Paul's at last, and that the best of my poems will be the ode upon Admiral Southey's victory! You are but eight-and-twenty yet, and have thirty active years to do it in, it is to be hoped.

I am going to London in three weeks, to finish the damned specimens (Bedford has vexed me about them, by his inexcusable delay), and to put "Espriella" to press. After this year, I trust my ways and means will require no more exertions of this kind. As I know nothing of the state of "Madoc," it follows that it has been slow, which would naturally be the case, because it is very expensive, and has been thoroughly abused in the reviews. This is of no other consequence than as it for a time affects my finances, which are never in the most flourishing state. William Taylor has reviewed it in the "Annual," which must be appearing about this time. His criticism is of course highly favourable, and, what is better, he is a man who knows good from bad, which is not very often the case with periodical critics.

I have given up reviewing finally, having finished this year's quota last week; and now my future plans as to publishing are these:— After "Espriella," to set forth the history of the "Cid" in one little volume, detached from my history as unnecessary there, and this is all I shall do before I go abroad; if indeed there be time for this after the completion of "Espriella," which seems likely to extend to three volumes instead of two.

While I am abroad I shall make the history of course my grand employment, and also put my travels in order. The first part of the history I may, perhaps, without imprudence, publish, while settled in the country; but there will be no necessity for it. I shall finish "Kehama;" and I shall from time to time, as subjects occur, write minor poems descriptive of the scenery and manners of the country, a sort of Portuguese Eclogues, &c. But never more shall I waste my time in writing upon subjects not of my own choosing and no farther interesting than according to the price per sheet. A seven year's apprenticeship at reviewing is service enough.

I regularly pay the kiss which you remit to little Edith, who is the sweetest of little playfellows, but no beauty, though she herself insists upon it that she is, and that papa is a beauty too. In many of my last letters I have requested you to collect Lord Proby's papers, if they are to be had, and send them to Wynn. Wynn was to have had the unhappy turtle, had he lived to have his throat cut. You must now direct to him *Whitehall*, for he has left his chambers. I hope you will be able to recover these papers, as Lord Carysfort, (Proby's father) is exceedingly desirous of having them; and if you should be the means of gratifying him it might eventually be to your advantage.

Harry will be bedoctored in July; but he puts his degree in his pocket and goes abroad with me to get

sunburnt and grow a little older, before he begins to practise upon the tripes of his majesty's subjects. We have heard at last of Coleridge, who had been obliged to turn back to Naples, and was there in December. Where he is now heaven knows: probably either in Sicily or on his way home. It is not unlikely that you and I shall have our next meeting at Lisbon;—either that you will touch there during the war, or that, in case of peace, you may cross over as soon as you are paid off next time. You will have as much dancing as your head desires, and I shall enjoy seeing how much you will enjoy a jackass ride.

My daughter admires the necklace which came with the book very much. Bring her home some shells; but do not send them at the risk of being lost or broken by so long a land carriage. We are here at the uttermost end of the north. I have a world of fatigue to go through in London, of which the business is the least part; though there is not only my own book to finish, but I have promised as well to give poor Burnett a helping hand in one which he has undertaken, and in which he will want my help. The main fatigue will be in walking about that endless city and seeing my thousand and one acquaintances, dining late, and talking till midnight. To be sure there is the pleasure of seeing a good many old friends to set against this, and the pleasure also of hunting the booksellers' shops. Do you go on with your book of observations? Have the planters any gardens? Is there anything like ornamented ground about their houses? Do they collect water in great stone cisterns, like the Portuguese, for watering their plantations? God bless you, Tom.

Edith's love. I can't send my daughter's kiss, as I have nobody to draw upon for payment of it as you have. Once more, God bless you.

R. S.

## *To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.*

Keswick, March 14. 1806.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have a fine story for you, of which all the people in Keswick are at this moment brimful.

There is a man here, of some little credit among the people, as doing well in the world, and being very religious; and he keeps a little hole of a shop where he sells sugar and tea and stationery; has about fifty circulating books, besides a few Methodistical ones, which last he lends *gratis* to anybody who will read them. This man's son has just written him what I am about to tell you from Newcastle, as a circumstance which has just happened in that neighbourhood; the old Methodist believes it, and half the servants in the town will not be able to sleep to-night in consequence of their terror.

A man of reprobate character was playing at cards so late on Saturday night, that somebody warned him to leave off, because, as the Irishman says, it was Sunday morning. The fellow replied he would sit there till the day of judgment, and immediately as he uttered the words *he past away*. This is the phrase here for dying, and the very words in which one of our maids has just related the story. Well, there the corpse remains, sitting at the table, and the candle burning before him unconsumed; they could not move him from the chair to bury him, nor could they extinguish the candle. The house has been deserted, as you may well suppose, and there till the day of judgment he is to remain, a *sitting* miracle. It is a very fine story, and I should like to know the rise and progress of the latter part of it. That a man may have died suddenly when playing at cards is very likely.

I have noticed so many stories of these judgments, as they are called in the newspapers, that I begin to suspect the Methodists are following the laudable example of the saints of former times, and inventing pious lies. One such contingency indeed certainly happened at Devizes * some thirty years ago. There is a monument there to record it, and the thing was public. But Gordon and Trenchard's argument against witchcraft applies to such cases as these. Did you ever see it in Cato's Letters? "If the Devil had any dealings here it would not be in such a pettifogging way with a few old women." This is the drift of what he says; and it is worth looking at, to see how well it is said. And so, if any other argument were necessary against the notion of a particular Providence than that it derogates from a general Providence, that these things are done in a corner would be sufficient. Jupiter chose a fit subject when he thunderstruck Capaneus. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. I have discovered the cause why Irish nature differs from human nature. A chapter in Genesis has been lost, in which it was related how, before the birth

* "Of the wickedness, the utter madness of swearing falsely — in calling the God of truth to witness a lie — I shall say nothing to you. False swearing has never been the vice of Englishmen; and they who wish for a sermon about it may read one in the market-place at Devizes. The shocking story thus recorded of the wretched woman who foreswore herself and fell down dead is proof enough that our God is neither blind nor deaf, and that He will not suffer Himself to be mocked, or his name to be invoked falsely. True, He does not always strike at the instant, as He did then; but woe to that head over which the blow of God's wrath keeps hanging, only to fall on it in the next world with a weight of punishment insupportable." — *Augustus William Hare's Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 347.

of her last child, Eve had fallen a second time into temptation and eaten a forbidden potato. This child was the father of the Paddies, and so they have an original sin of their own.

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*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, March 19. 1806.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I should have been able to have told you when my operations would commence, had it not been for an ugly call to go into Herefordshire and look into some affairs of my uncle, which must lead to a lawsuit between him and his parish. I have only proposed that this should be on my return home, instead of on the way to town; for this reason, that in London I can talk the matter over with some persons who will instruct me in what manner to proceed. Be this as it may; I shall leave this place on Sunday 30th, and be, about ten days before you see me, either in Herefordshire on this business, or at Norwich with William Taylor, — a visit which was intended to be paid on my return.

My last week has been somewhat desultorily employed in going through Beausobre's "History of Manicheism," and in sketching the life of D. Luisa de Carvajal, an extraordinary woman of high rank who came over to London in James the First's time to make proselytes to the Catholic religion, under the protection of the Spanish ambassador.* It is a very curious story, and ought to be related in the history of that wretched king who beheaded Raleigh to please the Spaniards.

Beausobre's book is one of the most valuable that I

* The sketch of the life here alluded to is appended to the "Letters written on Spain," &c., vol. i. p. 259. &c., 3rd edit.

have ever seen. It is a complete thesaurus of early opinions, philosophical and theological. It is not the least curious circumstance in the Catholic religion that it has silently imbibed the most absurd parts of most of the heresies which it opposed and persecuted. I do not conceive Manes to have been a fanatic; there is too much philosophy in the whole of his system, even in the mythology, for that. His object seems to have been to unite the superstitions of the East and West; unluckily both priests and magi united against this grand scheme. The Persians flayed him alive, and the Catholics roasted his disciples wherever they could catch them. Beausobre, as I expected, has perceived the similarity between Buddas and the Indian impostor; but he supposes the lie came from the East. I am inclined to think otherwise, because the story of an immaculate conception had succeeded so well here, that one going to set up a religion of his own would be likely to borrow it; and because I have found elsewhere that the Adam whose footstep is shown in Ceylon, was a Manichæan disciple, — though both Moors and Portuguese very naturally attributed the story to their old acquaintance. A proof this, that the immediate disciples of Manes were successful. Besides, Asiatic fables are full of resemblances to Christianity, which have been advanced by Dupuis and Volney, on the one hand, to prove that the whole is astronomical allegory; and by Maurice and Hallet, on the other, to show that the mysteries of religion were revealed to the patriarchs. These gentlemen should first have required when this trade in mythology was carried on.

If there is anything in which the world has decidedly degenerated, it is in the breed of heresiarchs. They were really great men in former times, devoting great knowledge and powerful talents to great purposes. In our days they are either arrant madmen, or half

rogues, who pick out the worst parts of the established creed. I am about to be the St. Epiphanius of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote. What say you to paying these worthies a visit some morning? the former is sure to be at home. Haslam would introduce us, and we might get God's Nephew to give us his opinion of Joanna. I know some of his witnesses, and could enter into the depths of his system with him. D. Manuel ought to see Bedlam. As for Joanna, though tolerably versed in the history of human credulity, I have never seen anything so disgraceful to common sense as her previous publications; but I am afraid that in all these cases it may be laid down as a general rule that the more nonsense the better. Whenever a point of doctrine has been discussed, the most absurd has carried the day.

Metaphysicians have become less mischievous, but a good deal more troublesome. There was some excuse for them when they believed their opinions were necessary to salvation; and it was certainly better for plain people, like you and I, that they should write by the folio, than talk by the hour. What a happy thing would it have been for Stoddart, had he been born in those ages when transubstantiation was philosophically explained, and the divine and human natures subjected to synthesis and analysis in the crucible of a metaphysician's skill!

The reign of fabulous Christianity must be drawing to its end. In France it is over, unless Buonaparte should take it in his head to endow the church better, for which I do not think he wants inclination so much as money. In Germany the thing is done,— the clergy are philosophising Christians, or Christianising philosophers. In my countries, Spain and Portugal, the old house stands; but there is the dry rot in its timbers, the foundations are undermined, and the next earthquake will bring it down. Here I do not like the prospects:

sooner or later a hungry government will snap at the tithes; the clergy will then become state pensioners or parish pensioners; in the latter case more odious to the farmers than they are now, in the former the first pensioners to be amerced of their stipends. Meantime, the damned system of Calvinism spreads like a pestilence among the lower classes. I have not the slightest doubt that the Calvinists will be the majority in less than half a century: we see how catching the distemper is, and do not see any means of stopping it. There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be, when the old one is worn out. I am a believer in the truth of Christianity, but truth will never do for the multitude; there is an appetite for faith in us, which if it be not duly indulged, it turns to green sickness, and feeds upon chalk and cinders. The truth is, man was not made for the world alone; and speculations concerning the next will be found, at last, the most interesting to all of us.

I hope my little girl has passed the most dangerous age; but she is more premature in intellect than any child I ever saw. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.*

Keswick, May 6. 1806.

My dear Wynn,

If Peter Elmsley had not lived so far from town, that we were four hours on the way to his house, and as long in returning, you and I should scarcely have seen each other during my long absence from home. This is always the case when I visit London.

In the endless hurry and fatigue which it is impossible to avoid, I scarcely ever see my friends, except in large parties, which is almost as bad as not seeing them at all; and even in that way I have no opportunity of falling in with you. My head, too, was always full of what I had just done, or what I had next to do: always weary, always in haste, always restless, and with a sense of discomfort produced by the detestable composition of fog, smoke, and pulverised horse-dung which serves the Londoners for an atmosphere. I can truly say the pleasantest minute I passed in the capital, was when I seated myself in the stage-coach to depart from it.

I spent four days with Mr. T. Southey at Taunton. He behaved as well as is in his nature to do, and gave me *25l.*,—for him, an act of great liberality. He walked me over fields in which I could neither feel nor feign an interest, and showed me the plan of an estate in Devonshire for which he had just given 7000*l.*, and made five per cent. by the purchase. I left him in good humour with me, and apparently am much in his good graces; but what hold can there be upon the good will of a man who is growing fond of money, and who, by shunning all better society, lays himself open to the artifices of low flatterers, just as his brother did before him? Whatever expectations there may be from him have more reference to my children than to me, for he is not yet sixty, and never was there a haler man of his age. My head has more grey hairs in it than his.

Lord Somerville is selling his estates, and by all that I can learn is doing this in my wrong. How can I ascertain this? I am Canon Southey's heir at law,—and if the last decision be what you supposed it to be, these estates devolve to me in default of issue male from the present tenant. But whether he can legally sell them or not, I cannot tell; neither, if he is doing it without the power, do I know how to prevent him. The truth

is, that I know nothing about the matter; and were I to say care nothing about it, it would not be far from the truth. This too concerns my children more than me: my worldly wealth will be no hindrance to me when I appear at Heaven's gate; if it should be a turnpike gate, it will be well if I have enough to pay Peter for letting me through.

The warm weather, after so long a winter, began on May day, and I cannot keep within doors; but it draws me like an insect from its hole. We have launched our boat and made our first voyage. I did not see you after I had seen Frere, who promised to let me print some translations of his, from parts of the old poem of the "Cid;" wonderful translations they are, and will increase the value of the book very considerably, as well as aid the sale of it. The dearth of paper puts a stop to everything. I can put nothing to press while it continues at its present enormous price; and Heaven knows when it will be abated. No material abatement can take place till the old state of commerce is restored.

Is there any hope of seeing you in Cumberland this year? Now that my uncle is settled in Herefordshire, I shall be more likely to pay you occasional visits in Wales, for my way to him will lie through Shrewsbury. Will you direct the inclosed to him, Herbert Hill, Staunton upon Wye, Hereford.

You urged me not to go to see Horne Tooke. Had it been pressed upon me to go, I should probably have gone, because nothing could be so unpleasant to me as to have it supposed that I was afraid of visiting him. For this reason, I did not promise you to the contrary. But because of your wishes I kept out of the way of the person with whom the thing would have been arranged, or, to speak more accurately, did not get in his way. Any gratification I might have felt in seeing so remarkable

a man was willingly given up; but I could not bear to have it supposed that I am bound with a Treasury chain, and must not go beyond my tether. Independent, as relates to money, it is not probable that I shall ever be; but, blessed be God, the dependence brings with it no other curse to me than a few worldly cares, without which I should not have my share of evil in the world. It is too late in the day for me to walk in trammels, and I never shall learn to consider in what light what I say or do may appear to others, till after it is done. I believe, too, that you overrated the importance of a thing which in itself was of none. To strike off my pension would be making me of consequence, and, my life for it, nobody in power ever thinks about me or my pension. Why should they? I think nothing about them, and have literally more to do with any times than my own. The worst offence I commit is probably when I receive my quarter, and sneer at the deduction instead of being thankful for the net sum. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq., Bristol.*

Keswick, May 13. 1806.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

The date of my letters will not much surprise you, after what you heard from your brother. The fact is, that after consulting upon my uncle's business well with his friends in London, it was not thought necessary for me to visit Herefordshire. Bristol then became as much out of the question as out of the way. I put myself into the Carlisle mail on Saturday evening, and arrived safe and sound yesterday afternoon. The noise of the coach is still in my ears, and my solids seem to be jellified by so much shaking;

but I am quite well, thank God, and heartily happy to feel myself at home by my own fireside, and once more in my Cumberland costume.

London never agreed with me so ill. I caught a severe cold and cough, and felt my breathing much affected by that cursed composition of smoke, dust, smuts, human breath, and marsh vapour, which passes for an atmosphere in the metropolis. For ten days I was unwell enough to render it quite prudent to abstain from animal food and all fermented liquors; so, wherever I went, I dined upon fish or vegetables, like a Catholic in Lent, and drank water as rigidly as a Turk. It served me, also, as an excuse for refusing invitations which I had no wish to accept; so I passed much part of my time at home,—that is, at Rickman's, —and usually got to bed at my own right reasonable hour, as soon as the clock struck ten. Mrs. Rickman is a very good-natured woman, who made the house quite pleasant to me. I was left at perfect liberty, and no difference was made in the domestic arrangement whether I dined there or abroad. John the boy, the happiest of all boys in London, was at my service, to light a fire for me in the little parlour below stairs whenever I chose, to bring me biscuits, cheese, and ale when I was hungry, and to run on errands for me whenever I was pleased to call him from running after a butterfly in the garden, picking snails, playing with the cat, or quarrelling with the maid, who is an ogress, and beats him with the fire-shovel. Mrs. R. has sent my daughter a silver cup; it is curious enough that her godmother, Mrs. Gonne, has just sent her another; and that she had one already given her by Mrs. Smith, the Quaker, two years ago.

I dined at Dr. Aikin's on Sunday the 4th; he was then full of the quarrel with Phillips, of which you will have learnt the result, by the statement in the

papers that he is no longer connected with the M. Magazine. It happened, oddly enough, that Longman had been thinking of starting a Magazine; that I had, at his request, given him what seemed to me a wise plan for one; and that this plan was only suspended till a fit editor could be found; so the Doctor will arrange his matters with our fathers who are in the Row; and, I suppose, the new Magazine will start with the new year, in which case I must lend a helping hand for awhile, and give a hearty shove at the set off. I sat some minutes in the room with John Estlin and his sister, at the Barbaulds', without knowing them, they had so fairly grown out of my recollection.

In examining my accounts in the Row, I find that my profits upon "Madoc" amount to three pounds seventeen shillings and one penny. There remain about 180 copies on hand, each of which, when sold, will produce me fifteen shillings; but it will be long before they drop off, if ever they do during my life. However, we shall print a small edition in two volumes without loss of time, in which there will be no alterations, that the quarto may retain its full value, in which case it will still find some purchasers who like to pay for good margins and fill quarto shelves. The "Metrical Tales" have brought me about 22*l.*, and about 300 of the 1000 are yet to sell, and will sell. Don Manuel is in the press, in Richard Taylor's hands, a good printer, whom I could trust with the secret, knowing him and his character. I saw two proofs, and shall have the others franked by Rickman. The specimens are now only delayed by the printer, who is very sluggish; the other work, except my preface, is done. I am going to reprint the old romance of "Palmerin of England," correcting it, where it may need correction, from the original, and adding a learned preface; this will sell to a certain

extent, and my profits be easily gained. The "Cid" concludes the list of my ways and means for the year, for I shall add that I have sold the first edition of D. Manuel for 100*l*. To-morrow the effect of the journey will be pretty well worn off, and I shall begin my operations with a good will. My last year's reviewing was little short of 90*l*., so much better do I get paid for criticising other people's books than for making my own.

Sir Domine has passed his examination, and will be be-doctored about Midsummer; we shall then see him here. I wish we had your visit now to expect instead of to remember; however, we shall meet when I am on my way to Lisbon; an expedition which I begin to suspect will be delayed till the spring instead of the autumn for two or three reasons. Perhaps Buonaparte may furnish one worth them all. I find the two Ediths well, the little one perceptibly grown during my absence.

No letters from Coleridge of a later date than August. We hear of him by several quarters; he was at Rome in the beginning of February, much noticed there, and going to spend a few weeks in the country on a visit. This is the news from Englishmen who saw him there. It is not to be supposed that letters should regularly arrive from other persons, and all his be lost. Wordsworth thinks he has delayed writing till he finds it painful to think of it. Meantime we daily expect to hear of his return. I am more angry at his silence than I choose to express, because I have no doubt whatever that the reason why we receive no letters is, that he writes none; when he comes he will probably tell a different story, and it will be proper to admit his excuse without believing it. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

*To John Rickman, Esq.*

Keswick, May 21. 1806.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

You will have perceived that I had perceived the unfitness of transmitting proof-sheets back through you, — the second which came was enclosed to the Emperor Wynn before your note arrived. You will perceive, too, that your queries concerning any passage are not thrown away, when I tell you that your doubt as to the propriety of drowning the boatman, in a ballad written before I knew how to write ballads, made me discover that my meaning was not explained in the story; and so I took care to explain it, and let the reader know that the boatman was not flesh and blood, but one of the Devil's boatmen; — Duppa and Michel Angelo know that the Devil has a barge of his own.

My packages arrived on Monday, so much sooner than any former importation, that I think the "Flying Waggon" deserves its name. I am looking over Heber's romances, which come in the series before "Palmerin of England:" of the first, there is the Spanish original and the French translation; — the difference is characteristic. Nothing can be coarser than the morals of the Spanish author, who was a woman. They are like those of Amadis, only still coarser, — but still in the same plain nakedness of savage life. The Frenchman, of course, takes advantage of this. When he finds a short sentence to state that a knight and fair lady go to bed together, he fills a page about it. The one is the nakedness of an Indian, who has never worn clothes; the other that of a courtesan, in a Frenchman's cabinet lined with looking-glass.

In the original, all these books would repay me for reading them, by the manners which they indicate and explain. They are just a century later than Lobeira, but contemporary with Montalvo's Amadis. The early part of the sixteenth century swarmed with them, all in the same scanty vocabulary,—I think ten common dictionary pages would comprise it. They did not find their way here till Elizabeth's days; and one man seems to have translated almost all that we have.

Since my return, I have discovered that St. Peter has been in your garden. He crossed the water once to consecrate the abbey, and you will perceive that he must have landed there, as the nearest place to it. It is surprising how completely all these legends have slipped out of remembrance in England, except there be some visible sign to put the people in mind of them, as the beam* at Christ Church. There is scarcely a saint, out of the New Testament ones, whose history you could learn in the parish called after him. I am afraid that both nations and individuals have a greater facility at forgetting things, good as well as bad, than has been usually supposed.

We have not yet heard of Wordsworth's return from Vanity Fair.

My daughter is exceedingly delighted with her silver cup, and would thank Mrs. R. herself, were she to see her, in a better or at least more appropriate manner than I can do for her. She has got through Grosvenor Bedford's consignment of barley-sugar, and penetrated some way into George Dyer's. My fine great-coat was the admiration of Keswick,—till yesterday, a Laker appeared with one of the very same make, the

*"Beam" is the original word in the MSS.; without doubt. Perhaps the genealogy of Christ is alluded to, with which the altar is decorated, in rude but interesting carving.

very same colour, and with just such silk facings. There went my fame and glory for ever. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Amelia.*

Keswick, May 22. 1806.

MY DEAR TOM,

Your letters often miscarry, and those which reach me come very irregularly. I had one of Feb. 10. (the mere news of Duckworth's action) before my departure for London; and some three or four weeks after, during my absence, came one of January 24; but I discover March 10. in the postmark, which is, like the date, St. Kitts. Danvers must have had later news, as he tells me you have received the Reviews.

Before this, you will have seen that a million of the Spanish prize money goes towards the Ways and Means of the year. This is, from beginning to end, so rascally a piece of business, that I lose all patience to think of it: the remainder has been shared among the royal family; part to the Prince of Wales, part to pay the Princess of Wales's debts; part to pay for the new palace which the King has built at Kew, not as a national building, but to be the Queen's. The million going to the nation stops all inquiry, and the rest is thus quietly pouched. And so goes the money villanously taken from the Spaniards first, and secondly from the captors. A very pretty piece of secret history, on the truth of which you may rely. My articles were stopped by a positive assurance in the "Courier" that I was mistaken, and that the prize money would be disposed of as usual: this assurance Stuart told me was inserted directly by some person in the confidence of government, and it was, as you see, neither more nor less than a direct falsehood.

I could not see your defence at the Admiralty without certain formal permissions which it would have been unpleasant to have requested. Harry Bedford, however, who is employed there, got it pretty well by heart, and repeated to me the whole substance. He said the whole transaction was to your credit, and that even what you had written about William's perjury would be rather serviceable than otherwise. I shall send the letter through him, hoping that you will receive it more speedily, and that its chance of reaching you will be greater; but God send that it may pass you on your passage to England with the convoy.

Now for my own affairs. Still in the same uncertainty about the fate of Portugal; but, if it be not shut against us, almost certain of the secretaryship there. "Madoc" has been reviewed in the Critical and Monthly very unjustly; the former, which I have not seen, was written by Le Grice, who is supposed to have so done because he hates Coleridge, having always envied him; who did the latter I know not, but if you can conceive a blue-bottle fly wriggling his tail and trying to sting with it, you will have a good emblem of the writer's clumsy malice. Of Jeffrey's article in the "Edinburgh" I have before spoken, and I believe told you how Windham was induced to read the book by the merit of the extract there given to be censured. "I perceive," he said, "very clearly that he who wrote the review knows nothing of poetry, and that he who wrote the poem does." This, which Wynn had told me, was repeated by Lord Holland. Lady H. added, that it was the rule at St. Ann's Hill (Fox's) to read aloud after supper, and shut the book at eleven, and to retire to bed; but, while "Madoc" was reading, they went on till after midnight. Fox's letter, concerning which you inquire, was a civil one, written before he had read the

book. Heber said to me, "This one poem was all that my warmest friends could wish it to be."

I am now running a race with the printer, as you know I like to do; and, if I do not keep pace with him, the constable will not keep pace with me.

This, then, is my first and main business in hand. Secondly, I am preparing the "Chronicle of the Cid" for publication, in which I shall dispose of much matter originally collected for preliminary chapters to my History: *there* there will be no room for it, and here it may be advantageously set forth. This is a very favourite work with me, and is, I think, likely to please a certain class of readers much. Thirdly, I am going to reprint "Palmerin of England," correcting the old translation when it requires it, restoring the original orthography of the names, and writing a preface. These are all stipulated engagements, concluded on with Longman. In my own mind, I think of making, from time to time, more stories like "Queen Ormaca," and "Garci Fernandez," so as to fill a volume, and of proceeding with "Kehama" in the winter, if I should be in England, instead of reviewing.

Henry's History is safe. I had given it up as lost, but found that it was in Longman's possession.

Wynn's direction is now *Whitehall*, he being one of the Under Secretaries of State. He is married to a very good-natured, unaffected woman. If you ship him a turtle, his house is No. 6. Great George Street, Westminster. The former one died performing quarantine at Cork.

You will expect some politics; but in truth, I like all that is going on so little, that I had rather talk about anything else. It is such a damned scramble for places,—so completely everything which it ought not to be,—that I am out of heart, and have lost all hope of any beneficial change to any extent. Yet Wind-

ham's Army Bill is certainly a noble improvement; and the people are so intolerably stupid, that no measure seems to have excited more dislike or more opposition.

Let me go to pleasanter subjects, and tell you how little Edith has had two silver cups given her; one by her godmother, Mrs. Gonne, one by Mrs. Rickman; and a noble cargo of barley-sugar from George Dyer and Bedford, besides some fine clothes from her godfather John May; — that she talks of her uncle, who lives in a great ship, upon the great waters, and regularly receives a kiss in his name, for every letter which arrives from him; and let me also tell you that I hope she will have either brother or sister in the autumn, though that piece of news should have been kept till the end of the letter, as I have nothing else half so interesting to add.

I have again suffered in the painter's chair, having sat to Opie for a picture for William Taylor; the likeness is said to be a very strong one.

The fourth Annual was published while I was in town; my portion in it is rather greater than in any of the foregoing volumes, and with this, thank Heaven, I close my reviewing, as a regular employment, for ever. What I shall do hereafter, will be merely a few things by choice, either to help a friend's book, or to take up a subject in which I am particularly interested, — nothing more. If I do not lose money by the experiment, I shall be satisfied. Nothing took me so much time, and nothing was done with so little pleasure; — there was certainly a pleasure in receiving a large parcel, and looking over its contents, but there the pleasure ended, and all else was mere drudgery. I shall, however, by this abdication of my seat at the Round Table, have 80*l.* upon the average to supply between October and April. Now if, in that time, I can complete "Kehama," that will about hit the mark.

I can raise enough upon a first edition to supply this deficit; and there will remain, to the contingency of after-profits to myself or to my family, the certain value of the copyright.

Should you be on your passage to England, as your letter teaches me to hope, you will yet be able to lend Don Manuel a helping hand. I wish to write a letter upon the state of the navy, representing in what manner that has partaken of the universal change which has taken place during the present reign; how, even there, men can no longer rise from the ranks, except by some lucky accident,—men being now born to be captains, as they are to be members of parliament. If you were within reach, you should tell me what ought to be said of the blockading system, of the discipline, &c. &c. Without you, I shall only venture to speak of the very little which I think myself competent to understand; but the subject shall remain for the latest place possible, in the hope that you may come within reach, or that you may, perhaps, have sent me a letter to this purpose. You will be well pleased with this book: its tone is not unlike that of my letters from Spain and Portugal; but it will be better done, as I am better acquainted with that of which I write, and am also ten good years older.

Your account of the insects on board delights me greatly. Scatter a little camphor among your letters, to keep away the weevils. I believe all insects dislike it, and the experiment may be tried at little expense. I have no doubt but that every insect will be kept at due distance by some perfume or other, and a series of experiments upon the subject would be of great importance. I do not know the pronunciation of Trafalgar. It is always called Trafálgar in England, but I suspect the accent ought to be on the last syllable. However, Trafalgar it will be called; and as it is the

English who have made it famous, I think they may be allowed to pronounce it as they think proper.

Phillips and Dr. Aikin have quarrelled: the Doctor has made terms with Longman, who only wanted an editor to start a Magazine, upon a plan of my suggestion, and they begin with the next new year. I must lend a hand at the launch; and, indeed, not leave the new ship till she is fairly under weigh. If my plan be in the main adhered to, the book will be a very good one, and supply a gap in literature.

Danvers, I have just heard, has a letter as late as March 13th from you,—much later than my latest. I cannot account for the great irregularity of the post. *All* letters *to* England ought to arrive with certainty, unless captured; and yet it is plain that very many of yours have never reached me. We are going next week—both I, Edith, and Edithling—to pass a few days at Lloyd's, who has five children, and lives at a very sweet place eighteen miles off. I begin to indulge so much hope that it is possible you may be with us before the autumn is over, that if you are not it will be a disappointment; and that is indulging more hope than is reasonable. If that be the case, this letter will be written in vain. So much the better. God bless you, my dear Tom. Edith's love, and as much of a kiss from the young one as can be transferred up by letter,—paper currency being a worse substitute for kisses than for gold.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker*

Keswick, May 26. 1806.

I OUGHT to have written to you long since; but, in London, I was very unwell at first, as well as very busy

and since my return I have been, and still am, so busy and so idle, — idle, from sheer enjoyment of fresh air and fine weather, — that I am behindhand with everything.

Thank you for the Musical Letter; it will answer its purpose perfectly well. The book is in the press, and I have corrected four proofs, of twenty-four pages each. The printer is likely to run me hard; for it is yet half to write. I have sold the first edition for 100*l.*, and, to mend the matter, spent the money; but it sets me even with the world, and I am going on merrily in the race with the typographical devils.

Guess my profits upon "Madoc" after a year's sale, — *3l.* 17*s.* 1*d.* If I wanted money no more than I want what the world calls encouragement, this would be very well, and, thank God, it is not very ill as it is, for I have had my pleasure in writing it; and surely I ought not to grumble at receiving three pounds seventeen shillings and one penny for having written the poem, when there are persons who would pay the same sum gladly to be able to write it. I have got 22*l.* by the "Metrical Tales." "Thalaba" continues to sell about one copy a month. But we shall see what prose will do in the way of selling. As for "Espriella," that, I think, is sure of a circulating library sale; the "Cid," I think, is likely to be too good a book to succeed, — for goodness, *Senhora minha*, stands in the way of books as well as of men.

Well, what have I to say about London? Why, that George Dyer is in great tribulation lest you and Sir Edward Littleton should think he had been disrespectful; — that Rickman has got a very good-natured wife, who, I am very sorry to say, has miscarried since I left the house; — that the —— inquired for a certain Miss Barker, of whom he seemed to have formed a very just idea; — that Wordsworth went in powder, and with

a cocked hat under his arm, to the Marchioness of Stafford's rout;—that I enjoyed myself among my friends, and kept out of the way of my acquaintance;—that I did not go either to rout, concert, theatre, or opera; but that I did go to see the Fat Man, and to see nothing else;—and that, if my books do not sell better, I have thought of trying what is to be done by seeing company, at a shilling apiece, as the Thin Man, in humble imitation of him.

If the truth is to be told, I suppose that the person whom I saw with most pleasure was Mrs. Gonne,—though I never see or think of her without a heartache. Two children in the same helpless way as the others! I passed two days there, which is one day more than I allowed to anybody else; but it does one good to see one who seems to be perfect goodness, and I believe she is as perfectly good as it is possible for human being to be.

I have just been obliged to tell my daughter that you renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world for her, and that red shoes were included amongst them; for having had a new pair on yesterday, she was in tribulation because they were not to be put on to-day. I wish you could see her,—she is hugely advanced in wisdom and in *months* since you were here. But are you likely to come? You know it was a vile trick you played us, in staying so short a time; and here are a thousand drawings still to be made.

Of my own movements I am still in the dark, which is more Buonaparte's fault than anybody's else. If there be no English diplomacy at Lisbon, as I suspect, away go my hopes in that quarter; and, in that case, I shall take root here, and fairly take a lease of this house, if it can be so managed; but, if Lisbon be still left open to us, it is not certain whether I shall go in autumn or spring. In autumn an event is likely to take

place of much importance here; which is, that my daughter, it is to be hoped, will then have brother or sister. Now, whether I shall set off, after the young stranger's arrival, by myself, or wait till spring, when Edith may be able to make the voyage,—why, that may be decided when the time comes. Heaven knows what may turn up in the mean time; and certainly, without thinking about that, during the summer I shall have enough to think about; for, Senhora, there are the Señor's letters to finish, and an edition of "Palmerin of England" to prepare for the press, and a preface for the Specimens to write, and half a hundred things beside, which I would willingly do if I had more eyes, more hands, and another head to ride and tie with my present one.

Fare you well. I came home at one spell in the mail, and have not been into Herefordshire after all. I am sorry my own plans for the journey were disconcerted, but that cannot now be helped. You will be pleased to write me a letter, to tell me you are very well, and in good spirits, and that Sir E. is coming to see the Lakes without delay. Harry has passed his examination, and graduates in about a month. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, June 18. 1806

My dear Friend,

I have received, since my last, the very welcome intelligence from my brother Tom, that he and his ship return to England with the May convoy. What time he may be expected is doubtful, because just at the same time I learnt from a brother of Bedford's, who is in

the Admiralty, that the Amelia was coming home with the June convoy. The difference in these accounts may, perhaps, be reconciled by supposing that in the West Indies it is called the May convoy, because it sails in May, and in England the June one, because it is expected to arrive in June. Tom thinks the frigate must go into dock to receive a thorough repair, and, in that case, hopes to get a month's leave of absence.

Harry graduates the 24th of this month, and leaves Edinburgh as soon afterwards as possible. This I have learnt so late, that he must now needs wait some days longer in Scotland than would else be needful, before you can reach him with a remittance. The reason is, that Edith and I and your god-daughter have been, for the last few days, visiting Lloyd and his wife, near Ambleside; and though from hence to Keswick is only seventeen miles, a letter is rather longer in travelling that distance than it is in getting to London. He knew my intended movements, and, as he did not recollect them when he directed his letter, must abide the inconvenience as a necessary and not unfit consequence of forgetfulness.

I have been looking long for a letter from you; perhaps there may be one lingering on the way from Keswick, or I may find one there on my return. Evans has not yet replied to my letter. I suppose he is waiting to dispossess the old curate at Midsummer, and thinks it better to delay writing till then, when he may tell me the thing is done.

My printer and I travel on together smoothly. I have corrected seven proofs, and daily expect the eighth, — twelve and a half make the volume of 300 pages, as much, in all conscience, as can be given for 5*s*. At this rate, the three volumes may be completed in November; and as, in this case, there is nobody to be depended upon but myself, and the

printer is a steady man, who thinks a promise binding *in foro conscientiæ*, I shall be mistaken if any delays take place which it would be possible to avoid. I break off the thread of the East Indian history, to continue solely with the home history, for this reason, — the collateral matter to be gleaned from Portuguese books, respecting their Indian possessions, is little or nothing; but of the domestic history very much is only to be got at in that way, and it is desirable to get on as far as possible before I go over, that I may know, as precisely as possible, in what the regular and printed documents are deficient, and what specific information ought to be sought for. In the Indies, I have come down to the death of Munho da Cunha, and in the other division have just reached the death of Joan III. I shall go straight on with Sebastian. Henrique's short reign is written; and the struggle made by Antonio, as far as Conestaggio goes down with it, — an author in more estimation with us than he is with the Portuguese. I found a little French volume upon his history, written by a Madame Gomez, which had furnished Lessing with some opportunity of triumphing over a German historian of Portugal. It is, in itself, of little value; but it gives the story of the Prior's partisans more fully than I have seen it elsewhere; and I was glad that I had made use of the book, when I heard what use Lessing had made of it. One of the most curious parts of the work will be that which develops the intrigues of the anti-Castilian party during the Spanish usurpation, and, of course, this will become of the most difficult to fill up. I have collected some facts, and think I can see my way distinctly.

Last Thursday I dined at the Bishop of Llandaff's, and was well pleased with him. I liked him the better for having heard that he always protested his exceed-

ing repugnance at the prosecution of Gilbert Wakefield.* His conversation was in a tone of exceeding liberality, even more than appears to me quite congruous with his silk apron; for certainly the articles of his faith are not all to be found among the nine-and-thirty, nor all the nine-and-thirty to be found among his. He paid me some handsome compliments upon "Madoc," and, among others, that of showing me that he had read it very carefully, by mentioning a few verbal defects, as they had appeared to him. My daughter was so delighted with the new gown which Mrs. May sent her, that I thought it expedient to inform her that new gowns were among the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; a warning which, as you may perhaps suppose, has not made her a whit the less proud of it.

In about three months I hope she will have a brother or sister. Edith desires to be remembered to yourself and Mrs. May, to whom I also beg my remembrances. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

No news of Coleridge! ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Sept. 20. 1806.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

That the way of life is full of disappointments we have all of us found to our cost; hope, however, I will, in spite of this knowledge, and in spite of your lumbago, — or whatever it be which has you on your

* Southey visited him when in gaol. "At Dorchester, I spent half an hour with Gilbert Wakefield."—*MS. Letter to G. C. Bedford*, Oct. 11. 1799.

back,—that you and I shall yet Butlerise *, and drink grog out of my Indian-rubber *borracha*, upon the top of Skiddaw, before the old gentleman has put on his white perriwig for the winter. I made an ascension about two days ago, when Tom paid his first and the doctor his last visit, leaving his name on one of the stones, with P. P. C. I, however, promised to mount again, having already been up six times, and meaning to have you for my companion on the seventh.

I daily expect the needful account of Churchill. My preface hangs upon hand, but in hand it is.

The measles have "run their raging race," and are fairly out of the house;—so the Edithling has got safely by one of those perilous passes which are to be found in the course of life, just as they are in the Royal Game of Goose. If the next great family event were as well over, I should settle more comfortably to work by day, and to sleep by night. I wish the winter and spring had passed away, and that I were quietly settled at Lisbon; for, to tell you the truth, I have some reason to think that if business and choice did not lead me there, necessity would drive me. My lungs are become very susceptible of cold, which they never were till lately; I have an habitual expectoration to a troublesome degree, and though assuredly at present I am not ill, yet the train for illness seems to be laid. My intention is to remove in the spring; if I feel myself diseased in the winter, which is not the trying season, I must run for it without delay. A few years in a better climate, where I shall sit less at my desk, and live more in the open air, are of more consequence to me than anyone can easily believe who has never felt the effect of a genial atmosphere.

Ask Elmsley to send me the life of D. Luisa Carvajal, when Wynn is in the way to frank it. I want to

* See Life and Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 335.

shorten it into shape for Longman's new Magazine, in which I mean to turn as many of my papers to account as possible. When you and I come to prose at evening over this fireside, it will surprise you, perhaps, to see how many things I have in hand at once; and yet I get on better than by only doing one at a time. Still, many of these things are what I would not do if I could help it. This Magazine — or Athenæum, as they choose to call it (I hate such fool-æum titles) — may, perhaps, expedite a plan which you advised, and to which I lent a half-and-half sort of ear, — that of putting forth a volume of translations from the Spanish and Portuguese. I have enough for half a volume done; and as Artaxerxes and Dr. Aikin want poetry for their numbers, I may be induced to commit more translations for the sake of being paid for them twice over.

Bring down with you, when you come, those volumes upon the "Lives of the Saints" which were to be by you consigned to some Hyde-*biblial**, that he might give them new jackets.

Wynn tells me he is in hopes of son or daughter in January. I was a little surprised at being told by Mrs. Dickson that she hoped to see him *grand parleur* next parliament; for, though I knew this, I conceived it was not to be talked about. Perhaps she only did it to show me that she knew all the family secrets. Fox's death (I fear he *is* dead) will throw everything into the hands of the Grenvilles. I am grieved at his death, — sorry that he did not die before that wretched Pitt†, that he might have been spared the disgrace of pronouncing a panegyric upon such a coxcombly, insolent, empty-headed, long-winded braggadocio, — sorry that

* Hyde was Bedford's and Southey's tailor.

† I should not be justified in leaving this out, as Southey's opinions, as to Pitt, remained pretty much the same to the last; but the *hard words* are simply those of confidential intercourse.

he ever came into power, except upon his own terms, — and still more sorry that he has not lived long enough to prove that his intentions were as good and upright as, in my soul, I believe them to have been. This party may go to the devil, if they will; any change that shall rid us of Lord Howick and Lord Henry Petty must be for the better.

Wednesday, Sept. 17. 1806.

I have been sitting doggedly at the preface, and have, I suppose, half done it, — the sooner the better now, so I will keep to it obstinately, and ship it off to you as soon as possible. When Wynn returns, send me down a whole set of the sheets, that I may look them over, and see what cancels are necessary. If you find it wearies you, before you are well recovered, to correct the proofs, send them on to me.

Remember me at home, Grosvenor. I wish I could hear your father was getting better. I have had a book given me, with a portrait of Athenian Stuart, as a vignette, in the titlepage, which has much of your father's likeness. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Sept. 25. 1806.

THIS evening I have received Mr. Lewis's letter; and, though I have nothing to say but that it is received, it seems something like a duty to tell you that I know what tidings awaited you on your return home. God grant you strength to bear up against the shock, — for a shock it will, indeed, have been. The amputation of a limb is not the less painful because it was a diseased one, and its removal desirable. I am very anxious to hear from you.

My brothers are gone — they went this afternoon; Tom going to Taunton, to his uncle, and wishing to take Harry with him. It is the first time that we have ever been all three together since we were children; and it is by no means improbable that it may be the last. My head feels as if it would be easier if I were to let a little water out; but tears, Senhora, are a bad *collyrium* for weak eyes, and I shall go to work. Idleness is the mother of sins *, they say; and it may be said that she is the wet-nurse of melancholy. My motto you know is "*In Labore Quies.*" I hope and trust that you may have too much business to be at leisure for unhappiness. God Almighty bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.*

Keswick, Oct. 11. 1806.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Your long bespoken godson made his appearance this morning, about six o'clock, coming into the world in as beautiful a morning as ever could be supposed to promise fair fortunes, and crying with as loud a voice, as if he was destined to make a great noise in it. His name is Herbert, — after my uncle, at Lisbon; and one main reason why I earnestly wished for a boy was, that I might call him so.

I shall be heartily glad when you can communicate to me the like good tidings. Will you not carpet your bedroom with turfs from Wales, that your son may be born upon Welsh ground; baptize him in water from

* "Idleness is the devil's footstool." So he writes to C. C. Bedford, May 6. 1793. His after favourite, old Fuller, calls it the "devil's *cushion*."

the Dee; and, if he is to have any other food than what Nature provides expressly for his use, choose for him even such a wet-nurse as Jupiter himself had? God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Keswick, Nov. 10. 1806.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

I must reply in haste to your letter, to prevent mischief. The preliminary remarks upon Day must not be altered; they are not irrelevant, but strictly to the point and purpose. Beside, you may remember what I before told you, that I am acquainted with Day's nearest connections, and in habit, when within reach of visiting them. Therefore, as in common decorum I would not, in this book, say anything to offend them, did I think it, much less will I forbear to express what are my real and well-grounded opinions.

As for *hounded*, if it be a familiar term to you, I am glad to hear that it is not quite obsolete. It is the word which has been formed into hunted, and which was used, in this particular place, to recall the metamorphical meaning, custom having made us insensible of it. There is no jest in it; and, if you object to all such things as jests, the book might avoid censure, but would certainly have *no character at all*. I am not tenacious of trifles, and you may alter it if you like.

To your next remark I wholly and loudly dissent. Why not use the first person? Am I, because I am writing a book, to speak of men whom I have known familiarly and intimately just as of mere strangers? When their name comes in my way, to look at it as a

fellow from Westminster, who wears a silk gown at Oxford, stares at his old school and *room* fellows when he meets them in the street, and does not know them, because, forsooth, he is a gentleman commoner?' My dear Grosvenor, you forget how many persons will take up these volumes to whom Robert Southey is something more than an author — something more than an invisible being, who has no first person — to whom he is flesh and blood, an actual existing being, whom they know to be possessed of human feeling and human recollections, and from whom they expect, and have reason to expect, the expression of that humanity. What is said of Lovell and A. Cottle must not be altered. Do you not suppose that I would rather spit in the face of all the critics of Christendom, than tread unintentionally upon the toes of a common acquaintance, if I happened to hurt him?'

Had you not better direct Hollingsworth to send me the proofs? That trouble you need not have.

As for all principles and all personalities in this book, remember it is I, not you, who am responsible for them: that you are not implicated by what I may say, but whatever you say implicates me. I am sorry to refer you to more books, but it is really and truly not an hour's trouble, — a note to Longman will bring you Sharp's edition of Day, Cottle's Poems, and Laing's Ossian (from which the specimens are indicated). Hacks and the *Bristol* are at Rickman's; and if you will ask Rickman, he will, in ten minutes, encrochet [ ] thus what Hyems has to copy.

I sent you the preface, over which you are, perhaps, by this time snarling. I have long known that, in matters of taste, we differ *toto cœlo*, — and for that there is no help.

For God's sake take care of yourself, and if you go to Bath, pray, pray go to Beddoess at Bristol. I know

of one life which he has saved, in a liver case, where calomel, persevered in, would have been fatal. God bless you.

R. S.

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*Mr. J. N. White, &c.*

Keswick, Nov. 24. 1806.

DEAR SIR,

I have this day received the box, with your excellent brother's papers; and am, as you may well suppose, astonished at such proofs of universal industry. I will, as soon as possible, examine them, and then write to you upon the subject. For the profile I am truly obliged to you, and have placed it over my study chimney-piece. It is now my turn to reflect, with some pride, on the justice which I did to your brother's talents in his lifetime; that little act of justice, if it deserves to be so called, could not have afforded more gratification to him then, than it now does to me,—but that feeling is accompanied with deep regret.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.*

Keswick, Dec. 21. 1806.

MY DEAR TOM,

I promised to write by this post; writing, you see, I am, though how the letter is to be filled, unless the mail brings me any tidings to communicate, is more than I can guess. The Doctor's rascally handwriting, indeed, might easily enable me to do it; but it is as pro-

voking to receive a sheet scrawled over with a mouthful of meaning, as to call for spruce beer, when one is thirsty, and get a glassful of froth.

All Friday morning, before you came from Brathay, I devoted to the papers of poor Henry White, being too uncomfortable for any other employment. I resumed them after you were gone, — the additional ones came that evening, and that evening I fairly overhauled the whole. I have marked for transcription such as should be published, and have desired that they may be transcribed, each on a separate paper, for the convenience of arrangement. They are numerous, and many of them very beautiful. If his family will supply me with as full materials as I have requested, for an account of him, I shall do what remains to be done with great pleasure. Poor fellow! his industry was at least equal to Chatterton's; his genius, in my judgment, nothing inferior; and his life seems to have been without spot or stain. The papers go back to-morrow, to his brother, that he may see to the transcription, and Edith is copying for you, his remarks on "Thalaba."

Last night I thought of you, at the Bridgewater Arms, and that when you were in that huge warehouse-looking room you would be thinking of me. You will now have left Birmingham, and must be in the coach for a second night's journey. 'Tis a dismal distance, and heartily glad shall I be to hear you are safe at the end of it. We miss you! your place in the room seems to want its occupier. I must put your box of water-colours out of sight, and send away the plate and teacup — still lying under the sideboard — which you used when colouring; not that out of sight is, can, or ought to be, out of mind, but that there is something in having these things always in sight, which is like being haunted. I have heard of men who, when their wives have died, have suffered everything belonging to

the dead to remain precisely as they left it for years and years — the music-book open, the shawl thrown across the chair, the fan or the parasol on the table, — and this till they died themselves. This is insanity, but one can understand its nature and growth. If ever I should become insane, it will not be in this way. There is the same excuse for drunkenness and debauchery as for over-sensibility. Twelve years ago I carried Epictetus in my pocket, till my very heart was ingrained with it, as a pig's bones become red by feeding him upon madder. And the longer I live, and the more I learn, the more am I convinced that Stoicism, properly understood, is the best and noblest system of morals. If you have never read the book, buy Mrs. Carter's translation of it whenever it comes in your way. Books of morals are seldom good for anything; the stoical books are an exception. In morals, as in everything else, one should aim high.

What a difference has one week made in this house! Nurse gone — "Old love God and be cheerful," as Coleridge calls her, — Coleridge and Job gone, and now you also. I tell Mrs. Coleridge, and make her half-angry by the name I have given her —

> "The only society I have left now,
> Is Bumble-cum-tumble and Doggy-bow-wow,"

meaning her and the heir to the books. However, we have a black cat come to us, and everybody says that it is the luckiest thing in the world. You are gone at the wrong time. To-day has been fine weather; it is the shortest day, and it is always a joyful thing to turn the corner, and begin lengthening time again. The frost ought to be setting in, and probably will: we shall have the lake frozen, and I shall want a companion in my walks.

Betty is coming for "the letters." I must have done, which is well, having nothing to write about.

So now to finish Captain Burney. Edith's love. Your niece is in bed. I tell her you are going to be in a great ship, upon the great waters, and she says when I have done, "sing it again." Sarah says, "her papa is not pretty, but that her uncle Southey is pretty, oh very pretty!" And my daughter, you know, looks in my face and says, "you *is* a beauty,"—have I not reason to be vain? God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, Dec. 29. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will, perhaps, wonder that I should not sooner have thanked you for the information in your last letter, and, through you, made my acknowledgment to Mr. Burn for his friendly offices. The cause of delay has been this.

My uncle, in two letters, one written the day after the other, has urged me to lose no time in setting about and getting ready that part of my Magnum Opus which relates to Brazil; — and, in consequence of the inquiries relative to that country which were made at Lisbon by the mysterious embassy, instructed me to offer to Government such information as his papers in my possession, contained; which he believes to be more than any other person in Europe possesses, except the Abbé du Boys, much of whose information is derived from them.

Accordingly, I wrote to Wynn, who in return informs me of Lord Grenville's reply: "That my materials relate to the wrong side of South America, for their present views, but that he very much recommends me

to postpone the rest of my history, and set immediately to work upon this, in consequence of the present bias of the public mind. Government," he adds, "has no wish to keep this sort of information private, and would rather encourage me in publishing it." The papers in question came to me in sealed packets, which I had never opened, not knowing their contents; they were in London; and, if I had been called on to prepare an abstract from them, it would, perhaps, have been advisable that I should travel up to them. Till this was determined, I delayed writing to you. I have now written for them, and for all my books relating to this part of the history. A good many are here already, and, if neither my health nor eyes fail me, I expect in no very long time to report good progress in this very interesting and important work. The whole copy of Espriella will be finished, and sent off to the printer, by the end of January, and the whole of what reviewing I have. Then I shall instantly begin. My mornings in February will complete the rest of Palmerin, and then I shall do nothing else till this be completed. The arrangement is mapped out in my own mind, which is a great point done. I am in possession of almost every printed book relating to the subject, except such as may be in Dutch, and have made arrangements for procuring these.

Harry is with William Taylor; and will, I suppose, set off for London, as soon as he hears from you. I shall direct him where, and at what hour, he may hope to see you in town: his appearance and manners, I trust, will please you well. Perhaps you will take him, some day, to Mr. Burn's: I never knew a young man who was so generally admired.

Tom was here, working hard at Portuguese, when his appointment arrived; he set off instantly, but there has been no time for me to hear that he has joined.

Your god-daughter is as healthy and as forward a child as can be wished; the young Herbert very thriving. I was, as you may suppose, a good deal shocked at hearing of poor Isabel's death; my uncle would be greatly affected.

Our remembrances to Mrs. May. I shall not now see you so soon as I expected, as it will hardly be advisable that I should stir from here till this work is fairly afloat. Have you seen the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson?" Very, very rarely has any book so greatly delighted me. It is in unison with almost every feeling and every principle I have at heart. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Jan. 2. 1807.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Judging of your complaint by your medicine, I suppose your liver is affected. Now, though calomel is usually the best medicine in such cases, it is not always so; and I know one instance, that of Mrs. Clarkson, wherein by immediately *pro*scribing it and *pre*scribing something else, Beddoes checked the disease and saved the patient. For God's sake, Grosvenor, if you do not certainly feel yourself recovering by this ordinary mode of practice, state your case to Beddoes, a man who never tries experiments, except when ordinary methods would fail; and who, in liver cases, is eminently successful. This is not said from any persona liking to the man,—I do not like him,—but I have the highest respect for his professional talents; and would, in any case of illness, resign myself into his hand,

with the most perfect confidence that he would do for me whatever could be done by medical skill.

As for my prose style, this is my prose style for this preface; — and, in the next prose you see of mine, which, I suppose, will be Espriella, you will see my prose style for that, — and when the Cid appears, there will be another prose style, — and so on, for my style shall always mould itself to the subject, and not my subject to my style. Sometimes it shall be a style, and sometimes a turnstile, and sometimes a five-barred gate, and sometimes such a style as we have in Cumberland, which is very like a ladder. And so, in verse as in prose, Judge Jeffrey, of the "Scotch Review," alias Gog, abused me for not imitating Pope when I wrote "Madoc." I said to him, "That the style of Pope was excellent for satire, and perhaps, if I wrote satire, I should imitate it." "That's a great concession," said he. "No, sir," rejoined I, "for if it be the fit style for satire, how can it be fit for narration?" God bless you.

R. S.

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*To John May, Esq.*

Keswick, Jan. 27. 1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I omitted to notice the heavy loss you sustained, in Mr. Wakefield, from haste, letters and a proof-sheet (which requires immediate attention) coming in while I was writing to you, which put it out of my head. What your loss must have been struck me when I read his death in the newspaper, and I sincerely condole with you upon the occasion. The character which you send me, I like well, and what you have (in your last) added to it, better, because it is more discriminating. You

ask me for an inscription, — the successful one, I conjecture, will come from Dr. Aikin, — a likely man, from family and friendly feeling, to attempt one, and a likely one to succeed in it. The *Lapidary* style is, of all others, the most difficult; I have a volume written upon it, by a German, but it is not here, and I have never yet read it. In my own judgment, the shorter such things are the better, — *all* cannot be said upon stone; comprehension, therefore, should be aimed at, — not discrimination.

I would enter his character at length, in the register, "by special desire of his parishioners," and inscribe the stone with something to this purport.

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED

THE INHABITANTS

OF

RICHMOND,

IN GRATEFUL AND HONOURABLE REMEMBRANCE

OF

THOMAS WAKEFIELD,

THEIR EXCELLENT PASTOR.

The full character would be equally copied from the register, as from a monument, into magazines and county histories. From its unusuality it would have a better chance of being read, and the circumstance of its being so placed would ensure belief for it, which marble, having so long been taught to tell lies, could hardly expect. Your loss in such a man must indeed be serious, and there is little hope that it can be replaced.

I thank you for your fears lest I should alter a plan deliberately formed, for the sake of temporary advantage, and so injure it. Such, however, will not be the case,—nor indeed is there any temporal advantage which could ever induce me in any of my own literary plans to depart, in the slightest degree, from what I believed to be the best possible way. Portuguese history naturally and necessarily falls into three great divisions—that of the mother country, of the Asiatic conquests, and of Brazil. Barros and Favia and Sousa would be authorities sufficient—if I needed authority for my sanction.

But to divide the subject was the first advice my uncle gave me, and as soon as I got acquainted with my materials, I perceived that they could not be disposed of otherwise without endless confusion,—of which, if you have read La Clede, you must have been sensible. I differ from Barros and old Manuel in not separating Africa from the mother country,—in that they are wrong, because those events are inseparably connected with home politics, on which the colonies and other conquests had no other effect whatever than what the revenues which they sent home produced.

The Brazilian history therefore is as distinct from that of the mother country as if it had no connexion with it, and the only circumstance in which it will not be quite so complete, as if the other parts had been published, is that it is my intention in each part to give an account of the authors referred to, biographical and critical: and there will be a few quoted here of whom the accounts must be in the other parts, Joan de Barros, for instance, and Antonio Galvano, who treat only incidentally of Brazil. You will perceive from this explanation that your friendly fears are causeless.

We are going upon a wrong plan with respect to South America, and a ruinous one, which must occasion a tremendous effusion of blood sooner or later,

and inevitably to our ultimate defeature. What should be done is to throw the Spanish colonies open, and leave them alone, by which means we should have the full benefit of commercial intercourse,—which is all the good the nation ever can derive from them,—without expense or hazard; cut off their trade with the mother country, and make a free-trade with them the main article of peace. We should thus materially forward the improvement of that wonderful country.

But ministers want places to dispose of,—and in this, all ministers are alike. It seems, as if there were some law of nature, by which governments were always to be behind-hand with the people in wisdom, and never to adopt sound principles of conduct, till long after all thinking men had considered them as *axiomatic*.

I am hurrying my printer with Don Manuel, in whose letters, with much matter of a lighter cast, you will see a good deal of my mind poured out on subjects of importance. But my limits have been too constrained, and the book would have been better, if it had suited me to have extended it to a fourth volume. The most complete part will be the view of the different religious sects in the country, in which, I think, no former historian of heresies has equalled me,—St. Epiphanius himself not excepted.

Herbert grows finely, and if it were not for the Tatar-shaped eyes which all my children have—I cannot divine by what right of inheritance—he would be a beauty. I tell my daughter that she is like my old books,—ugly, but good, though, sometimes, sad to say! the latter part of the simile is not so accurate as the former. All her perceptions and feelings are so fearfully quick, that I am never without a dread that some tendency to organic disease occasions this exquisite acuteness. Thank God! she is well as yet, and as

strong as if she were own child to Hercules or Samson before he had his hair cut.

In my last, I recommended to you the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson:" let me now recommend Dr. Jarrold's "Dissertations on Man," in reply to the abominable book of Malthus. Coleridge is with Wordsworth, in Leicestershire. Mrs. C. and the children are to join him somewhere on the way to Ottery, early in the spring. Edith joins me in remembrance to Mrs. May. You have, perhaps, seen his doctorship by this time, as he knows where and when you are visible. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Miss Barker.*

Keswick, Feb. 1. 1807.

"I AM writing all the letters to my Barker," says Edith this morning, — my Barker, she always calls you, and always adds, "Will she come again?" It is time, for conscience sake, that I should follow my daughter's example.

A great deal has happened to change my plans for the ensuing campaign. My uncle wrote me two pressing letters, two days running, to send for his papers upon Brazil, to offer the information which they contain to Government, and to lose no time in bringing forward that part of my History. I wrote accordingly to Wynn, proffering, through him, to Lord Grenville, more information concerning the interior of South America, than probably any other individual in Europe possesses, except one Frenchman who has seen these very papers. Lord G.'s answer was (I am writing

secretly, Senhora, not to go beyond yourself,) that "My information seemed to relate to the wrong side of South America," which was not a very wise answer; for it related to the state of the interior, which would show him how far schemes of conquest are feasible (he may as well think of conquering the moon, and making his majesty the man of it), and it would also show him the whole detail of the Brazilian mines, and teach him the necessity of putting those endless resources in security from France. But no matter; the answer suits me better than a more politic one would have done, for, God knows! I have no wish to draw up memorials for statesmen. The way to instruct them is through the people: truth gets at them in that way in about fifty years. He added advice to me, to lay aside every other literary pursuit, and give this information to the public as soon as I could, because it would be so advantageous to myself; and said that Government had no wish to keep any such things secret, but rather wished them to be generally known. Of which the English is, that they like to be guided by public opinion; and that, Senhora, is good English, and as it should be.

Well, here are the MSS. arrived from London,—a most invaluable collection, which would show you that my uncle is as indefatigable as I am, and that the good blood in my veins comes from that side. Here are my books about Brazil from London, and from Bristol: this very day, February 1st, I have begun, and here shall I stay till the first volume be fit to be taken to London, and put to press, and nothing else shall I do, as soon as my hands are clear of other business, which they soon will be.

I meant to have finished my little reviewing of Don Manuel yesterday. Three days' influenza threw me back. Don Manuel was calculated at 330 pages:

that number I have finished, but there must be about 30 more,—some ten evenings' work; then there is half Palmerin: all will soon be done, and the book shall be in the press by the end of autumn.

Mrs. Coleridge and her children are to join Coleridge early in April, and go into Devonshire, where the longer they stay the better. Perhaps if Wordsworth settles in the south they will not return at all, which is what I wish, as it would tempt me hugely to fix here. I believe Rickman and his wife will come here in the summer.

Your last letter was of a better complexion than usual — things could not have taken a better turn.

I am alone, and have been so for six weeks. Poor Tom is first lieutenant of the Pallas, a frigate so miserably manned that he is almost worn out with duty, and his feet covered with chilblains. I have been admirably industrious ever since he went: yet, by a far greater exertion, have seldom omitted every day to walk to Scrygin's Crag, taking that opportunity, if the weather permits, of studying my Dutch grammar. Espriella will be a singular book, but there should have been a fourth volume to hold all. I have poured out much of my mind, and a good deal of collected facts for the history of the age, yet hardly feel the emptier. That part which relates to the various divisions of the Methodists must be compressed into one chapter (indeed is done), because I could not get the books, and could not do without them. Whitefield's Journal is the one, the whole of it: a late edition of the two first parts Danvers got for me, in a state incurably beastly, but these do not come down far enough, and the first edition is the desirable one, because he was ashamed of some things in it. The other is the life of a certain Alexander Kelham, founder of the New Methodists.

who seems to have been a very thorough republican, and about whom I should much like to know more.

Should Espriella have such a sale as to make it at all worth while to add a fourth volume, or a second work written on an after visit to England, the whole history of this body might be given at length, and I would take some pains in giving a fair and philosophical history of the founders. The Wesleys were a very extraordinary family. How is it, Senhora, that so few people in this world look at things fairly? Is it not true that in most cases people examine both books and men, not for what they can find in them, but for what they wish to find, and to confirm their own opinions, not to rectify them?

I had nearly forgotten two things: the one to remember you, that I was to remember you, that you was to remember me that I loved toasted cheese; with which the Evangelicals may come. The other thing is of too different a nature to be mentioned in the same paragraph.

Did I ever tell you of Henry Kirke White, a lad of Nottingham, who published some poems which were so cruelly reviewed in the Monthly, that I wrote to him to encourage him, and offered to get him subscribers for a second volume? Well, he is dead; and I have had all his papers, from which I am about to edit two volumes, including an account of his life by myself. Most assuredly I do think him in point of genius quite equal to Chatterton, and a far greater loss to the world, inasmuch as he seems to have been as admirable for his moral qualities, as for his powers of mind. It would have half broken your heart to have seen the prodigious labour with which he had been amassing knowledge, to be all cut off at the age of twenty. His pieces of course are of different merit, and will show the whole growth of his powers, for

which purpose I have selected some which were written at a very early age; but there are many among them quite of first-rate excellence, and than which nothing can be better. Had I died at his age I should have left nothing whereby to be remembered. Poor fellow, it will affect you very much to see his anticipations of early death, and his aspirations after fame. He, however, has his wish, and a high pleasure it would have been to him if he could have foreseen that the task of preserving his remains would have been undertaken by me. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Feb. 2. 1807.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Before I touch upon anything more serious, let me take leave of this *curst* preface (that epithet gets strength by being made a monosyllable, and I observe that when a woman ventures to use it, she makes it *cust*, half speaking, half spitting it like a cat's anger; whence I derive this conclusion, that a monosyllable language is favourable to the expression of anger, and that is the reason why there are so many testy people in England). I wrote that preface *doggedly* and without liking to do it, or liking it when done; and here, when I thought my hands were washed of it for ever, down comes a proof in such a barbarous state, so *bblotched* and bedeviled with characters, which may, for aught I know, be magical, and bring upon me the fate of the young man who lodged with Cornelius Agrippa if I were to make them out, that I am swearing, Master Bedford, with very good reason. My Es-

priella printer corrects every proof before I see them, and sends me a clean sheet, without a single typographical error, so that there are none but my own to correct: such work as this is intolerable.

Oh dear, dear, Grosvenor! Zounds! The devil!—there it goes. It is all so scrawled that I know not where to find room for a correction.

I thought when in London that —— looked miserably ill, as if something was out of order in him; and I thought too, that his mind had taken such a turn, that unless he took a sectarian bias, and became Methodist or Quaker, he was in danger of derangement. People are sometimes driven mad this way, but they are also sometimes saved from madness by it. Their feelings find vent in a regular channel, and they themselves find persons who sympathise with them. Thus it is that where there are convents, madmen are almost unknown. I wish he were acquainted with Wilberforce, or some such man. Were he kin of mine, Grosvenor, this is what I would do: I would learn who was the most eloquent of the Evangelical preachers, and propose to him, as a matter of curiosity, to go and hear him. If what he heard there should harp in with his own feelings, it would be like David's harp, and charm the evil spirit out of him. The malady of his mind being thus indulged would abate; it would become zeal, a source of pleasure to himself, and others would not regard it as a malady. I could show you cases in point. Perhaps no man living is so well acquainted with the history of enthusiasm as I am; and that history throws as much light upon the morbid anatomy of the human mind, as all Dr. Willis's practice can do.

You ask about my removal from hence. I am fixed here for some time longer — in fact, till I can get 300*l.* to move with, which is not so soon got. Luckily I am well contented to stay, spite of inconvenience,

and should the Coleridges quit the house (as there is some hope they may) there would then be room for me conveniently, and I should feel much disposed to take root here; for leave it when I will, it would be a sore pang to me. I don't talk much about these things; but these lakes and mountains give me a deep joy, for which I suspect nothing elsewhere can compensate, and this is a feeling which time strengthens instead of weakening. I began yesterday my History of Brazil, and you will see me, I expect, in London early in the winter, to fill up gaps in the first volume, and to commit it to the press. God bless you! 'Tis time for the post, or I should have filled the *sheet*.

R. SOUTHEY.

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*To Charles Danvers, Esq*

Keswick, March 2. 1807.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I have desired Our Fathers, which are in the Row, to send you a book, which you will not like much, but which were it even less interesting to you, it is fitting that you should have, as being mine. It is abominably incorrect: and Grosvenor Bedford has played the very devil, with his absurd omissions, and more absurd insertions. He has taken more liberties with what I had actually done, than I should have thought it decent to have taken with him. There is no help for this,—only that I have ordered some cancels, for the sake of public decency, and that it is very likely there must be a supplementary volume. You need not, however, tell people that it is a bad book, — they will find it out quite soon enough themselves. The printing is beyond anything execrable.

I have something to tell you, with which you will not be pleased. In consequence of some arrangements of Coleridge's, it became necessary that I should either resolve upon quitting this place at a given time, or of remaining in it. The latter suited me best,—it was, in fact, the only choice to be made; and here, then, we have resolved to remain indefinitely, to fit up the house more decently, and to gather together the books. As soon as the weather permits, the plastering is to be done; and, as soon as that is done, I shall give you your last trouble with the books, which will be to *ship* them off for Whitehaven and Workington,—taking out one tea-chest-full of the most valuable, for fear of accidents. We are just beginning to inclose the garden, when we shall plant shrubs, &c.; and heartily do I wish that you were here to be chief gardener out of doors, and head man in the improvements within.

Mrs. Coleridge is on her way to Bristol, with the two younger children; she will bring the pattern of a certain marble paper, of which I will thank you to get me four quires, at Barry's: if he have not so much he can get it. You will wonder at so large an order; but the truth is, we conceive that it will make a very good bordering for a room, and be much cheaper, as well as much prettier, than any to be obtained here.

It is my full intent to see you in the latter end of the year, God willing; and you must make up your mind, the first summer you can, to revisit Keswick, and see all those things which you left unseen: Sir Domine is gone for Lisbon; I shall miss him, when we launch the boat, and very often envy him.

Heaven knows when the intolerable delays of the printer will let Espriella appear! I have not three days' work to do to it, and am hurrying him through every possible channel, for fear, you know, lest another translator should appear first. I am hastening towards

the end of Palmerin, and shall feel a great weight off my shoulders when it is done. Another book that for you, which you will not like,—but, I pray you, remember that I do not expect you to read it.

Rex* is right. I am he that is greater than Miller, in the "Athenæum," which he of course knew by the Rats. I dare say my quaintness annoys no one so much as Dr. Aikin. That family have a dread of any thing out of their own way; they are as much afraid of it as a cat is of wetting her feet. I will lay my life, that I do not feel half so much satisfaction in putting one of my odd things into a reviewal, as King Arthur does in drawing his expurgatorial pen through it. I look at my own articles, when the volume comes down, and feel, upon the perusal, just as I should do if, when calling for a glass of soda water, I found the footman had drawn all the corks half an hour before dinner, for fear the bottles should burst. Oh! life is a cruel King Arthur, and he served William Taylor just as he serves me.

Your information, concerning Miss Smith, is the first which I have heard since her return to England. What is her complaint supposed to be?—it could not, surely, be consumption, or she could not have lasted so long.

Count Barnetski flourishes as an author. His Polish letters are to be extended to a little volume, which Longman prints, and his specimens are very likely to form a very respectable book. I thank God for the abolition!—but Lord Percy's motion ought to have been supported. I have addressed a sonnet to him upon it, which you will soon see in the "Courier." About the Catholic question, I completely agree with the King. Upon this subject, I suppose, Coleridge and I differ from all the other friends of freedom; but I have been deeply concerned that that accursed religion

*His friend King, of Bristol.

cannot be in the slightest degree fostered without great danger; and that Europe is about to be strikingly divided into two great religious political parties, as it was in the days of the Palatine, is very probable.

*Monday, March 30th.* — This evening's post enables me to give you some information concerning myself. Wynn did his best to snatch something for me out of the fire, as he says. He could get only the offer of a place in the West Indies, with about 600*l.* a year, or a pension of 200*l.* (as a man of letters) at home; the latter he chose, before my answer could reach him, which answer he rightly divined. Fees and taxes take away one fifth of this; I remain therefore, with a net income of 160*l.*, the precise sum which I have hitherto received from him, and which, of course, I receive no longer, now that it is no longer needful. Are you not amused at my getting a pension from his Majesty? I am, therefore, neither richer nor poorer than before, but better satisfied; and peace will give me an additional 20*l.*, which is a reason for wishing for it.

Will you procure some Jerusalem or under-ground artichokes, and give Miss Fricker, to send with the things to her sister? I want to set them in the garden, and there are none to be had here. God bless you.

R. S.

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*To Mr. J. N. White.*

Keswick, March 9. 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

The extracts which you have given me from this MSS. of Henry's make me very desirous of seeing the whole. The subject to which it relates will enable me more fully to do justice to his piety, a part of his

character which I regard with due love and admiration. My esteem and respect for him are increased by every fresh communication, and indeed your papers and his own delightful letters make me almost feel as if I had known him from his childhood.

I shall write shortly to Mr. Lofft. What I understood from his letter was that the Greek Poems were in an unfinished state, but that they discovered the same originality of language as well as conception which is so conspicuous in his English ones.

The additional stanza to Waller's song is a happy specimen of imitation. It conveys, in such language as Waller would have used, a better and wiser feeling than often visited him.

I should like to see the remarks of the "Anti-Jacobin" upon that abominable criticism in the "Monthly Review," which I design to insert at full length. The review in the "Annual" was my writing; and I personally requested Mr. Jeffrey, the editor of the "Edinburgh," to speak favourably of the volume there: but as he has no feeling of beauty, no sense of excellence, and never praises anything which does not proceed from his own friends, my application was ineffectual, and his Review still remains unredeemed by a single instance of such justice.

Henry's Letters have made me acquainted with his family, as well as himself: and the acquaintance I hope will not cease when my present duty shall have been performed. Before this year is over, I shall hope to take you by the hand in London; and if at any time, any circumstances should lead you, or any of your family, or any near friend of your brother's, thus far to the north, I beg and intreat that I may be regarded as a friend; as one born in the same rank of life as Henry, and acquainted with the same difficulties; regarding, like him, genius and virtue as the best things, and like

him fully sensible that of these, virtue is the best. I wish this particularly to be said to Mr. Maddocks, to whom it would give me great pleasure to become personally known.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

March 14. 1807.

Patience where there is no remedy, say my friends the Portuguese. You will consider it as an especial act of forbearance that I do not dip my pen in the very gall of bitterness.

I write by this post to Longman, ordering the following cancels, &c. &c.

Lord Chesterfield's song is in the style of Little Moore. You, I know, think me over-scrupulous; but for that very reason you should have been particularly cautious, how you selected anything immoral, and sent it into the world under the sanction of my name. As for my literary character, I am sufficiently careless about it; so much so that even the errors which deface almost every page of this book, and which upon my soul I believe are more numerous than ever appeared before in any one work, do not give me five minutes' concern; but this is not the case with respect to my character as a moralist — of that I am as jealous as a soldier of his honour.

* These, and the letters which presently follow, ought to be published, as none better explain the inaccuracies of the "Specimens." They are the severest review by the author himself. I think, however, that on another occasion he undervalued the Preface. There is certainly pith in it.

The gap made by Chesterfield, I supply by adding something to Cunningham, which likewise gets rid of an extract from Anderson, the last man in the world from whom to quote an opinion in poetry. Whether they will apply to you for specimens from Hinchcliffe, Gildon, and Joseph Warton, or look them out themselves, I know not. I have told them that anything may be put in which fits the gap, so it be but decent. There is a safe test for such things, as I told you, when speaking upon these very poems in London,—that which a woman would not like to read aloud, ought not to be inserted. That the book should go into the world with these pieces in it, after what I have said and written upon the subject, is very, very, very provoking.

Among the sins of omission, those of Burns and Russel may especially be noticed; the latter is the best English sonnet writer. I am surprised that you have struck out that Jack-the-Giant-Killer skit upon Leonidas, which was one of the most curious things in the book. The omissions are so very numerous, that if I thought it in the least probable that the unhappy purchasers of these three volumes would buy a supplementary one, I would publish it; and in an after edition arrange the supplementary authors in their order, and make room for them by omitting dull pieces.

Send me all the rejected materials, that I may see about arranging them for a new edition, if we should ever have that opportunity of redeeming ourselves.

Your biographies are in general good; they are disfigured by some modern barbarisms and affectations, which are, however, so common, that I suppose they will not affect a reviewer's stomach. I seriously disapprove of nothing, except the articles on Chatterton and Chesterfield. The fate of the former is no disgrace to anybody, as I shall very shortly have occasion to

observe, and as for the latter, my opinion of him is precisely that which Cowper has expressed.

As for the printers' errors they are so numerous that I dare not make a list of them; nor say anything about them, except that he shall never murder my English more. Such works as this must, from their very nature, be imperfect at first; but if the printer had had Beelzebub himself for his devil, and old Harry had taken that opportunity to revenge himself upon me for my misdeeds, the book could not have been worse handled. Certainly, if I could have thought he had got into you so often, to make you leave undone those things which you ought to have done, and do those things which you ought not to have done, — change specimens for the worse, and emasculate biographies, — I would have recommended your worship to have called at the nearest Roman Catholic chapel and washed your hands in the holy water.

Oh, dear, dear, Grosvenor Oh, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear! Zounds and the devil! Oh, dear, dear! Οἰμοί! Οἰμοι! Ὀτοτοτοῖ! Zounds!

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*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Keswick, March 15. 1807.

DEAR GROSVENOR,

You will do as you think best about errata. I had given up the thoughts of any in utter despair, for to enumerate all would, I believe, fill a whole sheet, and to give only a short list, when they are so out of all enumeration, would be imprudent, — not to mention that in most instances the emendation can only be conjectural, and in many the blunder is so great, that I have no ground even for a guess.

In the account of Glover, *bad* language should have been *bald* language. See how these printers contrive to murder one's meaning

I gave no directions about sending you a copy,—because I conceive you entitled to as many as you please; and to half profits of the book, be that what it may,—(*i. e.* half the editors' profits, and therefore one fourth of the whole),—be it between three and four pounds, like the remuneration of "Madoc," or between one and two thousand, like the guerdon of Walter Scott's Lay,—"Oh sweet guerdon, better than remuneration."

I do not think it was necessary to cancel the second sheet of the Preface, but am not sorry it is done. About Amhurst you have seen my opinion. I wish it had not been there, though it is certainly offensive only in its subject; it may stand. But Lord Chesterfield's wit, and the grossness of Gildon and Hinchcliffe, must out. I would rather see my name nailed upon the gallows, than prefixed to a book containing them.

And that doleful blunder about Warton's Sonnet will cost two leaves: that was a dismal oversight indeed! Your second Catalogue is as defective as the rest of the book,—not half, not a tithe, of the academical titles are specified. But if I were to point out all the abominations of the book, I should make you *waste* like a Newmarket jockey in training.

You tell me nothing about ——. I was very serious in the advice I gave you about him, whatever you may have thought; and am fully persuaded that there is nothing else to be done. It would rejoice me to hear you had found a house—once settled, you will find that you have lost little. Shall I give you an example of true philosophy? My daughter has this day lost her two cousins. After staring a little when they were gone, and she understood they were not to come back, "I can play by myself," said she. Presently she began

to rejoice at the thoughts that Daniel would come in the evening — (a playmate of Derwent's); but hearing also that he would not come, she answered, after another pause — "I can do without him." Well said my true daughter! God bless you.

R. S.

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*Mr. J. N. White, &c.*

Keswick, March 18. 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

That part of your letter which relates to the booksellers requires immediate answer. Messrs. Longman & Co. are my publishers; and, so far from having any possible objection to their being applied to, it would give me pleasure that this should be the case, and would necessarily be of advantage to the work, inasmuch as they would include it in their innumerable advertisements with the Cyclopædia, Athenæum, &c. I should have proposed this had I not conceived that you would prefer Vernon and Hood.

In one of the letters to Mr. Hill, your brother mentions a very good miniature of himself by Millet, which was taken gratis with the idea that some time or other it might be engraved; you, I am sure, will anxiously inquire after this, (the existence of which you seem either to have forgotten or not to have known): if it be a better likeness than the profile, it may not be too late to engrave it in preference; at all events, while one is prefixed to the book, the other may be engraved for the "Monthly Mirror," and thus we who wish to preserve every relic may insert both in our own copies.

Do not be apprehensive of sending me too many

materials; a single sentence of his own which can aptly be inwoven gives that sort of life and soul to biography which make it most valuable.

Before Henry went to Cambridge, I spoke of him to Mr. Basil Montague, who then resided in that town, knowing a *family* acquaintance to be one of the things most wanted in a University, and thinking this would prove a desirable one. Montague entered fully into my feelings, and promised also to interest Mr. Smythe, of Peter House, in your brother's favour. You probably know whether anything resulted from this, — for I am not in correspondence with Montague, and only saw him accidentally; but if Henry at any time frequented his house, I would write to him to learn whether he recollected anything worthy of preservation. You will easily perceive that to ask him the question without knowing whether he ever noticed your brother at all would place him, (if that were the case) under the necessity of making some awkward excuse; and this I half suspect to be the case, not finding any mention of him in any of these letters. In all things I had only the *will* to befriend him, not the *means*. Now it is otherwise, and I *can* do what I *would*: but that this should be the case is regretted almost as deeply by me, as by his nearest relatives. It is my full belief that English literature had never a greater loss.

To a part of your letter I have only thanks to give, and to say that as I am so thoroughly acquainted with all Henry's dearest friends, the intimacy must not always be only on one side. Nottingham is not in my way to London, but assuredly I will one day make it so.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Keswick, March 22. 1807.

DEAR GROSVENOR,

All the copy which I want is that of the *omitted authors*,— not of any omitted *pieces* of those from whom specimens are given; *i. e.* materials for a supplement, if our Fathers choose to have one, not for a second edition,— for that does not depend upon them, or upon us.

Do not suppose that I have put down the printers' blunders to your account; they are such as he ought to have corrected before they came to you. My Espriella printer sends me proofs in which I have very seldom any errors to correct except my own. I have desired Longman not to let Hollingsworth print any more for me: his blunders are quite intolerable—there is scarcely one Latin word spelt aright.

The poem upon Felton may be reprinted, only saying that it is curious such a poem upon the assassin of his father should be inserted among Buckingham's Works — and that it is quite in the manner of its own times. For the cancel from Chesterfield I supplied matter and sent to Longman, by *more Cunningham*, gladly getting rid thereby of a quotation from Anderson, who has neither merit nor reputation enough to render it reputable to quote him. Giddon and Hinchcliffes' will cost you no more time than is needful to look out any thing that will fit the gap, when you have the book before you. . . Were I reprinting their works, their coarseness should stand: but it is a different thing to *select* such passages from their works; and neither you nor the booksellers are probably aware (were there no higher considerations) how much the sale of the book would be affected by one whisper against it upon this

score, — and on the contrary what a wide field of sale is opened to it, should it be noticed as free from all such taint, — among the methodising part of the reading world, and among the Quakers, a body of Christians from whom, in all important points, I feel little or no difference in my own state of mind.

The remaining cancel is that sonnet under the head of J. Warton.

You judge very erroneously in slighting Russel, merely because he wrote sonnets — a class of poems in which there must be innumerables which are good for nothing, because such numbers have been written — but their very number is an indication of something good in the nature of the species. As for my own, very few are of any merit; that upon Winter perhaps the only thoroughly good one. Russel is a name of great and deserved eminence. However, the supplement will remedy these omissions — of which (except in the case of Burns) want of room was evidently the cause.

Here's a kettle of fish about the Catholics! and I am on the King's side: not an inch of ground is to be given them.

To return to our standing dish. Be now as expeditious as possible with the cancels — because every day's stoppage of the sale is an injury to it. I am sorry to say books, like mackerel, not only sell best when they are fresh, but frequently do not sell afterwards. When it is once more in sale, I will take care that they shall send you copies.

You were to get some small Spanish folio books, (poems about the Saints) bound for me; if they are done, send them by the first opportunity to Longman, to transmit them here in his next parcel.

I am very sorry that, because of your illness, I could not send my brother Henry to you when he was in town. You would have been well pleased with him;

perhaps you have never seen a young man more made by nature to please man, woman and child. He is gone for Lisbon. Tom is at sea in a frigate hardly half manned —where the whole weight of duty falls upon him, and he has almost killed himself with incessant exertion and anxiety. Wynn did mention him to his uncle — but *there* hopes seem now to be over. I think if he had known how very, very near my heart his promotion is, and how gladly I would forego any expectations of my own for it, he would have carried this little point. If he had been made commander, I should have been well content that he had remained unemployed, till a ship could have been got for him through other interest. As for the change of ministry, except for Wynn's own sake I care nothing about it; the sooner the people of England can be convinced that there must always be a lack of talent in a House of Commons so chosen, the better: and God knows a dismal lack there is! Draw a parliament by lot, and you could not by any chance fail of a better. I have some faint hope that Tom may come in among the sort of legacy promotions of a dying first lord — but it is a very faint one. There is not any circumstance which could give me so much pleasure.

I am very busy, and wish I were less so — a few months will relieve me of good part, and then comes more, and so we go on; but withal, were you to see me during my hybernations when nobody sees me, I think it would almost surprise you, to behold my uninterrupted high temperature of even, boyish, good spirits. I go on steadily with the one object in view of making the best use of my talents, and thereby ripening myself for a better world, and leaving behind me an everlasting memorial in this: and though the "ways and means" of life draw me aside, and force me to unworthy work, still even that has reference to the same object, and I take it cheerfully.

I get miserably paid, but that is neither my fault, nor anybody else's; it may not always be so, and if it should, I am sure that my children will receive full interest when I am gone — and so I am easy about that. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. Now pray be speedy with the cancels. On such an occasion, Lamb gave G. Dyer the title of the *Cancellarius Magnus*.

*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

Keswick, April 4. 1807.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

It is of all odd things in this world, the oddest (not excepting my pension), that you will persist in complaining of the booksellers, and looking to them to do what they have no more business to do, and are no more in the way of doing, than the man in the moon. Dear, dear Grosvenor! just recollect what the business of a publisher is: it is to buy and sell books, not to make them; to keep accounts with paper makers, with printers, with country booksellers, in almost every town throughout the kingdom, with newspapers, with authors, with bookbinders, folders, stitchers, &c. &c. &c. &c. How in the very devil's name do you suppose that they can find time to assist the making the books they publish?

As for petty faults, such as making a man die before he was born, they are trifles, and must be let pass. Altering them with a pen would be absurd: nobody ever does such a thing except some country clergyman who prints a volume of sermons and fancies everybody

will be interested in them. Let all these things alone: only out with the abominations, they affect *us*, the blunders concern the printer, and are after all of far less consequence. About Chesterfield there need be no trouble. I have remedied that, and also Buckingham. Hinchcliffe and Gildon are all that require any trouble: are they in the Museum?—if not, they will be in the Queenhithe collection, and if you were at Queenhithe, half-an-hour would do the business. Zounds! if I had wings upon my shoulders and could perch in London, I would do it in less time than it takes to plague you with a letter. Leave the petty errors alone: cancel Chesterfield, Buckingham, and the Sonnet which is twice printed. Joseph Warton's works may be seen at any bookseller's, and this cannot take more time than is required for copying twenty verses. If it be not possible to get the other abominations out, why I suppose I must grin and endure it, being utterly unable to help myself.

The booksellers have determined upon a fourth volume, in consequence of the complaints of omission, the main value of the book being as a work of bibliography, and this value being materially lessened when it is known that there are above thirty names omitted in the last volume. They ask me to bring it down to the present day, which I accede to, because I believe that without so doing there will not be enough for a volume; now pray send me the papers, that my shoulders may without delay be set to the wheel. If we can get to a second edition, I will take care that the book shall be a good one; but if we do, it will be so much more than we deserve, that I shall be very greatly surprised. And now no more about these unhappy volumes: you know what can be done without any trouble at all, you know whether you can take the trouble to do what is troublesome, and if not it must be left undone; you

know that there must be no pen-work of alteration, but the errors which are not worthy of standing in a table of errors must be left in their beauty; and I hope you understand that Rees must think it quite as unreasonable in you to apply to him for help, as you would think it if Hyde were to apply to you for buckram and stay tape, and ask you to thread his needle when he is making you a coat.

As you do not complain of the sale of the prints, I trust they went as well as the books. I sent what I thought a valiant commission for old Jacob Cats, but conclude that Jacob was knocked down to a more valiant bidder.

And so, Mr. Bedford, I have a passion! Some odd things have happened to me, in this world, and this is one of them. I am sorry, however, to hear that you are not punctual, for my expenditure is exceedingly so, and drives to the very nail, as you may suppose. Perhaps I could write a better practical treatise upon the art of economising with perfect comfort than any man living; but if once my incomings are irregular, that comfort is at an end, at least till my books prove more productive than they have ever done yet. This, I think, will be the case with my historical works, and so I live in hope. Tell me if you can, when I am to expect payment, and how it is made; the deduction, I suppose, will be, as Wynn says, a fifth, and so peace will be worth twenty pounds a year to me. Mr. Canning therefore had better begin to negotiate.

I am sorry, sorry, sorry to hear of your side and your shoulder, and wish to God you would put yourself under Beddoes. If you do not, I very seriously fear that you will go on from one attack to another, each worse than the last. The pain in the shoulder sufficiently shows that the liver is the part affected, and as plainly that all which has yet been done has only suspended

the disease. If any man can cure it, Beddoes is that man: I know that lodgings and physicians are dear, but *life* is dearer. Had I been at Bristol, things might easily have been concerted. As it is, by all means go as soon as you possibly can, and I will give you a letter to Danvers, to King, and to Beddoes; the first will do for you all that a friend can do, the second all that a surgeon and a very pleasant acquaintance. God bless you.

R. S.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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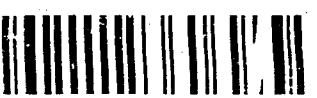

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